

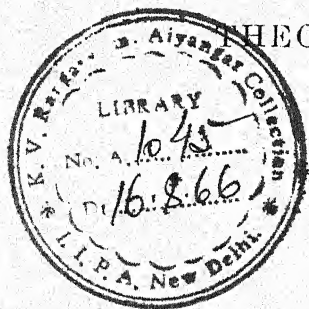
THE
ODES OF HORACE

Translated into English Verse

WITH A LIFE AND NOTES

BY

THEODORE MARTIN



LONDON

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND

MDCCCLX.

235
178
What practice, howsoe'er expert,
In fitting aptest words to things;
Or voice, the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

Tennyson.

LIFE OF HORACE

Horace is his own biographer. All the material facts of his personal history are to be gathered from allusions scattered throughout his poems. A memoir, attributed to Suetonius, of somewhat doubtful authenticity, furnishes a few additional details, but none of moment, either as to his character or career.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born vi. Id. Dec. A.U.C. 689 (Dec. 8, B.C. 65), during the consulship of L. Aurelius Cotta and L. Manlius Torquatus. His father was a freedman, and it was long considered that he had been a slave of some member of the great family of the Horatii, whose name, in accordance with a common usage, he had assumed. But this theory has latterly given place to the suggestion, based upon inscriptions, that he was a freedman of the town of Venusia, the modern Venosa, the inhabitants of which belonged to the Horatian tribe. The question is, however, of no importance in its bearings on the poet's life. The elder Horace had received his manumission before his son was born. He had realized a moderate independence in the vocation of *co-actor*, a name borne indifferently by the collectors of public revenue, and of money at sales by public auction. To which of these classes he belonged is uncertain, but most probably to the latter. With the fruits of his industry he had purchased a small property near Venusia, upon

the banks of the Aufidus, the modern Ofanto, in the midst of the Apennines, upon the doubtful boundaries of Lucania and Apulia. Here the poet was born, and in this picturesque region of mountain, forest, and stream, the boy became imbued with the love of nature, which distinguished him through life.

He describes himself (Ode IV. B. 3) as having lost his way, when a child upon Mount Vultur, and being found asleep, under a covering of laurel and myrtle leaves, which the wood pigeons had spread to shield this favourite of the gods from snakes and wild animals. The augury of the future poet said to have been drawn from the incident at the time was probably an afterthought of Horace himself, who had not forgotten Anacreon and the bees; but, whatever may be thought of the omen, the picture of the strayed child, asleep with his hands full of spring flowers, is pleasing. In his father's house, and in those of the Apulian peasantry around him, Horace had opportunities of becoming familiar with the simple virtues of the poor, — their independence, integrity, chastity, and homely worth, — which he loved to contrast with the luxury and vice of imperial Rome. Of his mother no mention occurs, directly or indirectly, throughout his poems. This could scarcely have happened, had she not died while he was very young. He appears also to have been an only child. No doubt he had at an early age given evidence of superior powers; and to this it may have been in some measure owing, that his father resolved to give him a higher education than could be obtained under a provincial schoolmaster, and, although ill able to afford the expense, took him to Rome when about twelve

years old, and gave him the best education which the capital could supply. No money was spared to enable the boy to keep his position among his fellow-scholars of the higher ranks. He was waited on by numerous slaves, as though he were the heir to a considerable fortune. At the same time he was not allowed to feel any shame for his own order, or to aspire to a position which he was unequal to maintain. His father taught him to look forward to filling some situation akin to that in which he had himself acquired a competency, and to feel that in any sphere culture and self-respect must command influence, and afford the best guarantee for happiness. Under the stern tutorage of Orbilius Pupillus, a grammarian of high standing, richer in reputation than gold, whose undue exercise of the rod the poet has condemned to a bad immortality, he learned grammar, and became familiar with the earlier Latin writers, and with Homer. He also acquired such other branches of instruction as were usually learned by the sons of Romans of the higher ranks. But, what was of still more importance, during this critical period of his first introduction to the seductions of the capital, he enjoyed the advantage of his father's personal superintendence, and of a careful moral training. His father went with him to all his classes, and, being himself a man of shrewd observation and natural humour, he gave his son's studies a practical bearing, by directing his attention to the follies and vices of the luxurious and dissolute society around him, and showing their incompatibility with the dictates of reason and common sense. From this admirable father, Horace appears to have gathered many of "the rugged maxims hewn from life", with which his

works abound, and also to have inherited that manly independence for which he was remarkable, and which, while assigning to all ranks their due influence and respect, never either overestimates or compromises its own. Under the homely exterior of the Apulian freedman we recognise the soul of the gentleman. His influence on his son was manifestly great. In the full maturity of his powers Horace penned a tribute to his worth*, in terms, which prove how often and how deeply he had occasion in after-life to be grateful for the bias thus early communicated. His father's character had given a tone and strength to his own, which in the midst of manifold temptations had kept him true to himself and to his genius.

At what age Horace lost his father is uncertain. Most probably this event occurred before he left Rome for Athens to complete his education in the Greek literature and philosophy, under native teachers. This he did some time between the age of seventeen and twenty. At Athens he found many young men of the leading Roman families — Bibulus, Messala, the younger Cicero, and others — engaged in the same pursuits with himself. His works prove him to have been no careless student of the classics of Grecian literature, and with a natural enthusiasm he made his first poetical essays in their flexible and noble language. His usual good sense, however, soon caused him to abandon the hopeless task of emulating the Greek writers on their own ground, and he directed his efforts to transfusing into his own language some of the grace and melody of these masters of song. In the political lull between

* For a translation of the passage in the Sixth Satire of the First Book here referred to, see note, *infra*, p. 241.

the battle of Pharsalia, A.U.C. 706 (B. C. 48), and the death of Julius Cæsar, A.U.C. 710 (B.C. 44), Horace was enabled to devote himself without interruption to the tranquil pursuits of the scholar. But when after the latter event Brutus came to Athens, and the patrician youth of Rome, fired with zeal for the cause of republican liberty, joined his standard, Horace, infected by the general enthusiasm, accepted a military command in the army which was destined to encounter the legions of Anthony and Octavius. His rank was that of tribune, a position of so much importance, that he must have been indebted for it either to the personal friendship of Brutus, or to an extraordinary dearth of officers, as he was not only without experience or birth to recommend him, but possessed no particular aptitude, physical or moral, for a military life. His appointment excited jealousy among his brother officers, who considered that the command of a Roman legion should have been reserved for men of nobler blood; and here probably he first came into direct collision with the aristocratic prejudices which the training of his father had taught him to defy, and which, at a subsequent period, grudged to the freedman's son the friendship of the emperor and of Mæcenas. At the same time he had manifestly a strong party of friends, who had learned to appreciate his genius and attractive qualities. It is certain that he secured the esteem of his commanders, and bore an active part in the perils and difficulties of the campaign, which terminated in the total defeat of the republican party at Philippi, A.U.C. 712 (B.C. 42). A playful allusion by himself to the events of that disastrous field (*Odes*, II. vii. 9 *et seq.*) has been turned by many of his commentators into

an admission of his own cowardice. This is absurd. Such a confession is the very last which any man, least of all a Roman, would make. Addressing his friend Pompeius Varius, Horace says,

“With thee I shared Philippi’s headlong flight,
My shield behind me left, which was not well,
When all that brave array was broke, and fell
In the vile dust full many a towering wight.”

That Archilochus and Alcæus ran away on the field of battle, leaving their shields behind them, may or may not be true; but, however anxious to rank with them as poets, Horace was not likely to carry the parallel into details disgraceful to his manhood. An allusion, like the above, to the loss of his shield could only have been dropped by a man who felt that he had done his duty, and that it was known he had done it. The lines may thus be safely regarded, according to the views of Lessing and others, as a not ungraceful compliment to his friend, who continued the struggle against the triumvirate with the party who threw themselves into the fleet of Sextus Pompeius. This interpretation is confirmed by the language of the next verse, where, in the same spirit, he applies the epithet “paventem” to himself.

“But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
Wrapp’d in a cloud through all the hostile din,
While war’s tumultuous eddies, closing in,
Swept thee away into the strife once more.”

It was no discredit to Horace to have despaired of a cause which its leaders had given up. After the suicide of Brutus and Cassius the continuance of the contest was hopeless; and Horace may in his short military career have

seen, in the jealousy and selfish ambition of many of his party, enough to make him suspicious of success, even if that had been attainable. Republicans who sneered at the freedman's son were not likely to found any system of liberty worthy of the name.

On his way back to Italy, Horace narrowly escaped shipwreck off Cape Palinurus, on the coast of Sicily, an incident to which several allusions will be found in his Odes; * and he reached home, only to find his paternal acres confiscated. His life was spared, but nothing was left him to sustain it but his pen and his good spirits. He had to write for bread; — *Paupertas impulit audax ut versus facerem* (*Epist.* II. ii. 51) — and in so doing he appears to have acquired not only considerable repute, but also sufficient means to purchase the place of scribe in the Quæstor's office, a sort of sinecure Clerkship of the Treasury, which he continued to hold for many years, if not, indeed, to the close of his life. It was upon his return to Rome that he made the acquaintance of Virgil and Varius, who were already famous, and to them he was indebted for his introduction to Mæcenas. The particulars of his first interview with his patron he has himself recorded (*Sat.* I. vi. 55 *et seq.*). It is a curious circumstance in the history of a friendship, among the closest and most affectionate on record, that nine months elapsed after their meeting, before Mæcenas again summoned the poet to his house, and enrolled him in the list of his intimate friends. This

* It is quite possible, that this incident may have occurred, when Horace was on his way to Greece, or on some subsequent occasion, when he was going for health or pleasure to Velia or Tarentum. There is no conclusive evidence as to the date.

event took place in the third year after the battle of Philippi; and as the only claim of Horace, the man of humble origin and the retainer of a defeated party, to the notice of the minister of Augustus must have been his literary reputation, it is obvious that even at this early period he had established his position among the wits and men of letters in the capital. The acquaintance rapidly ripened into mutual esteem. It secured the position of the poet in society, and the generosity of the statesman placed him above the anxieties of a literary life. Throughout the intimate intercourse of thirty years which ensued there was no trace of condescension on the one hand, nor of servility on the other. Mæcenas gave the poet a place next his heart. He must have respected the man who never used his influence to obtain those favours which were within the disposal of the emperor's minister, who cherished an honest pride in his own station, and who could be grateful without being obsequious. Horace is never weary of acknowledging how much he owes to his friend. When he praises him, it is without flattery. When he soothes his anxieties, or calms his fears, the words glow with unmistakeable sincerity. When he resists his patron's wishes, he is firm without being ungracious. When he sports with his foibles, he is familiar without the slightest shade of impertinence.

By Mæcenas Horace was introduced to Octavius, most probably soon after the period just referred to. In A.U.C. 717, a year after Horace had been admitted into the circle of his friends, Mæcenas went to Brundisium, charged by Octavius to negotiate a treaty with Marcus Antonius. On this journey he was accompanied by Horace, who has

left a graphic record of its incidents (*Sat. I. v.*) It is probable that on this occasion or about this time the poet was brought to the notice of the future emperor. Between the time of his return from this journey and the year 722, Horace, who had in the meantime given to the world many of his poems, including the ten Satires of the first book, received from Mæcenas the gift of the Sabine farm, which at once afforded him a competency and all the pleasures of a country life. The gift was a slight one for Mæcenas to bestow, but he no doubt made it as the fittest and most welcome which he could offer to his friend. It made Horace happy. It gave him leisure and amusement, and opportunities for that calm intercourse with nature which he "needed for his spirit's health." Never was a gift better bestowed or better requited. It at once prompted much of that poetry which has made Mæcenas famous, and has afforded ever new delight to successive generations. The Sabine farm was situated in the valley of Ustica about twelve miles from Tibur (Tivoli), and, among its other charms, possessed the valuable attraction for Horace, that it was within an easy distance of Rome. When his spirits wanted the stimulus of society or the bustle of the capital, which they often did, his ambling mule could speedily convey him thither; and when jaded on the other hand by

The noise, and strife, and questions wearisome,
And the vain splendours of imperial Rome,

he could by the same easy means of transport, in a few hours bury himself among the hills, and there, under the shadow of his favourite Lucretilis, or by the banks of the Digentia, either stretch himself to dream upon the grass,

which he has recorded of Augustus, either of insincerity or sycophancy. He was able to contrast the comparative security of life and property, the absence of political turmoil, and the development of social ease and happiness, which his country enjoyed under the masterly administration of Augustus, with the disquietude and strife under which it had languished for so many years. The days of a republic had gone by, and an enlightened despotism must have been welcomed by a country shaken by a long period of civil commotion, and sick of seeing itself played for as the stake of reckless and ambitious men. He was near enough to the councils of the world's master to understand his motives and to appreciate his policy; and his intimate personal intercourse with both Augustus and Mæcenæ no doubt enabled him to do fuller justice both to their intentions and their capacity, than was possible perhaps to any other man of his time.

The envy which his intimacy with these two foremost men of all the world for a time excited in Roman society by degrees gave way, as years advanced, and the causes of their esteem came to be better understood. Their favour did not spoil him. He was ever the same kindly, urbane, and simple man of letters he had originally been, never presuming upon his position, nor looking superciliously on others less favoured than himself. At all times generous and genial, years only mellowed his wisdom, and gave a finer polish to his verse. The unaffected sincerity of his nature, and the rich vein of his genius, made him courted by the rich and noble. (*Odes*, II. xviii. 9 *et seq.*) He mixed on easy terms with the choicest society of Rome, and what must that society have been, which included

Virgil, Varius, Plotius, Tibullus, Pollio, and a host of others, who were not only ripe scholars, but had borne and were bearing a leading part in the great actions and events of that memorable epoch?

It is to this period that the composition of his principal odes is to be attributed. To these, of all his writings, Horace himself appears to have ascribed the greatest value, and, if we are to read literally the language of the last odes of the Second and Third Books, to have rested upon them his claims to posthumous fame. They were the result of great labour, as he himself indicates: "*Operosa parvus Carmina fingo*" (*Odes*, IV. ii. 31); and yet they bear pre-eminently the charm of simplicity and ease. He was the first to mould the Latin tongue to the Greek lyric measures; and his success in this difficult task may be estimated from the fact, that as he was the first so was he the greatest of the Roman lyrists. It has become the fashion with certain grammarians of late years to decry his versification as defective. It may be so, but we would rather follow the opinions of his contemporaries and countrymen on this point. Ovid expressed a different opinion in the well known lines:

Et tenuit nostras numerosus Horatius aures,

Dum ferit Ausonia carmina culta lyra. IV. Trist. Eleg. X. 49.
Oft on Horatius' tuneful strains I've hung,
Whilst to his sweet Ausonian lyre he sung.

Quintilian's criticism upon the Odes can scarcely be improved: "Lyricorum Horatius fere solus legi dignus. Nam et insurgit aliquando, et plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ, et variis figuris, et verbis felicissime audax." In this airy and playful grace, in happy epithets, in variety

of imagery, and exquisite felicity of expression, the *Odes* are still unsurpassed among the writings of any period or language. It is no doubt true that only in a few instances do they rise to grandeur of thought, or are marked by a high strain of emotion or of imaginative expression; but if they want for the most part the inspiration of a great motive, or the fervour and resonance of the finest lyrics of Greece, they possess in perfection the power of painting an image or expressing a thought in the fewest and fittest words, combined with a melody of cadence always delightful. It is these qualities and a prevailing vein of genial and sober wisdom, which imbue them with a charm quite peculiar, and have given them a hold upon the minds of educated men, which no change of taste has shaken. Their beauty of expression is indeed apt to blind the reader upon occasion to the poverty of idea, and essentially prosaic turn of many of the *Odes*. Strip them of their dress, indeed, and their charm vanishes. That even the best are inferior to his Greek models is not to be wondered at. Even although Horace had possessed the genius of Pindar or Sappho, it is doubtful whether, writing as he did in an artificial language, which he was compelled to make more artificial by the adoption of Greek forms and idioms, he could have found an adequate utterance for his inspiration. But to neither of these was his genius akin; and that good sense, which is his great characteristic, withheld him from ever either soaring too high or attempting to sustain his flight too long. His power of passion is limited, and his strokes of pathos are few and slight. His deepest tones are struck, when the decay of morals, and the selfish passions of faction inspire him with indignation, or sadden

him into despair. On these subjects he felt intensely, and wrote with all the energy and force of strong conviction and passionate feeling. The individual man then becomes merged in the greatness of the theme, but in general he plays with his subject like the skilful artist, rather than the poet, who seeks in lyrical verse the natural vent for his emotions. Rarely indeed do we lose sight of the poet himself in these odes. This quality, while it is fatal to lyric poetry of the highest class, helps, however, to heighten the charm of the majority of them, especially those which are devoted to his friends, or which breathe the delight with which the contact with the ever fresh beauties of natural scenery inspired him. Into these he throws his whole heart, and in them we feel the fascination which made him beloved by those who came within the circle of his personal influence, and which makes him as it were the well known and intimate friend of all to whom his writings are a familiar study.

Horace was not and could not have been a national poet. He wrote only for cultivated men, and under the shadow of a court. Beyond a very narrow circle his works could not have been read. The very language in which he wrote must have been unintelligible to the people, and he had none of those popular sympathies which inspire the lyrics of Burns or Béranger. The Roman populace of his time was perhaps as little likely to command his respect as any which the world has ever seen; and there was no *people*, in the sense in which we understand the word, to appeal to. And yet Horace has many points in common with Burns. "A man's a man for a' that," in the whole vein of its sentiment is thoroughly Horatian. In their

large and genial views of life they are closely akin; but the fiery glow of the peasant poet is subdued to a temperate heat in the gentler and physically less energetic nature of Horace.

In his amatory verses the same distinction is visible. Horace writes much about love; but he is never thoroughly in love. None of his erotic poems are vivified by those gushes of emotion which animate the love poetry of the poets we have named and of other modern song writers. Never indeed was love less ideal or intense in a poet of unquestionable power. Horace is not insensible to feminine attractiveness. He had too much taste for that. Indeed no writer hits off with greater neatness the portrait of a beauty, or conjures up more skilfully before his reader an image of seductive grace. But his tone is more that of a pleased spectator than of one who has loved deeply. Even in what may be assumed to be his earliest poems, the fire of genuine passion is wanting. Horace's ardour seems never to have risen above the transient flush of desire. At no period of his life, so far as can be inferred from his writings, was he a man to suffer from

the cruel madness of love,

The honey of poison flowers, and all the measureless ill.

He was as much a stranger to the headlong passion of the sensualist, as to the trembling reverence of the devotee. Of all that wide realm of deep emotion and imaginative tenderness, of which occasional traces are to be found in the literature of antiquity, and with which modern poetry from Dante to Tennyson is familiar, no hint is to be found in the Odes of Horace. *Parabilem amo Venerem facilemque*, is the Alpha and Omega of his personal creed. In his

view the favouring smiles of the fairest face were not worth the pain its owner's caprices could inflict. Woman, as he knew her, was apt to be capricious. He had suffered from the fickleness of more than one mistress, but he was too honest not to feel, that they had probably only forestalled him in inconstancy. Doubtless, he had "sighed and looked, sighed and looked" at many a pair of fine eyes in vain, and found himself recalling to his fancy more often than philosopher should, a rosy underlip, or "the tresses of Neaera's hair;" but if they slipped from his grasp, the pang, we may be tolerably sure, was transient.

From these he escaped heart-free, with the least little touch
of spleen.

He seems to have known by experience just enough of the tender passion, to write pretty verses about it, and to rally, not unsympathetically, such of his friends, as had not escaped so lightly from its flame. The attempt to make out the Lydias and Lalages, the Lyces and Phrynes of his Odes as real objects of attachment is one of the many follies in which his commentators have wasted much dreary labour. Like Béranger, Horace might, no doubt, have sung of himself in his youth, —

J'avais à vingt ans une folle maitresse,
Des francs amis, et l'amour de chansons—

The *bona Cinara* of his Odes and Satires was no ideal personage; and it may fairly be assumed that his many agreeable qualities had not been without their influence upon other beauties equally susceptible, if not equally generous. *Militavit non sine gloria*. And even when he could count eight lustres, despite his own protest (*Ode* II, 4), his senses were probably not dead to the attractions

of a fine ancle, or a pretty face, or to the fascination of a sweet smile, a musical voice, a pleasant wit, an agreeable temper, or graceful habits. But his passions were too well controlled, and his love of ease too strong, to admit of the countless flirtations implied in the supposition that Glycera, Myrtale, and a score of others, were actual favourites of the bard. The Horace of the *Satires* and *Epistles*, the man Horace as he there lives for us, must be forgotten, before we can adopt such a conclusion. To sing of beauty has always been the poet's privilege and delight; and to record the lover's pains an easy and popular theme. Horace, the wit and friend of wits, fell naturally into this genial strain, and sang of love and beauty according to his fashion. Very airy and playful and pleasant is that fashion, and, for his time, in the main comparatively pure and chaste; but we seek in vain for the tenderness, the negation of self, and the pathos, which are the soul of all true love poetry. "His love ditties," it has been well said, "are, as it were, like flowers, beautiful in form, and rich in hues, but without the scent that breathes to the heart." It is certain that many of them are merely imitations of Greek originals; pretty cameos cut after the antique.

Horace's *Satires* and *Epistles* are less read, yet they are perhaps intrinsically more valuable than his lyric poetry. They are of very various merit, written at different periods of his life, and, although the order of their composition may be difficult to define with certainty, much may be inferred, even from the internal evidence of style and subject, as to the development of the poet's genius. As reflecting "the age and body of the time," they possess the highest historical value. Through them the modern scholar

is able to form a clearer idea in all probability of the state of society in Rome in the Augustan age than of any other phase of social development in the history of nations. Mingling, as he did, freely with men of all ranks and passions, and himself untouched by the ambition of wealth or influence which absorbed them in the struggle of society, he enjoyed the best opportunities for observation, and he used them diligently. Horace's observation of character is subtle and exact, his knowledge of the heart is profound, his power of graphic delineation great. A genial humour plays over his verses, and a kindly wisdom dignifies them. Never were the maxims of social prudence and practical good sense inculcated in so pleasing a form as in the *Epistles*. The vein of his satire is delicate yet racy; he keeps the intellect on the alert, and amuses the fancy, while he rarely offends by indelicacy, or outrages by coarseness. For fierceness of invective, or loftiness of moral tone, he is inferior to Juvenal; but the vices of his time were less calculated to provoke the "sæva indignatio" of the satirist of a more recent date. He deals rather with the weakness and follies, than with the vices or crimes of mankind, and his appeals are directed to their judgment and practical sense rather than to their conscience. As a living and brilliant commentary on life, as a storehouse of maxims of practical wisdom, couched in language the most apt and concise, as a picture of men and manners, which will be always fresh and always true, because they were true once, and because human nature will always reproduce itself under analogous circumstances, his *Satires*, and still more his *Epistles*, will have a permanent value for mankind. In these, as in his *Odes*, he inculcates

what is fitting and decorous, and tends most to tranquillity of mind and body, rather than the severe virtues of a high standard of moral purity. To live at peace with the world, to shun the extremes of avarice, luxury, and ambition, to outrage none of the laws of nature, to enjoy life wisely, and not to load it with cares which the lapse of a few brief years will demonstrate to be foolishness, is very nearly the sum of his philosophy. Of religion, as we understand it, he had little. Although himself little of a practical worshipper — *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens* — he respected the sincerity of others in their belief in the old gods. But in common with the more vigorous intellects of the time, he had outgrown the effete creed of his countrymen. He was content to use it for poetical purposes, but he could not accept as matter of belief the mythology, about which the forms of the contemporary worship still clustered.

At no time very robust, Horace's health appears to have declined for some years before his death. He was doomed to see some of his most valued friends drop into the grave before him. This to him, who gave to friendship the ardour which other men give to love, was the severest wound that time could bring. "The shocks of Chance, the blows of Death" smote him heavily; and the failure of youth, and spirits, and health, in the inevitable decay of nature, saddened the thoughtful poet in his solitude, and tinged the gayest society with melancholy. The loss of friends, the brothers of his soul, of Virgil, Quinctilius, Tibullus, and others, and ultimately of Mæcenas, without that hope of reunion which springs from the cheering faith which was soon afterwards to be revealed to the world, must

have by degrees stripped life of most of its charms. *Singula de nobis anni prædantur eintes* (*Epist.* II. ii. 55) is a cheerless reflection to all, but chiefly to him, who has no assured hope beyond the present time. Mæcenas's health was a source of deep anxiety to him; and one of the most exquisite Odes (B. II. 17), addressed to that valued friend, in answer to some outburst of despondency, while it expresses the depth of the poet's regard, bears in it the tone of a man somewhat weary of the world:—

“Ah! if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no! One day beholds thy death and mine!

“Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath!
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both
The last sad road below!”

The prophecy seems to have been realized almost to the letter. The same year (A.U.C. 746, B.C. 8) witnessed the death of both Horace and Mæcenas. The latter died in the middle of the year, bequeathing his friend, in almost his last words, to the care of Augustus: *Horatii Flacci, ut mei, esto memor*. On the 27th of November, when he was on the eve of completing his fifty-seventh year, Horace himself died, of an illness so sharp and sudden, that he was unable to make his will in writing. He declared it verbally before witnesses, leaving to Augustus the little which he possessed. He was buried on the Esquiline Hill, near his patron and friend Mæcenas.

The fame of Horace was at once established. Even in the days of Juvenal he shared with Virgil the doubtful honour of being a schoolbook (Juvenal, *Sat.* vii. 226). That honour he still enjoys; but it is only by minds matured by experience and reflection that Horace can be thoroughly appreciated. To them the depth of his observation, and the reach of his good sense are made daily more apparent; and the verses, which charmed their fancy or delighted their ear in youth, became the counsellors of their manhood, or the mirror which focalizes for their old age the gathered wisdom of a lifetime. No writer is so often quoted, and simply because the thoughts of none are more pertinent to men's "business and bosoms" in the concerns of every-day life, amid the jostle of a crowded and artificial state of society; and because the glimpses of nature, in which his writings abound, come with the freshness of truth, alike to the jaded dweller in cities, and to those who can test them day by day in the presence of nature herself.

There are no authentic busts or medallions of Horace, and his descriptions of himself are vague. He was short in stature; his eyes and hair were dark, but the latter was early silvered with gray. He suffered at one time from an affection of the eyes, and seems to have been by no means robust in constitution. His habits were temperate and frugal, as a rule, although he was far from insensible to the charms of a good table and good wine, heightening and heightened by the zest of good company. But he seems to have had neither the stomach nor the taste for habitual indulgence in the pleasures of the table. In youth he was hasty and choleric, but placable; and to the last he pro-

bably shared in some degree the irritability which he ascribes to his class. At the same time, if his writings be any index to his mind, his temper was habitually sweet and well under control. Like most playful men, a tinge of melancholy coloured his life, if that is to be called melancholy which more properly is only that feeling of the incompleteness and insufficiency of life for the desires of the soul, which with all thoughtful men must be habitual. Latterly he became corpulent, and sensitive to the severity of the seasons, and sought at Baïæ and Tivoli the refreshment or shelter which his mountain retreat had ceased to yield to his delicate frame.

The chronology of the poems of Horace has been the source of much critical controversy. The earlier labours of Bentley, Masson, Dacier, and Sanadon have been followed up in modern times by those of Passow, Orelli, Walckenaer, Weber, Grotefend, and Stallbaum abroad, and of Tate and Milman at home. The subject is of importance in its bearings on the poet's biography; and the general result of their investigations may be stated as follows. The *Satires* and most of the *Epodes* were first in the order of composition, having been written between the years 713 and 725, after the return of Horace to Rome, and before the close of the civil wars consequent upon the defeat of Antony and his party. The two first books of *Odes* appeared between this period and the year 730. Then followed the first book of *Epistles*. The third book of *Odes* appears to have been composed about the year 735, the *Carmen Seculare* in 737, and the fourth book of *Odes* between 737 and 741. The second book of *Epistles* may be assigned to the period between 741 and 746; and to the same period

may be ascribed the composition of the *Epistle to the Pisos*.

In the following translations the Odes have been retained in the order in which they appear in the common editions, without any attempt at chronological arrangement. Any change might perplex the ordinary reader; and for historical or other purposes no student will prosecute his researches in a translation.

The object of the translator has been to convey to the mind of an English reader the impression, as nearly as may be, which the originals produce upon his own. The difficulties of such a task are endless. "It is impossible," says Shelley, himself one of the most successful of translators, "to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*." This is true in the case even of languages which bear an affinity to our own, but especially true, where Greek or Latin poetry are concerned. No competent translator will satisfy himself; still less can he expect to satisfy others. It will always be easy for the critic to demonstrate that Horace is untranslatable. In a strict sense, this is the case with all poetry, especially lyrical poetry; and no one is likely to be so thoroughly convinced of this, as he who has persevered to the end in an attempt to translate the Odes of Horace. Still, what has been will be. The attempt, often made, will be as often renewed. *Dulce periculum est*. The

very difficulty of the task makes it attractive. Lovers of the Venusian bard will go on from time to time striving to transfuse the charm of his manner into English measures; and the noticeable versions of Mr. H. G. Robinson, Mr. Whyte Melville, Mr. F. W. Newman, and Lord Ravensworth, all published within the last few years, shew that the production of a Horace to meet the modern views of what a translation ought to be is still a prevailing object of ambition amongst English scholars.

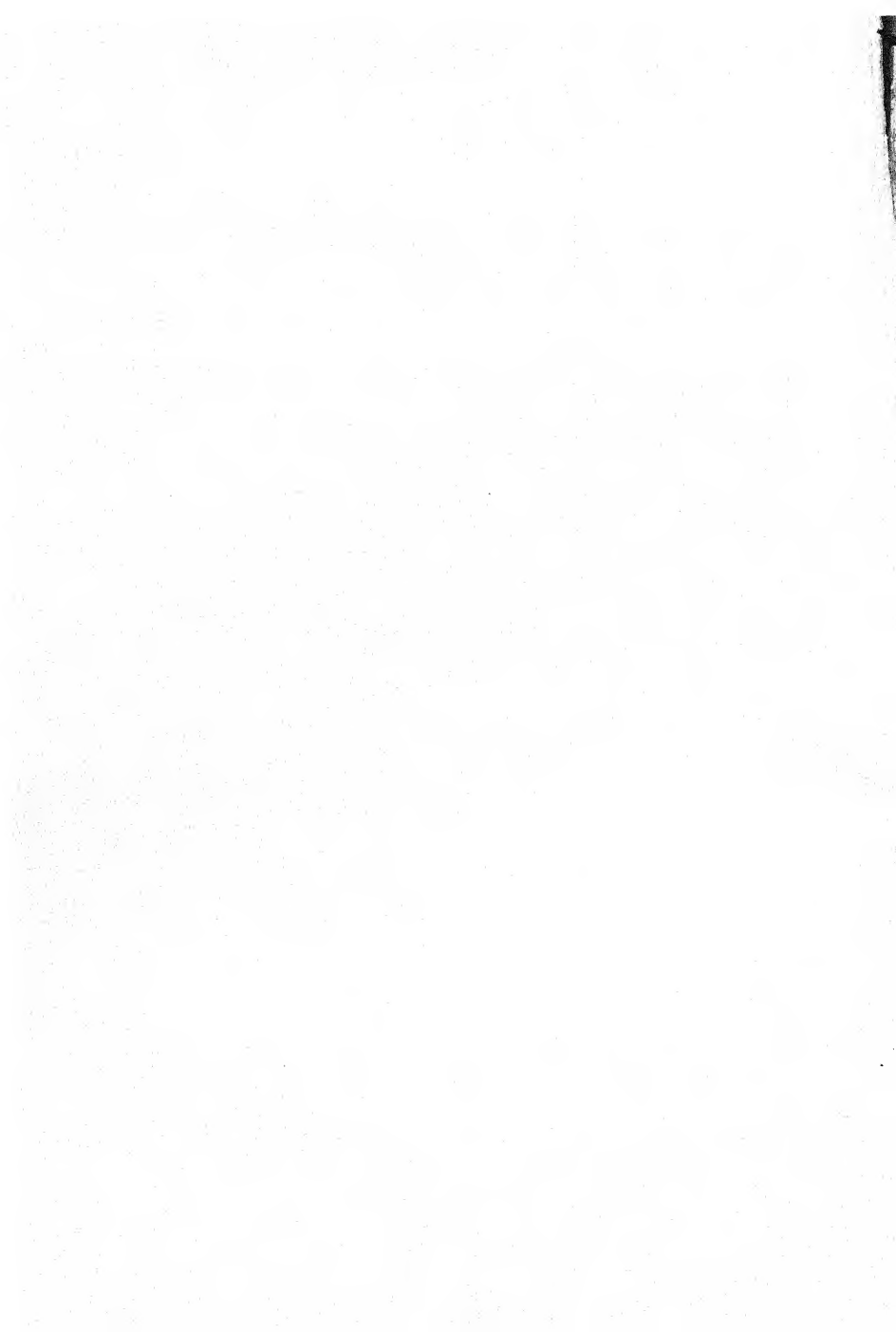
The present version has grown up imperceptibly during many years, having been nearly finished, before the idea of a complete version occurred to the translator as a thing to be accomplished. The form of verse into which each Ode has been cast has been generally selected with a view to what might best reflect its prevailing tone. It has not always been possible, however, to follow this indication, where, as frequently happens, either the names of persons or places, often most intractable, but always important, must have been sacrificed, or a measure selected into which these could be interwoven. To be as literal and close as the difference between the languages would admit, has been the aim throughout. But there are occasions, as every scholar knows, where to be faithful to the letter is to be most unfaithful to the spirit of an author; and where to be close is to be hopelessly prosaic. Phrases, nay single words and names, full of poetical suggestiveness in one language, are bald, if not absolutely without significance in another. Besides, even under the most skilful hands, a thought or sentiment must at times be expanded or condensed to meet the necessity of the stanza. The triumph of the translator is, where this is effected

without losing any of the significance, or clashing with the pervading sentiment of the original. Again, a point of great difficulty is the treatment of the lighter odes — mere *vers de société*, invested by the language for us with a certain stateliness, but which were probably regarded with a very different feeling by the small contemporary circle to which they were addressed. To catch the tone of these, to be light without being flippant, to be playful without being vulgar, demands a delicacy of touch, which it is given to few to acquire even in original composition, and which in translation is all but unattainable.

In a few instances where, for obvious reasons, a literal reproduction of the original was not desirable, as in the 25th Ode of the First, and the 10th Ode of the Fourth Books, and in occasional passages elsewhere, the translator has not hesitated to make such deviations from the text, as are required by the purer morals of the present day. For the same reason the 8th and 12th Epodes have been altogether omitted.

ERRATA.

- Page 27, last line but one, *for* 'af' *read* 'of.'
- „ 50, first line, *for* 'ask' *read* 'asks.'
- „ 56, sixteenth line, *for* 'brothers, blood' *read* 'brothers' blood.'
- „ 92, first line, *for* 'bare' *read* 'Care.'
- „ 214. fifth line, *for* 'Like him whose joys, Lycambes! dash'd'
read 'Like him, whose joys Lycambes dash'd.'



BOOK I

BOOK 1

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, sprung from monarchs old,
Who dost my fortunes still uphold,
My heart's best friend, some men there are,
Who joy to gather with the car
Olympic dust; and whom the goal
By hot wheels clear'd, that round it roll,
And noble palm, can elevate
To gods, the lords of earth's estate.

One feels his breast with rapture throb,
If the Quiritians' fickle mob
Raise him, 'mid brawl and civic roar,
To honours doubled o'er and o'er;
Another if he store, and fill
His private granaries, until
Their teeming area contains
The harvests of all Lybia's plains.

Him that delights afield to moil,
Tilling his old paternal soil,
You ne'er could tempt, by all the pelf
Of golden Attalus himself,
With Cyprian keel in fear to sweep
The storm-yvext Myrtoan deep.

The merchant, with affright aghast,
When Africus with furious blast
Lashes the Icarian waves to foam,
Extols his quiet inland home;
But, safe in harbour, straight equips
Anew his tempest-batter'd ships,
By no disasters to be taught
Contentment with a lowly lot.

And there be some, we know, are fain
Full cups of Massic old to drain,
Nor scorn from the unbroken day
To snatch an hour, their limbs to lay
'Neath leafy arbutus, or dream
Beside some lulling fountain's stream.

The camp makes many a heart beat high,
The trumpet's call, the clarion's cry,
And all the grim array of war,
Which mothers' fearful hearts abhor.

Regardless of the wife, that weeps
At home for him, the huntsman keeps
Abroad through cold and tempest drear,
If his staunch hounds have track'd the deer,
Or by the meshes rent is seen,
Where savage Marsian boar hath been.

Me doth the ivy's wreathed bough,
Meet guerdon of the scholar's brow,
The compeer make of gods supreme!
Me the dim grove, the murmuring stream,
And Nymphs that trip with Fauns along,
Dissever from the vulgar throng;

If nor Euterpe hush her strain,
Nor Polyhymnia disdain
To strike for me her Lesbian lyre,
And fill me with a poet's fire.
Give me but these, and rank me 'mong
The sacred bards of lyric song,
I'll soar beyond the lists of time,
And strike the stars with head sublime.

ODE II.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Enough, enough of snow and direful hail
Hath Jove in anger shower'd upon the land,
And launching havoc with his red right hand
On tower and temple, made the city quail,

Made all the nations quail, lest Pyrrha's age
Should come again, with brood of monsters strange,
When Proteus drove his ocean-herd to range
The mountain tops in wondrous pilgrimage.

The yellow Tiber, with its waves hurl'd back
From the Etruscan coast, have we beheld,
Threaten the monuments of regal eld,
And Vesta's fane, with universal wrack.

Rising in ire, to avenge his Ilia's plaint,
He bursts his bounds, and, stirr'd through all his deeps,
O'er his left bank the uxorious river sweeps,
Though unapproved by Jove, and spurns restraint.

Thinn'd by their parents' crimes, our youth shall hear
How Roman against Roman bared the blade,
Which the fierce Persian fitlier low had laid,
Shall hear, how kin met kin in conflict drear.

What god shall we, to save the state from doom,
Importune; by what pray'r shall virgins pure
Their Vesta's ear so long regardless lure,
To listen to their quired hymns? To whom

Will Jove assign the office and the might
To expiate our guilt? Oh to our pray'r,
Angur Apollo, here at length repair,
Veiling in clouds thy shoulders ivory-white!

Or, laughing Erycina, round whose head
Boy Cupid flits and Mirth on airy wing;
Or, on thine outcast sons if thou dost fling
Some kindly glances, thou, our founder dread,

Sated, alas! with war's too lengthen'd sport!
Who joy'st in gleaming helms, and battle's roar,
And, foot to foot with foemen dyed in gore,
The Marsian's flashing eye, and fateful port!

Or else do thou, sweet Maia's winged child,
Doffing the God, descend to earth, and wear
The form of youth, Cæsar's avenger, there
While thou abid'st, submitting to be styled!

Long, long to heav'n be thy return delay'd,
Long, long may'st thou well pleased beside us stay,
And no fell air waft thee from earth away
At our dark crimes indignant and dismay'd!

Rather lead mighty triumphs here as now,
Joy to be call'd our Prince and Father here,
Nor let the Median unchastised career
Where Romans sway, — our leader, Cæsar, thou!

ODE III.

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL WAS ABOUT
TO SAIL FOR GREECE.

May the great goddess-queen of Cyprus isle,
And those bright cressets, brothers twin of Helen,
And he that rules the winds propitious smile,
All save mild zephyr in their caverns quelling,
Thy course, oh bark, directing so, that thou
May'st waft in safety to Athene's shore
My Virgil, to thy care entrusted now,
And to its love my soul's dear half restore!

In oak or triple brass his breast was mail'd,
Who first committed to the ruthless deep
His fragile skiff, nor inly shrank and quail'd,
To hear the headlong south wind fiercely sweep,
With northern blasts to wrestle and to rave,
Nor fear'd to face the tristful Hyades,
And the wild tyrant of the Western wave,
That lifts, or calms at will the restless seas.

What form of death could daunt his soul, who view'd
Ocean's dread shapes, nor turn'd his eyes away,
Its surging waves, and with disaster strew'd
Thy fated rocks, Acroceramia?
Vainly hath Jove in wisdom land from land
By seas dissever'd wild and tempest-toss'd,
If vessels bound, despite his high command,
O'er waters purpos'd never to be cross'd.

Presumptuous man, in insolence of soul,
Sweeps to his aim through sacrilege and crime;
Heaven's fire for us the bold Prometheus stole
By fraud unhallow'd, in the olden time;
Then wasting agues, hectic fevers smote
The earth, and hosts of newborn terrors spread;
And Death, till then forgetful and remote,
Quickened his slow, inevitable tread!

On wings not given for mortal wearing durst
Vain Dædalus to cleave the void of air;
Through fateful Acheron Alcides burst:
Nought is too arduous for man to dare.
In our unbounded folly we aspire
To heaven itself; and such our guilty pride,
We will not let great Jove forget his ire,
Nor lay his vengeful thunderbolts aside.

ODE IV.

TO SESTIUS.

Now biting Winter fled, sweet spring is come instead,
And barks long stranded high and dry put out again from shore;
Now the ox forsakes his byre, and the husbandman his fire,
And daisy-dappled meadows bloom where winter frosts lay hoar.

By Cytherea led, while the moon shines overhead,
The Nymphs and Graces, hand-in-hand, with alternating feet,
Shake the ground, while swinking Vulcan strikes the sparkles
fierce and red
From the forges of the Cyclops, dun with smoke and lurid
heat.

'Tis the time with myrtle green to bind our glistening locks,
Or with flowers, wherein the loosen'd earth herself hath newly
dress'd,
And to sacrifice to Faunus in some glade amidst the rocks
A yearling lamb, or else a kid, if such delight him best.

Death comes alike to all—to the monarch's lordly hall,
Or the hovel of the beggar, and his summons none shall stay.
Oh Sestius, happy Sestius! use the moments as they pass;
Far-reaching hopes are not for us, the creatures of a day.

Full soon shall night enshroud thee in the Manes' phantom crowd,
And the bare and narrow mansion of Pluto close thee in;
And thou shalt not banish care by the ruddy wine-cup there,
Nor woo the gentle Lycidas, whom all are mad to win.

ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

Say, Pyrrha, say, what slender boy,
With locks all dropping balm, on roses laid,
Doth now with thee in pleasant grotto toy?
For whom dost thou thine amber tresses braid,

Array'd with simple elegance?

Alas! alas! How oft shall he deplore
The alter'd gods, and thy perfidious glance,
And, new to danger, shrink, when sea waves roar,

Chafed by the surly winds, who now
Enjoyeth thee, all golden as thou art;
And hopes, fond fool! through every change, that thou
Wilt welcome him as fondly to thy heart!

Nor doth not know, how shift the while
The fairest gales beneath the sunniest skies;
Unhappy he, who, weeting not thy guile,
Basks in the sunshine of thy flattering eyes!

My votive tablet, duly set
Against the temple's wall, doth witness keep,
That I, whilere, my vestments dank and wet
Hung at the shrine of Him that rules the deep.

ODE VI.

TO AGRIPPA.

By Varius shall thy prowess be
In strains Mæonic chaunted,
The victories by land and sea,
Our gallant troops, led on by thee,
Have won with swords undaunted.

Such themes, Agrippa, never hath
My lyre essay'd, nor bold
Pelides' unrelenting wrath,
Nor artfullest Ulysses' path
O'er oceans manifold;

Nor woes of Pelops' fated line;
Such flights too soaring are!
Nor doth my bashful Muse incline,
Great Cæsar's eulogies and thine
With its thin notes to mar.

Who, who shall sing, with accents just,
Mars' adamantine mail,
Or Merion, grimed with Trojan dust,
Or him who, strong in Pallas' trust,
Made even gods to quail?

Heart-whole, or pierced by Cupid's sting,
In careless mirthfulness,
Of banquets we, and maidens sing,
With nails cut closely skirmishing,
When lovers hotly press.

ODE VII.

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some will laud fair Mytilene, —
Rhodes, where many wonders be, —
Some great Ephesus, or Corinth
Watered by its double sea;
Thebes renown'd for Bacchus, Delphi
Famous for Apollo's shrine,
Others praise Thessalian Tempe,
And its thousand charms divine;
Some the towers of spotless Pallas
Chaunt, nor ask another theme,
Thence to pluck an olive garland,
All their pride and all their dream.
Many a bard, in Juno's honour,
Makes the burden of his lyre
Rich Mycenæ, grassy Argos,
Famous for its steeds of fire.

Me nor patient Lacedemon,
Nor Larissa's fertile plain,
Like Albunea's echoing fountain
All my inmost heart hath ta'en.
Give me Anio's headlong torrent,
And Tiburnus' grove and hills,
And its orchards sparkling dewy
With a thousand wimpling rills.

As the sunny southwind often
Sweeps the lowering clouds away,
Nor with showers unceasing ever
Loads the long and dreary day,

Plancus, so do thou remember
Still to cheer with balmy wine
All the care and grief and travail
Of this toilworn life of thine;
Whether in the throng'd camp, gleaming
With a thousand spears, or laid
On the turf beneath the umbrage
Of thy loved Tiburtine glade.

Teucer, though an outcast hunted
From his native Salamis,
Hunted by a father's anger,
Natheless — as the legend is —
On his forehead wet with revel
First a wreath of poplar bound,
Then his comrades thus accosted,
As they sadly stood around.
“Wheresoever Fortune, kinder
Than my sire, our voyage bends,
Thither shall we go together,
Oh my comrades, brothers, friends!
Teucer for your leader, — marshall'd
Under Teucer's guiding star,
What shall stay, or what shall daunt us?
Hence, then, craven fears, afar!
For I hold Apollo's promise,
That in other climes a new
Salamis shall rise around us,
Fairer, nobler to the view!
Now, ye brave hearts, that have weather'd
Many a sorer strait with me,
Chase your cares with wine, — tomorrow
We shall plough the mighty sea!”

ODE VIII.

TO LYDIA.

Why, Lydia, why,
I pray, by all the gods above,
Art so resolved that Sybaris should die,
And all for love?

Why doth he shun
The Campus Martius' sultry glare?
He that once reek'd of neither dust nor sun,
Why rides he there,

First of the brave,
Taming the Gallic steed no more?
Why doth he shrink from Tiber's yellow wave?
Why thus abhor

The wrestlers' oil,
As 'twere from viper's tongue distill'd?
Why do his arms no livid bruises soil,
He, once so skill'd,

The disc or dart
Far, far beyond the mark to hurl?
And tell me, tell me, in what nook apart,
Like baby-girl,

Lurks the poor boy,
Veiling his manhood, as did Thetis' son,
To 'scape war's bloody clang, while fated Troy
Was yet undone?

THE SAME PARAPHRASED.

Nay, Lydia, 'tis too bad, it is,
Thus to inflame poor Sybaris.
Be merciful, you puss, or, sooth,
You'll soon make worms'-meat of the youth.
He's finished, floor'd, and all agree,
Was never man so changed as he!
Before his eyes by love were seal'd,
He headed every hunting field,
In horsemanship could all eclipse,
And was the very best of whips.
With skulls he was a match for Clasper,
His bat at cricket was a rasper,
And ne'er was eye or hand so quick
With gloves, or foil, or single stick;
A very stag to run or jump —
In short, he was a thorough trump.
But now, what way his time he spends,
Heaven only knows! He's cut his friends,
And, to complete his ruin quicker,
He neither smokes nor takes his liquor.
He's never seen, and now, they say
He's fairly bolted, stolen away!
Where have you hid him, Lydia, where?
You have him with you I could swear,
And, in your cast-off gown array'd,
He minces as your lady's maid.

ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Look out, my Thaliarchus, round!
Soracte's crest is white with snow,
The drooping branches sweep the ground,
And, fast in icy fetters bound,
The streams have ceased to flow.

Pile up fresh logs upon the hearth,
To thaw the nipping cold,
And forth from Sabine jar, to wing
Our mirth, the ruddy vine-juice bring
Four mellowing summers old.

Leave to the Gods all else; when free
They set the surly winds,
To grapple on the yeasty sea
In headlong strife, the cypress tree,
The old ash respite finds.

Let not tomorrow's change or chance
Perplex thee, but as gain
Count each new day! Let beauty's glance
Engage thee, and the merry dance,
Nor deem such pleasures vain!

Gloom is for age. Young hearts should glow
With fancies bright and free,
Should court the crowded walk, the show,
And at dim eve love's murmurs low
Beneath the trysting tree;

The laugh from the sly corner, where
Our girl is hiding fast,
The struggle for the lock of hair,
The half well pleased, half angry air,
The yielded kiss at last.

ODE X.

TO MERCURY.

Mercurius, Atlas' grandchild eloquent,
Who didst to gentle ways man's primal race
By language mould, and their uncouth limbs lent
The gymnast's grace,

Herald of mighty Jove, and all the gods,
Lord of the curvèd lyre, who canst at will
Fileh for thy sport, whate'er may be the odds,
I'll hymn thee still!

When with loud threats he charged thee to forego
The kine, thy impish craft from him had wiled,
Even while he spoke, of quiver reft and bow,
Apollo smiled.

Quitting his halls, by thee rich Priam led
Stole past the watchfires round Troy's leagner'd wall,
And through the Grecian camp in safety sped,
Unseen of all.

Thou guid'st to bliss the spirits of the just,
Driving the phantoms with thy golden rod,
In heaven and hell beloved and held in trust
By every god!

ODE XI.

TO LEUCONÖE.

Ask not of fate to show ye, —
Such lore is not for man, —
What limits, Leuconöe, *)
Shall round life's little span.
Both thou and I
Must quickly die!
Content thee, then, nor madly hope
To wrest a false assurance from Chaldean horoscope.

Far nobler, better were it,
Whate'er may be in store,
With soul serene to bear it;
If winters many more
Jove spare for thee,
Or this shall be
The last, that now with sullen roar
Scatters the Tuscan surge in foam upon the rockbound shore.

Be wise, your spirit firing
With cups of temper'd wine,
And hopes afar aspiring
In compass brief confine.
Use all life's powers,
The envious hours
Fly as we talk; then live to-day,
Nor fondly to tomorrow trust more than you must and may.

*) A license, allowable, it is hoped, has been taken in lengthening the penultimate syllable of this lady's beautiful name.

ODE XII.

TO AUGUSTUS.

What man, what hero, Clio, wilt thou sing,
With lyre or fluting shrill?
What god, whose name shall sportive echo ring
On Helicon's umbrageous hill,
Or Pindus' steepy crest, or Hæmus ever chill?

Whose groves reel'd after Orpheus, and his song,
Who by its spell could stay
The rushing sweep of streams and tempests strong,
And by his tuneful harpings sway
The listening oaks to move where'er he led the way.

What shall I sing before his praise, who reigns
The world's great sire, and guides
Of men and gods the pleasures and the pains,
Who rules the land and ocean's tides,
And change of seasons meet for the vast earth provides?

From whom springs none that mightier is than he,
Nor other can we trace,
Of equal might, or second in degree;
Yet Pallas fills the honour'd place
Next to her sire, upraised o'er all the Olympian race.

Nor, Bacchus, bold in battle, shall thy fame
My numbers fail to shew,
And, virgin huntress of the woods, thy name
In answering strains shall flow,
And thine, Apollo, thine, god of the unerring bow!

Alcides, too, and Leda's sons I'll sound
In echoing song afar,
For wrestling this, that for the race renown'd,
Soon as whose clear effulgent star
Upon the shipman gleams, amid the tempest's war,

Down from the rocks subsides the weltering spray,
The winds in zephyrs creep,
The clouds disperse, that veil'd the gladsome day,
And on the wild and wasteful deep
The threat'ning waves — such power is theirs — are lull'd to sleep.

What next shall fill the burden of my strain,
I wist not to decide;
Or Romulus, or Numa's tranquil reign,
Or Tarquin towering in his pride,
Or him of Utica, the brave, that nobly died.

Next Regulus, and the Scauri, Paulus too,
That flung his soul away,
His mighty soul, when Punic foes o'erthrew
Our strength on Cannæ's fatal day,
With grateful pride I'll chaunt in my undying lay;

Fabricius too, and Curius of the locks
Unkempt, — Camillus, — all
Nurtured to warfare by the daily shocks
Of stern privation, in the small
Paternal farm and cot that made of wealth their all.

With growth occult, as shoots the vigorous tree,
Marcellus' fame doth grow;
The star of Julius shines resplendently,
Eclipsing all the starry row,
As 'mid the lesser fires bright Luna's lamp doth glow.

Thou sire and guardian of all human kind,
 Saturnian Jove, to thee
The care of mighty Cæsar was assign'd
 By the o'er ruling fates, and he
Next to thyself in power our sovereign lord shall be.

Whether he quell the Parthian threatening spoil
 To Latium, and lead
The foe, that would insult our natal soil,
 In spotless triumph, — or the Mede
Subdue, and other foes, the sweltering East doth breed;

Next under thee, his righteous hand shall make
 The world his rule obey;
Olympus thou with thy dread car shalt shake,
 Thou' shalt thy vengeful bolts array
Against the groves, wherein foul orgies shrink from day.

ODE XIII.

TO LYDIA.

Lydia, when so oft the charms
Of Telephus you bid me note,
Taunt me with his snowy arms,
Rosy cheek, and shapely throat,
Within my breast I feel the fires
Of wild and desperate desires.

Then reels my brain, then on my cheek
The shifting colour comes and goes,
And tears, that flow unbidden, speak
The torture of my inward throes,
The fierce unrest, the deathless flame,
That slowly macerates my frame.

Oh agony! to trace where he
Has smutch'd thy shoulders ivory-white
Amid his tipsy revelry;
Or where, in trance of fierce delight,
Upon thy lips the frenzied boy
Has left the records of his joy.

Hope not such love can last for aye,
(But thou art deaf to words of mine!)
Such selfish love, as ruthlessly
Could wound those kisses all divine,
Which Venus steeps in sweets intense
Of her own nectar's quintessence.

Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever,
Are they, whom true affection binds,
In whom no doubts nor janglings sever
The union of their constant minds;
But life in blended current flows,
Serene and sunny to the close!

ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Oh bark, fresh waves shall hurry thee,
Yet once again, far out to sea;
Beware, beware; and boldly seize
The port, where thou may'st ride at ease!
Dost thou not see, thy side is shorn
Of all its oars, thy mainmast torn,
And hear thy lanyards moan and shriek,
And all thy straining timbers creak,
Too frail to meet the surge around,
Though plank to plank with cables bound.
Thy sails are rent; nor gods hast thou,
When danger threatens, to hear thy vow;
Although thou art a Pontic pine,
A woodland child of noble line,
Vain, vain amid the tempest's rage
Such vaunted name and lineage!
No trust hath fearful marinere
In gilded prow; so thou beware!
Unless it be thy doom to form
The sport and pastime of the storm.

Oh thou, that erstwhile wert to me
A heavy-sad anxiety,
And now my fond ambition art,
The care that chiefly fills my heart,
Oh, be advised, and shun the seas,
That wash the shining Cyclades!

ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

As the treacherous shepherd bore over the deep
His hostess, fair Helena, Nereus arose,
Hush'd the war of the winds for a season to sleep,
And thus sang the doom of retributive woes.

"Thou bearest her home with an omen of dread,
Whom Greece shall reclaim, with her myriads vow'd
To tear, by the sword, thy false mate from thy bed,
And crush Priam's empire, the ancient, the proud.

"Horse and man, how they labour! What deaths shall o'erwhelm,
And all for thy crime, the Dardanians in night!
See Pallas preparing her ægis and helm,
Her chariot, and all the fierce frenzy of fight!

"Go, trim as thou wilt, boy, thy loose flowing curls,
Go, vaunt thee, that Venus shall shield thee from wrong,
And, laid with thy lute 'midst a bevy of girls,
Troll thy measures effeminate all the day long.

"Ay, hide an' thou may'st in the couch of thy lust
From the death-dealing spear, and the arrows of Crete,
From the roar of the battle, its carnage, its dust,
And Ajax pursuing, remorseless and fleet!

"Yet in gore thy adulterous locks shall be roll'd,
Though late be thy doom. Lo, the scourge of thy race,
Laertiades! Dost thou not see him? Behold!
And Pylian Nestor! — And see, on thy trace

"Rushes Teucer of Salamis, dauntless and fell,
And Sthenelus, skilful in combat, nor less
In ruling the warsteed expert to excel,
And close on thy track, too, shall Merion press.

"Lo, Tydides, surpassing his father in might,
Athirst for thy lifeblood, with furious cheer
Is hunting thee out through the thick of the fight,
While before him thou fly'st, like a timorous deer,

"Who, espying a wolf on the brow of the hill
Flies far from the pasture, with heart-heaving pants;
Is it thus that thy leman shall see thee fulfil
The promise of all thy presumptuous vaunts?

"The wrath of Achilles shall stay for a while
The downfall of Ilion, and Phrygia's dames, —
Yet a few winters more, and her funeral pile
In ashes shall fall 'midst Achaian flames!"

ODE XVI.

TO TYNDARIS.

Oh daughter, in beauty more exquisite still
Than a mother, whose beauty we all must admire,
My scurrilous verses destroy, how you will,
Deep drown them in ocean, or quench them in fire!

Dindymené herself, nor the Pythian, when
He convulses his priests with the fury prophetic,¹
Nor Bacchus, nor Corybants, clashing again
And again their wild cymbals, such fervour phrenetic

Can move as fell rage; which no terrors can tame,
Neither Norican glaive, nor the ocean bestrew'd
With wreck and disaster, nor merciless flame,
Nor the thunders of Jove in his vengefullest mood.

'Tis the curse of our birth; for Prometheus, they say,
Compell'd from all beasts some particular part
To select for his work, to our primitive clay
Imparted the lion's impetuous heart.

Rage drew on Thyestes the vengeance of heaven,
Through rage have been levell'd the loftiest halls
And cities high-famous, and ploughshares been driven
By insolent enemies over their walls.

Oh, stifle the fiend! In the pleasant spring time
Of my youth he enkindled my breast with his flame,
And headlong I dash'd into petulant rhyme,
Which now in my manhood I think on with shame.

But a kindlier mood hath my passion supplanted,
And music more gentle shall flow from my lute,
Would'st thou make me thy friend, — my vile libels recanted, —
And smile with reciprocal love on my suit!

ODE XVII.

TO TYNDARIS.

My own sweet Lucretilis ofttime can lure
From his native Lycæus kind Faunus the fleet,
To watch o'er my flocks, and to keep them secure
From summer's fierce winds, and its rains, and its heat.

Then the mates of a lord of too pungent a fragrance
Securely through brake and o'er precipice climb,
And crop, as they wander in happiest vagrance,
The arbutus green, and the sweet-scented thyme.

Nor murderous wolf, nor green snake may assail
My innocent killings, dear Tyndaris, when
His pipings resound through Ustica's low vale,
'Till each moss'd rock in music makes answer again.

The muse is still dear to the gods, and they shield
Me their dutiful bard; with a bounty divine
They have bless'd me with all that the country can yield,
Then come, and whatever I have shall be thine!

Here screened from the dog-star, in valley retired,
Shalt thou sing that old song thou canst warble so well,
Which tells how one passion Penelope fired,
And charm'd fickle Circe herself by its spell.

Here cups shalt thou sip, 'neath the broad-spreading shade,
Of the innocent vintage of Lesbos at ease,
No fumes of hot ire shall our banquet invade,
Or mar that sweet festival under the trees.

And fear not, lest Cyrus, that jealous young bear,
On thy poor little self his rude fingers should set,
Should pluck from thy bright locks the chaplet, and tear
Thy dress, that ne'er harm'd him nor any one yet.

ODE XVIII.

TO VARUS.

Let the vine, dearest Varus, the vine be the first
 Of all trees to be planted, of all to be nursed,
 On thy well shelter'd acres, round Catilus' walls,
 Where the sun on the green slopes of Tivoli falls!
 For to him who ne'er moistens his lip with the grape
 Life's every demand wears a terrible shape,
 And wine, and wine only has magic to scare
 Despondency's gloom or the torments of care.
 Who's he that, with wine's joyous fumes in his brain,
 Of the travails of war, or of want will complain,
 Nor rather, sire Bacchus, thy eulogies chant,
 Or thine, Venus, thine, ever beautiful, vaunt?

Yet, that none may abuse the good gift, and o'erpass
 The innocent mirth of a temperate glass,
 A warning is set in the wine-kindled strife,
 Where the Centaurs and Lapithæ grappled for life;
 In the madmen of Thrace, too, a warning is set,
 Who, lost in their Bacchanal phrenzy, forget
 The bounds that dis sever the right from the wrong,
 And sweep on the tide of their passions along.

Bright god of the vine, I never will share
 In orgies so vile and unholy, nor tear
 The clusters of various foliage away,
 That keep thy blest mysteries veil'd from the day.

Then clash not the cymbals, and wind not the horn,
Dread sounds, of whose maddening accents are born
Blind Self-love, and Vanity lifting on high
Its feather-brain'd head, as 'twould strike at the sky,
And Frankness, transparent as crystal, that shows
In its babbling incontinence all that it knows.

ODE XIX.

TO GLYCERA.

The ruthless mother of wild desires,
And Theban Semele's fervent son,
And wanton idlesse have kindled fires
Within me, I dream'd I had long outrun.
I am madden'd by Glycera's beauty's blaze, —
The marble of Paros is pale beside it —
By her pretty, provoking, and petulant ways,
And face too dazzling for eye to 'bide it.

Into me rushing, hath Venus quite
Forsaken her Cyprus, nor lets me chant
The Scyths and the Parthians, dauntless in flight,
Nor aught that to Love is irrelevant.
Hither, boys, turf of the freshest bring,
Vervain, and incense, and wine unstinted!
The goddess less fiercely my heart shall sting,
When the victim's gore hath her altar tinted.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Our common Sabine wine shall be
The only drink I'll give to thee,
In modest goblets too;
'Twas stored in crock of Grecian delf,
Dear knight Mæcenas, by myself,
That very day, when through
The theatre thy plaudits rang,
And sportive echo caught the clang,
And answer'd from the banks
Of thine own dear paternal stream,
Whilst Vatican renew'd the theme
Of homage and of thanks!
Old Cæcuban, the very best,
And juice in vats Calenian press'd
You drink at home, I know:
My cups no choice Falernian fills,
Nor unto them do Formia's hills
Impart a temper'd glow.

ODE XXI.

IN HONOUR OF DIANA AND APOLLO.

Ye tender virgins fair,
To great Diana sing,
Ye boys, to Cynthius of the unshorn hair,
Your dulcet anthems bring,
And let Latona mingle with your theme,
That dearer is than all to Jove, Heaven's lord supreme!

Her praises sing, ye maids,
Who doth in streams delight,
In whispering groves, and intertangled glades,
On Algidus' cool height,
Or Erymanthus with its dusky pines,
Or where with verdure bright the leafy Cragus shines.

Ye boys, in numbers meet,
Fair Tempe's praises chant,
Delo's, that was Apollo's natal seat,
And loved peculiar haunt;
Sing, too, his quiver with its golden gleams,
And lyre, his brother's gift, that from his shoulder beams!

Moved by your prayers he will
Banish distressful war,
Famine, and pestilence, and their trains of ill
From our loved Rome afar,
And from great Cæsar, scattering their blight,
The Persian's pride to quell, or Britain's chainless might.

ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Fuscus, the man of life upright and pure
Needeth nor javelin, nor bow of Moor,
Nor arrows tipp'd with venom deadly-sure,
Loading his quiver;

Whether o'er Afric's burning sands he rides,
Or frosty Caucasus' bleak mountain-sides,
Or wanders lonely, where Hydaspes glides,
That storied river.

For as I stray'd along the Sabine wood,
Singing my Lalage in careless mood,
Lo, all at once a wolf before me stood,
Then turn'd and fled:

Creature so huge did warlike Daunia ne'er
Engender in her forests' wildest lair,
Not Juba's land, parch'd nurse of lions, e'er
Such monster bred.

Place me, where no life-laden summer breeze
Freshens the meads, or murmurs 'mongst the trees,
Where clouds, and blighting tempests ever freeze
From year to year;

Place me, where neighbouring sunbeams fiercely broil
A weary waste of scorch'd and homeless soil,
To me my Lalage's sweet voice and smile
Would still be dear!

ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Nay, hear me, dearest Chloe, pray!

You shun me like a timid fawn,
That seeks its mother all the day
By forest brake and upland lawn,
Of every passing breeze afraid,
And leaf that twitters in the glade.

Let but the wind with sudden rush

The whispers of the wood awake,
Or lizard green disturb the hush,
Quick-darting through the grassy brake,
The foolish frightened thing will start,
With trembling knees and beating heart.

But I am neither lion fell,

Nor tiger grim to work you woe;
I love you, sweet one, much too well,
Then cling not to your mother so,
But to a lover's tender arms
Confide your ripe and rosy charms.

ODE XXIV.

TO VIRGIL.

Why should we stem the tears that needs must flow,
Why blush, that they should freely flow and long?
To think of that dear head in death laid low?

Do thou inspire my melancholy song,
Melpomene, in whom the Muses' sire
Join'd with a liquid voice the mastery of the lyre!

And hath the sleep, that knows no waking morn,
Closed o'er Quinctilius, our Quinctilius dear?
Where shall be found the man of woman born
That in desert might be esteem'd his peer, —
So simply meek, and yet so sternly just,
Of faith so pure, and all so absolute of trust?

He sank into his rest, bewept of many,
And but the good and noble wept for him,
But dearer cause thou, Virgil, hadst than any,
With friendship's tears thy friendless eyes to dim!
Alas, alas! Not to such woful end
Didst thou unto the gods thy pray'rs unceasing send!

What though thou modulate the tuneful shell
With defter skill than Orpheus of old Thrace,
When deftliest he played, and with its spell
Moved all the listening forest from its place,
Yet never, never can thy art avail
To bring life's glowing tide back to the phantom pale,

Whom with his black inexorable wand
Hermes, austere and pitiless as fate,
Hath forced to join the dark and spectral band
In their sad journey to the Stygian gate.
'Tis hard, great heav'ns, how hard! But to endure
Alleviates the pang we may nor crush nor cure!

ODE XXV.

TO LYDIA.

Swains in numbers
Break your slumbers,
Saucy Lydia, now but seldom,
Ay, though at your casement nightly,
Tapping loudly, tapping lightly,
By the dozen once ye held them.

Ever turning,
Night and morning,
Swung your door upon its hinges;
Now, from dawn till evening's closing,
Lone and desolate reposing,
Not a soul its rest infringes.

Serenaders,
Sweet invaders,
Scanter grow, and daily scanter,
Singing, 'Lydia, art thou sleeping?
Lonely watch thy love is keeping!
Wake, oh wake, thou dear enchanter!'

Lorn and faded,
You, as they did,
Woo, and in your turn are slighted;
Worn and torn by passion's fret,
You, the pitiless coquette,
Waste by fires yourself have lighted.

Late relenting,
Left lamenting —
'Wither'd leaves strew wintry brooks!
Ivy garlands greenly darkling,
Myrtles brown with dew-drops sparkling,
Best beseem youth's glowing looks!

ODE XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

Beloved by and loving the Muses,
I fling all my sorrow and care
To the wind, that wherever it chooses
The troublesome freight it may bear.
I care not — not I — not a stiver,
Who in Scythia frozen and drear
'Neath the scourge of a tyrant may shiver,
Or who keeps Tiridates in fear.

Oh thou in pure springs who delightest,
Twine flowers of the sunniest glow,
Twine, gentle Pimplea, the brightest
Of wreaths for my Lamia's brow.
Without thee unskill'd are my numbers;
Then thou and thy sisterly choir
Wake for him the rare music that slumbers
Unknown in the Lesbian lyre!

ODE XXVII.

THE CAROUSAL.

Hold! hold! 'Tis for Thracian madmen to fight
With wine-cups, that only were made for delight.
'Tis barbarous — brutal! I beg of you all,
Disgrace not our banquet with bloodshed and brawl!

The Median scimitar, why should it shine,
Where the merry lamps sparkle and glance in the wine?
'Tis out of all rule! Friends, your places resume,
And let us have order once more in the room!

If I am to join you in pledging a beaker
Of this stout Falernian, choicest of liquor,
Megilla's fair brother must say, from what eyes
Flew the shaft, sweetly fatal, that causes his sighs.

How — dumb! Then I drink not a drop. Never blush,
Whoever the fair one may be, man! Tush, tush!
She'll do your taste credit, I'm certain — for yours
Was always select in its little amours.

Don't be frightened! We're all upon honour, you know,
So out with your tale! Gracious powers! Is it so?
Poor fellow! your lot has gone sadly amiss,
When you fell into such a Charybdis as this!

What witch, what magician, with drinks and with charms,
What god can effect your release from her harms?
So fettered, scarce Pegasus' self, were he near you,
From the fangs of this triple Chimæra might clear you!

ODE XXVIII.

ARCHYTAS.

SAILOR.

Thee, oh Archytas, who hast scann'd
The wonders of the world by sea and land,
The lack of some few grains
Of scatter'd dust detains
A shivering phantom here upon Matinum's strand.
And it avails thee nothing, that thy soul,
Death's sure-devoted prey,
Soar'd to the regions of eternal day,
Where wheeling spheres in silvery brightness roll.

ARCHYTAS.

What then! E'en Pelops' sire, the guest
Of gods, to Orcus sank, by death oppress'd,
And old Tithonus; too,
Though heavenly air he drew,
And Minos stern, who shared the secrets of Jove's breast.
There, too, Panthoides, once more immured,
Roams, though his spirit's pride
All save this fading flesh to death denied,
By his old Trojan shield deceitfully assured.

And he, even thou wilt grant me, was
Not meanly versed in truth and nature's law's.
But for us all doth stay
One night, and death's dark way,
Must needs be trodden once, howe'er we pause.
The Furies some to Mars' grim sport consign,

The hungry waves devour
The shipman, young and old drop hour by hour,
No single head is spared by ruthless Proserpine.

Me, too, the headlong gust,
That dogs Orion, 'neath the billows thrust.
But, prithee, seaman, shed
On my unburied head
And limbs with gentle hand some grains of drifting dust!
So may the storm that threatens the western deep
Turn all its wrath away,
To smite the forests of Venusia,
And thou thy course secure o'er the mild ocean keep!

So may from every hand
Wealth rain on thee by righteous Jove's command!
And Neptune, who doth bear
Tarentum in his care
Bring thy rich-laden argosy to land!
Deny me this, the common tribute due,
And races to be born
Of thy sons' sons in after years forlorn,
Though guiltless of thy crime, thy heartless scorn shall rue!

Nor shall thyself go free,
For Fate's vicissitudes shall follow thee,
Its laws, that slight for slight,
And good for good requite!
Not unavenged my bootless pray'r shall be;
Nor victim ever expiate thy guilt.
Oh, then, though speed thou must —
It asks brief tarrying — thrice with kindly dust
Bestrew my corpse, and then press onward as thou wilt!

ODE XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

So, Iccius, thou hast hankerings
For swart Arabia's golden treasures,
And for her still unconquer'd kings
Art marshalling war's deadly measures,
And forging fetters meant to tame
The insulting Mede that is our terror and our shame?

Say, what barbarian virgin fair
Shall wait on thee, that slew her lover,
What princely boy, with perfumed hair,
Thy cupbearer, shall round thee hover,
School'd by his sire, with fatal craft
To wing, all vainly now, the unerring Seric shaft?

Up mountains steep may glide the brooks,
And Tiber to its sources roam,
When thou canst change thy noble books
Cull'd far and near, and learn'd home,
For armour dipp'd in Ebro's wave,
Thou who to all our hopes far nobler promise gave!

ODE XXX.

TO VENUS.

Oh Venus, queen of Gnidos, Paphos fair,
Leave thy belovèd Cyprus for a while,
And shrine thee in that bower of beauty, where
With incense large woos Glycera thy smile!

Oh come, and with thee bring thy glowing boy,
The Graces all, with kirtles floating free,
Youth, that without thee knows but little joy,
The jocund Nymphs, and blithesome Mercury!

ODE XXXI.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

What ask the poet, who adores
Apollo's virgin shrine,
What asks he, as he freely pours
The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain, that waves along
Sardinia's fertile land,
Nor the unnumber'd herds, that throng
Calabria's sultry strand;

Not gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
The spoil of far Cathay,
Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
Gnaws silently away.

Let fortune's favour'd sons the vine
Of fair Campania hold;
The merchant quaff the rarest wine
From cups of gleaming gold;

For to the Gods the man is dear
Who scathelessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endive, mallows light
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoë, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth!

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire —
An old age, not unhonour'd, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre!

ODE XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

If e'er with thee, my lyre, beneath the shade
I've sported, carolling some idle lay,
Destined mayhap not all at once to fade,
Aid me to sing a master-song to day,
In strains, the Lesbian's lyre was foremost to essay;

Who, though in battle brave among the brave,
Yet, even amidst the camp's tumultuous roar,
Or when his bark, long toss'd upon the wave,
Lay anchor'd safe upon the oozy shore,
Did hymns to Bacchus and the golden Muses pour.

And Venus, and that source of many sighs,
The Boy, who from her side is parted ne'er,
And Lycus famed for his black lustrous eyes,
And for the glory of his deep dark hair,
Rang in his fulltoned verse along the charmed air.

Oh, 'midst Apollo's glories chief of all,
Thou shell, that ever art a welcome guest,
In sovereign Jove's imperial banquet-hall,
Thou, labour's balm, and bringer of sweet rest,
Aid him that doth on thee with due devotion call!

ODE XXXIII.

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

Nay, Albius, a truce to this sighing and grieving!
Is Glycera worth all this tempest of woe?
Why flatter her, lachrymose elegies weaving,
Because she is false for a youthfuller beau?

There's Lycoris, the maid with the small rounded forehead,
For Cyrus is wasting by inches away,
Whilst for Pholoë he, with a passion as torrid,
Consumes, and to him she'll have nothing to say.

The she-goats, in fact, might be sooner expected
Apulia's wolves for their partners to take,
Than a girl so divine to be ever connected
With such an abandoned and pitiful rake.

Such caprices hath Venus, who, rarely propitious,
Delights in her fetters of iron to bind
Those pairs whom she sees, with a pleasure malicious,
Unmatched both in fortune, and figure, and mind.

I myself, woo'd by one that was truly a jewel,
In thralldom was held, which I cheerfully bore,
By that common chit, Myrtale, though she was cruel
As waves that indent the Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.

THE POET'S CONFESSION.

Unto the Gods my vows were scant
And few, whilst I profess'd the cant
Of philosophic lore,
But now I back my sails perforce,
Fain to retrace the beaten course,
I had contemned before.

For Jove, who with his forkèd levin
Is wont to rend the louring heaven,
Of late with hurtlings loud
His thunder pacing steeds did urge,
And wingèd car along the verge
Of skies without a cloud;

Whereat the huge earth reel'd with fear,
The rivers, Styx, the portal drear
Of Tænarus abhorr'd,
While distant Atlas caught the sound,
And quiver'd to its farthest bound.
The world's great god and lord

Can change the lofty to the low,
The mighty ones of earth o'erthrow,
Advancing the obscure;
Fate wrests the crown from lordly brow
On his to plant it, who but now
Was poorest of the poor.

ODE XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

Oh pleasant Antium's goddess queen,
Whose presence hath avail
Mortals to lift from mean estate,
Or change triumphal hymns elate
To notes of funeral wail;

Thee with heart-anxious prayer invokes
The rustic at the plough,
Thee, mistress of the ocean-wave,
Whoe'er Carpathia's surges brave
With frail Bithynian prow;

Thee Scythia's ever roving hordes,
And Dacians rude revere,
Cities, and tribes, Rome's dauntless band,
Barbaric monarchs' mothers, and
Empurpled tyrants fear;

Lest thou shouldst crush their pillar'd state
Beneath thy whelming foot,
Lest madding crowds with shrill alarms
Pealing the cry — "To arms! To arms!"
Should seated thrones uproot.

Before thee evermore doth Fate
Stalk phantomlike, and bear
In brazen hand huge nails dispread;
And wedges grim, and molten lead,
And iron clamps are there.

Thee Hope attend, and Truth rare-seen,
In vestments snowy-dyed,
Nor quit thee, though in changed array
Thou turn with angry frown away
From halls of stately pride.

But the unfaithful harlot herd
Slink back. Howe'er they cling,
Once to the lees the wine-vat drain,
And shrinking from the yoke of pain,
These summer friends take wing!

Our Cæsar's way to Britain guard
Earth's farthest boundary,
And make our youthful hosts thy care,
Who terror to the East shall bear,
And the far Indian sea!

By brothers' blows, by brothers, blood,
Our souls are gash'd and stain'd.
Alas! What horror have we fled?
What crime not wrought? When hath the dread
Of heav'n our youth restrain'd?

Where is the altar unprofaned
By them? Oh may we see
Thy hand new-whet their blunted swords,
To smite Arabia's tented hordes,
And the Massagetæ!

ODE XXXVI.

TO NUMIDA.

Sing, comrades, sing, let incense burn,
And blood of votive heifer flow
Unto the gods, to whom we owe
Our Numida's return!

Warm greetings many wait him here,
From farthest Spain restored, but none
From him return so warm hath won,
As Lamia's, chiefly dear.

His boyhood's friend, in school and play,
Together manhood's gown they donn'd;
Then mark with white, all days beyond,
This most auspicious day.

Bid wine flow fast without control,
And let the dancers' merry feet
The ground in Saliar manner beat,
And Bassus drain the bowl,

Unbreathed, or own the mastering power
Of Damalis; and roses fair,
And parsley's vivid green be there,
And lilies of an hour!

On Damalis shall fond looks be bent,
But sooner shall the ivy be
Torn from its wedded oak, than she
Be from her new love rent.

ODE XXXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now, comrades, fill each goblet to the brim,
Now, now with bounding footstep strike the ground,
With costliest offerings every fane be crown'd,
Laud we the gods with thousand-voicèd hymn!

It had been impious, till this glad hour
To bid our grandsires' Cæcuban to flow,
While Egypt's queen was listèd to o'erthrow
Rome's empire, Rome itself, — home, temple, tower!

Oh doting dream! — She, with her eunuch train,
Effeminate and vile, to conquer us!
Drunk with success, and madly venturous,
Swift ruin quell'd the fever of her brain.

Her fleet, save one poor bark, in flames and wrack,
The frenzied fumes, by Egypt's vintage bred,
Were turn'd to real terrors as she fled,
Fled from our shores with Cæsar on her track.

As hawk pursues the dove, as o'er the plains
Of snow-wrapt Scythia, like the driving wind,
The huntsman tracks the hare, he swept behind,
To fix that fair and fatal pest in chains.

But her's no spirit was to perish meanly;
A woman, yet not womanishly weak,
She ran her galley to no sheltering creek,
Nor quail'd before the sword, but met it queenly.

So to her lonely palace-halls she came,
With eye serene their desolation view'd,
And with firm hand the angry aspics woo'd
To dart their deadliest venom through her frame.

Then with a prideful smile she sank; for she
Had robb'd Rome's galleys of their royal prize,
Queen to the last, and ne'er in humbled guise
To swell a triumph's haughty pageantry!

ODE XXXVIII.

TO HIS CUPBEARER.

Persia's pomp, my boy, I hate,
No coronals of flowerets rare
For me on bark of linden plait,
Nor seek thou, to discover where
The lush rose lingers late.

With unpretending myrtle twine
Nought else! It fits your brows,
Attending me, it graces mine,
As I in happy ease carouse
Beneath the thick-leaved vine.

BOOK II.



ODE I.

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

The civil broils that date
Back from Metellus' luckless consulate,
The causes of the strife,
Its vices, with fresh seeds of turmoil rife,
The turns of fortune's tide,
The leagues of chiefs to direful ends allied,
The arms of Romans wet
With brothers' blood, not expiated yet,
These are thy chosen theme,
An enterprise that doth with peril teem,
For everywhere thy tread
On ashes falls, o'er lull'd volcanoes thinly spread!

Mute for some little time
Must be the Muse of tragedy sublime
Within our theatres; anon,
The task of chronicling our story done,
Thy noble bent pursue,
And the Cecropian buskin don anew,
Pollio, thou shield unstain'd
Of woful souls, that are of guilt arraign'd,
On whose persuasive tongue
The senate oft in deep debate hath hung,
Whose fame for laurels won
In fields Dalmatian shall through farthest ages run!

And now our ears you pierce
With clarions shrill, and trumpets' threatenings fierce,

Now flashing arms affright
Horses and riders, scattering both in flight;
Now do I seem to hear
The shouting of the mighty leaders near,
And see them strike and thrust,
Begrimed with not unhonourable dust;
And all earth own control,
All, all save only Cato's unrelenting soul!

Juno, and whosoe'er
Among the gods made Afric's sons their care,
On that same soil, which they,
Of vengeance foiled, had turned from in dismay,
Unto Jugurtha's shade
His victor's grandsons as an offering paid.
Where is the plain, that by
Its mounds sepulchral doth not testify
To many an impious fray,
Where Latian blood made fat the yielding clay,
And to fell havoc's sound
Peal'd from the west to Media's farthest bound?
What bays, what rivers are
By ills unvisited of woful war?
What oceans by the tide
Of slaughter rolling red have not been dyed?
Where shall be found the shore,
Is not incarnadined by Roman gore?

But, froward Muse, refrain,
Affect not thou the elegiac strain!
With lighter touch essay
In Dionsean cave with me some sprightlier lay!

ODE II.

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

Nor gold, nor silver, buried low
Within the grudging earth,
With lustre doth or beauty glow,
'Tis light to these gives birth.
This truth, Sallustius, thou dost make
Thy law, thou foe to pelf,
Unless from temperate use it take
A sheen beyond itself;

Such use as Proculeius taught;
Preeminently known
For all a father's loving thought
Unto his brothers shewn,
Through distant ages shall his name
With note triumphant ring,
Borne on from clime to clime by fame
On ever soaring wing.

Subdue the lust for gold, and thine
Will be an ampler reign,
Than if thy kingdom should combine
Far Lybia with Spain;
A grasping spirit to o'ercome
Is better, than to seize
The solely sovereign masterdom
Of both the Carthages.

That scourge of man, the dropsy fell,
By self-indulgence nurst,
Grows worse and worse, nor can expel
The still increasing thirst,
Unless the cause, which bred the bale,
Is routed from the veins,
And from the body's tissues pale
The watery languor drains.

Wisdom, who doth all issues test
By worth and worth alone,
Scorns to pronounce Phraates blest,
Replaced on Cyrus' throne;
From vulgar tongues, that swell the roar
Of clamour differing wide,
It teaches them to deal no more
In phrases misapplied.

For only he is king indeed,
And may securely wear
The diadem, and, nobler meed,
The laurel garland fair,
Who, even where piles of treasure lie,
Preserves an even mind,
And passing them without a sigh,
Cares not to look behind.

ODE III.

TO DELLIUS.

Let not the frowns of fate
Disquiet thee, my friend,
Nor, when she smiles on thee, do thou, elate
With vaunting thoughts, ascend
Beyond the limits of becoming mirth,
For, Dellius, thou must die, become a clod of earth!

Whether thy days go down
In gloom, and dull regrets,
Or, shunning life's vain struggle for renown,
Its fever and its frets,
Stretch'd on the grass, with old Falernian wine,
Thou giv'st the thoughtless hours a rapture all divine.

Where the tall spreading pine,
And white-leaved poplar grow,
And mingling their broad boughs in leafy twine,
A grateful shadow throw,
Where runs the wimpling brook, its slumb'rous tune
Still murmuring, as it runs, to the hush'd ear of noon;

There wine, there perfumes bring,
Bring garlands of the rose,
Fair and too short-lived daughter of the spring,
While youth's bright current flows
Within thy veins, — ere yet hath come the hour,
When the dread sisters three shall clutch thee in their power

Thy woods, thy treasured pride,
Thy mansion's pleasant seat,
Thy lawns washed by the Tiber's yellow tide,
Each favourite retreat,
Thou must leave all — all, and thine heir shall run
In riot through the wealth thy years of toil have won.

It recks not, whether thou
Be opulent, and trace
Thy birth from kings, or bear upon thy brow
Stamp of a beggar's race;
Be what thou wilt, full surely must thou fall,
For Orcus, ruthless king, swoops equally on all.

Yes, all are hurrying fast
To the one common bourne;
Sooner or later will the lot at last
Drop from the fatal urn,
Which sends thee hence in the grim Stygian bark,
To dwell for evermore in cheerless realms and dark.

ODE IV.

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

Nay, Xanthias, my friend, never blush, man — no, no!
Why should you not love your own maid, if you please?
Briseis of old, with her bosom of snow,
Brought the haughty Achilles himself to his knees.

By his captive, Tecmessa, was Telamon's son,
Stout Ajax, to willing captivity tamed;
Atrides, in triumph, was wholly undone,
With love for the slave of his warspear inflamed,

In the hot hour of triumph, when, quell'd by the spear
Of Pelides, in heaps the barbarians lay;
And Troy, with her Hector no longer to fear,
To the war-wearied Greeks fell an easier prey.

For aught that you know, now, fair Phyllis may be
The shoot of some highly respectable stem;
Nay, she counts, I'll be sworn, a few kings in her tree,
And laments the lost acres once lorded by them.

Never think that a creature so exquisite grew
In the haunts where but vice and dishonour are known,
Nor deem that a girl so unselfish, so true,
Had a mother 'twould shame thee to take for thine own.

I extol with free heart, and with fancy as free,
Her sweet face, fine ancles, and tapering arms.
How! Jealous? Nay, trust an old fellow like me,
Who can feel, but not follow, where loveliness charms.

ODE V.

TO A FRIEND.

Have patience! She's plainly too tender, you see,
The yoke on her delicate shoulders to bear,
So young as she is, fit she never could be
His task with the gentlest yoke-fellow to share,
Or brook the assault of the ponderous bull,
Rushing headlong the fire of his passion to cool.

At present your heifer finds all her delight
In wandering o'er the green meadows at will,
In cooling her sides, when the sun is at height,
In the iciest pools of some mountainfed rill,
Or 'mid the dank osierbeds bounding in play
With the young calves, as sportive and skittish as they.

For unripe grapes to long is mere folly; soon, too,
Manytinted Autumnus with purple will dye
Thy clusters that now wear so livid a hue;
And so after thee, soon, her glances will fly,
For merciless Time to her count will assign
The swift speeding years, as she takes them from thine.

And then will thy Lalage long for a lord,
Nor shrink from the secrets of conjugal joy;
By thee she will be, too, more fondly adored,
Than Pholoë's self, or than Chloris the coy,
Her beautiful shoulders resplendently white
As the moon, when it silvers the ocean by night;

Or as Guidian Gyges, whom were you to place
In the midst of a bevy of sunny-brow'd girls,
So boyish, so girlish at once is his face,
So silken the flow of his clustering curls,
'Twould puzzle the skilfullest judge to declare,
If Gyges or they were more maidenly fair.

ODE VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius, that wouldst, I know,
With me to distant Gades go,
And visit the Cantabrian fell,
Whom all our triumphs cannot quell,
And even the sands barbarian brave,
Where ceaseless seethes the Moorish wave;

May Tibur, that delightful haunt,
Rear'd by an Argive emigrant,
The tranquil haven be, I pray,
For my old age to wear away,
Oh, may it be the final bourne
To one with war and travel worn!

But should the cruel Fates decree,
That this, my friend, shall never be,
Then to Galesus, river sweet
To skin-clad flocks, will I retreat,
And those rich meads, where sway of yore
Laconian Phalanthus bore.

In all the world no spot there is,
That wears for me a smile like this,
The honey of whose thymy fields
May vie with what Hymettus yields,
Where berries clustering every slope
May with Venafrum's greenest cope.

There Jove accords a lengthened spring,
And winters wanting winter's sting,
And sunny Aulon's broad incline
Such mettle puts into the vine,
Its clusters need not envy those,
Which fiery Falernum grows.

Thyself and me that spot invites,
Those pleasant fields, those sunny heights;
And there, to life's last moments true,
Wilt thou with some fond tears bedew —
The last sad tribute love can lend —
The ashes of thy poet friend.

ODE VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

Dear comrade, in the days when thou and I
With Brutus took the field, his perils bore,
Who hath restored thee, freely as of yore,
To thy home gods, and loved Italian sky,

Pompey, who wert the first my heart to share;
With whom full oft I've sped the lingering day,
Quaffing bright wine, as in our tents we lay,
With Syrian spikenard on our glistening hair?

With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
My shield behind me left, which was not well,
When all that brave array was broke, and fell
In the vile dust full many a towering wight.

But me, poor trembler, swift Mercurius bore,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, through all the hostile din,
Whilst war's tumultuous eddies, closing in,
Swept thee away into the strife once more.

Then pay to Jove the feasts, that are his fee,
And stretch at ease these warworn limbs of thine
Beneath my laurel's shade; nor spare the wine
Which I have treasured through long years for thee.

Pour till it touch the shining goblet's rim
Care-drowning Massie: let rich ointments flow
From amplest conchs! No measure we shall know!
What! shall we wreaths of oozy parsley trim,

Or simple myrtle? Whom will Venus send
To rule our revel? Wild my draughts shall be
As Thracian Bacchanals', for 'tis sweet to me,
To lose my wits, when I regain my friend.

ODE VIII.

TO BARINE.

If e'er, in vengeance for thy faithlessness,
Heaven had but made thy charms one charm the less,
Blacken'd one tooth, or tarnish'd one bright nail,
Then I, Barine, might believe thy tale.
But soon as thou hast laid all kinds of vows
And plighted oaths on those perfidious brows,
Thy beauty heightens into rarer dies,
And all our young men haunt thy steps with feverish eyes.

It profits thee, fair mischief, thus to spurn
The deep vows plighted by thy mother's urn,
By all the silent stars that gem the night,
And by the gods, whom death may never blight.
Venus herself doth smile to hear thee swear,
Smile the sweet nymphs beneath their sunny hair;
And Cupid, unrelenting boy, doth smile,
Pointing on gory stone his burning shafts the while.

To thee our youth's best flower in homage kneels,
New slaves bend daily at thy chariot-wheels;
And they, who oft have sworn to haunt no more
Thy fatal home, still linger as before.
Mothers all dread thee for their boys, and old
Fond fathers fear thy havoc with their gold;
The bane art thou of every new-made bride,
Lest thy soft air should waft her husband from her side.

ODE IX.

TO VALGIUS.

Not always from the clouds are rains
Descending on the oozy plains,
Not always o'er the Caspian deep
Do gusts of angry tempest sweep,
Nor month on month, the long year through,
Dear Valgius, valued friend and true,
Is frost's benumbing mantle round
The high lands of Armenia wound;
Not always groan Garganus' oaks
Before the northwind's furious strokes,
Nor is the ash tree always seen,
Stript of its garniture of green;
Yet thou alway in strains forlorn
Thy Mystes dead dost fondly mourn,
Lamenting still at Hesper's rise,
And when the rapid sun he flies.

Remember, friend, that sage old man,
Whose years were thrice our common span,
Did not through all their lengthened tale
His loved Antilochus bewail:
Nor did his parents, lonely left,
Of their still budding darling reft,
Nor Phrygian sisters evermore
The slaughtered Troilus deplore.

Forbear, then, longer to complain,
Renounce this enervating strain,
And rather let us, thou and I,
Combine to sing in measures high

The trophies newly won by great
Augustus Cæsar for the state;
Niphates' icy peak, the proud
Euphrates, added to the crowd
Of nations, that confess our power,
A humbler river from this hour,
And the Gelonians forced to rein
Their steeds within a bounded plain.

ODE X.

TO LICINIUS.

If thou wouldst live secure and free,
Thou wilt not keep far out at sea,
Licinius, evermore;
Nor, fearful of the gales that sweep
The ocean wide, too closely creep
Along the treacherous shore.

The man, who with a soul serene
Doth cultivate the golden mean,
Escapes alike from all
The squalor of a sordid cot,
And from the jealousies begot
By wealth in lordly hall.

The mighty pine is ever most
By wild winds sway'd about and toss'd,
With most disastrous crash
Fall high-topp'd towers, and ever, where
The mountain's summit points in air,
Do bolted lightnings flash.

When fortune frowns, a well train'd mind
Will hope for change; when she is kind,
A change no less will fear:
If haggard winters o'er the land
By Jove are spread, at his command
In time they disappear.

Though now they may, be sure of this,
Things will not always go amiss;

Not always bends in ire
Apollo his dread bow, but takes
The lyre and from her trance awakes
The Muse with touch of fire.

Though sorrows strike, and comrades shrink,
Yet never let your spirits sink,

But to yourself be true;
So wisely, when yourself you find
Scudding before too fair a wind,
Take in a reef or two.

ODE XI.

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

What the warlike Cantabrian or Scyth may design,
Dear Quintius Hirpinus, ne'er stay to divine,
With the broad Adriatic 'twixt them and yourself,
You surely may lay all your fears on the shelf.

And fret not your soul with uneasy desires
For the wants of a life, which but little requires;
Youth and beauty fade fast, and age sapless and hoar
Tastes of love and the sleep that comes lightly no more.

Spring flowers bloom not always fresh, fragrant, and bright,
The moon beams not always full-orb'd on the night;
Then wherefore should you, who are mortal, outwear
Your soul with a profitless burden of care?

Say, why should we not, flung at ease 'neath this pine,
Or a planetree's broad umbrage, quaff gaily our wine,
While the odours of Syrian nard, and the rose
Breathe sweet from locks tipp'd, and just tipp'd with Time's snows.

'T is Bacchus, great Bacchus, alone has the art
To drive away cares, that are eating the heart.
What boy, then, shall best in the brook's deepest pool
Our cups of the fiery Falernian cool?

And who from her home shall fair Lydè seduce,
And bring to our revel that charming recluse?
Bid her haste with her ivory lyre to the spot,
Tying up her brown hair in a plain Spartan knot.

ODE XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Bid me not sing to my nerveless string
The wars of Numantia long and bloody,
Nor Hannibal dread, nor the ocean's bed
With the gore of our Punic foemen ruddy;

Nor the Lapithæ fierce, nor Hylæus flush'd
With wine, nor the earth-born brood Titanic,
Whom the death-dealing hand of Alcides crush'd,
Though they smote the Saturnian halls with panic.

And thou, my Mæcenas, shalt fitlier tell
The battles of Cæsar in stateliest story,
Tell of kings, who defied us with menaces fell,
Led on through our streets in the triumph's glory.

My muse to Licymnia alone replies,
To her warbling voice, that divinely sways thee,
To the gleam of her flashing and lustrous eyes,
And true heart that passion for passion repays thee.

Ah, well doth the roundel beseem her charms,
Sparkling her wit, and, with loveliest vestals,
Most worthy is she to enlace her arms
In the dances of Dian's hilarious festals.

Would you, friend, for Phrygia's hoarded gold,
Or all that Achæmenes self possesses,
Or e'en for what Araby's coffers hold,
Barter one lock of her clustering tresses,

While she bends down her throat to your burning kiss,
Or, fondly cruel, the joy denies you,
She'd have you snatch, or at times the bliss
Herself will snatch, and with joy surprise you?

ODE XIII.

TO THE TREE BY WHOSE FALL HIS LIFE WAS
ENDANGERED.

Whate'er his station in the land,
In evil hour he planted thee,
And with a sacrilegious hand
He nursed, and trained thee up to be
The bane of his succeeding race,
And of our hamlet the disgrace.

He strangled, ay, and with a zest,
His very father, and at dead
Of night stole in upon his guest,
And stabb'd him sleeping in his bed;
Brew'd Colchian poisons in his time,
And practised every sort of crime.

All this he must have done — or could —
I'm sure, — the wretch, that stuck thee down,
Thou miserable stump of wood,
To topple on thy master's crown,
Who ne'er designed thee any harm,
Here on my own, my favourite farm.

No mortal due provision makes
'Gainst ills which any hour may fall;
The Carthaginian sailor quakes
To think of a Levantine squall,
But feels no terror for the fate,
That elsewhere may his bark await.

Our soldiers dread the arrows sped
By Parthians shooting as they flee;
And in their turn the Parthians dread
The chains and keeps of Italy;
But death will tear, as now it tears,
Whole nations down at unawares.

How nearly in her realms of gloom
I dusky Proserpine had seen,
Seen Æacus dispensing doom,
And the Elysian fields serene,
Heard Sappho to her lute complain
Of unrequited passion's pain;

Heard thee, too, oh Alcæus, tell,
Striking the while thy golden lyre,
With fuller note and statelier swell,
The sorrows and disasters dire
Of warfare and the ocean deep,
And those that far in exile weep.

While shades round either singer throng,
And the deserved tribute pay
Of sacred silence to their song,
Yet chiefly crowd to hear the lay
Of battles old to story known,
And haughty tyrants overthrown.

What wonder they, their ears to feast,
Should thickly throng, when by these lays
Entranced, the hundred-headed beast
Drops his black ears in sweet amaze,
And even the snakes are charmed, as they
Among the Furies' tresses play.

Nay even Prometheus, and the sire
Of Pelops, cheated of their pains,
Forget awhile their doom of ire
In listening to the wondrous strains;
Nor doth Orion longer care
To hunt the lynx or lion there.

ODE XIV.

TO POSTHUMUS.

Ah Posthumus, the years, the fleeting years
Still onwards, onwards glide;
Nor mortal virtue may
Time's wrinkling fingers stay,
Nor Age's sure advance, nor Death's all-conquering stride.

Hope not by daily hecatombs of bulls
From Pluto to redeem
Thy life, who holds thrice vast
Geryon fetter'd fast,
And Tityus, by the waves of yonder rueful stream.

Sad stream, we all are doom'd one day to cross,
Ay, all that live by bread,
Whate'er our lot may be,
Great lords of high degree,
Alike with peasant churls, who scantily are fed.

In vain shall we war's bloody conflict shun,
And the hoarse scudding gale
Of Adriatic seas,
Or fly the southern breeze,
That through the Autumn hours wafts pestilence and bale.

For all must view Cocytus' pitchy tide
Meandering slow, and see
The accursèd Danaids moil,
And that dread stone recoil,
Sad Sisyphus is doom'd to upheave eternally.

Land, home, and winsome wife must all be left;
And cypresses abhorr'd,
Alone of all the trees
That now your fancy please,
Shall shade the dust of him, who was their sometime lord.

Then, too, your long imprison'd Caecuban
A worthier heir shall drain,
And with a lordlier wine,
Than at the feasts divine
Of pontiffs flows, your floor in wassailry shall stain.

ODE XV.

ON THE PREVAILING LUXURY.

Soon regal piles each rood of land
Will from the farmer's ploughshare take,
Soon ponds be seen on every hand
More spacious than the Lucrine lake.

Soon the unwedded plane displace
The vine-wreathed elm; and violet bed
And myrtle bush, and all the race
Of scented shrubs their fragrance shed,

Where fertile olive thickets made
Their owner rich in days of old;
And laurels with thick-woven shade
At bay the scorching sunbeams hold.

It was not so, when Romulus
Our greatness fostered in its prime,
Nor did our great forefathers thus,
In unshorn Cato's simple time.

Man's private fortunes then were low,
The public income great; in these
Good times no long drawn portico
Caught for its lord the northern breeze.

Nor did the laws our sires permit
Sods dug at random to despise
As for their daily homes unfit;
And yet they bade our cities rise

More stately at the public charge,
And did, to their religion true,
The temples of the gods enlarge,
And with fair-sculptured stones renew.

ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

For ease he doth the gods implore,
Who, tossing on the wide
Egean billows, sees the black clouds hide
The moon, and the sure stars appear no more,
The shipman's course to guide.

For ease the sons of Thracia cry,
In battle uncontroll'd,
For ease the graceful-quivered Median bold,
That ease, which purple, Grosphus, cannot buy,
Nor wealth of gems or gold.

For hoarded treasure cannot keep
Disquietudes at bay,
Nor can the consul's lictor drive away
The brood of dark solitudes, that sweep
Round gilded ceilings gay.

He lives on little, and is blest,
On whose plain board the bright
Saltcellar shines, which was his sires' delight,
Nor terrors, nor cupidity's unrest
Disturb his slumbers light.

Why should we still project and plan,
We creatures of an hour?
Why fly from clime to clime, new regions scour?
Where is the exile, who, since time began,
To fly from self had power?

Fell bare climbs brazen galleys' sides;
Nor troops of horse can fly
Her foot, which than the stag's is swifter, ay,
Swifter than Eurys, when he madly rides
The clouds along the sky.

Careless what lies beyond to know,
And turning to the best
The present, meet life's bitters with a jest,
And smile them down; since nothing here below
Is altogether blest.

In manhood's prime Achilles died,
Tithonus by the slow
Decay of age was wasted to a show,
And Time may what it hath to thee denied
On me perchance bestow.

Round thee low countless herds and kine
Of Sicily; the mare
Apt for the chariot paws for thee the air,
And Afric's costliest dyes incarnadine
The wools which thou dost wear.

To me a farm of modest size,
And slender vein of song,
Such as in Greece flowed vigorous and strong,
Kind fate hath given, and spirit to despise
The base malignant throng.

ODE XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears?
Why, oh Mæcenas, why?
Before thee lies a train of happy years;
Yes, nor the gods nor I
Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust,
That art my stay, my glory, and my trust!

Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thee, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!

Think not, that I have sworn a bootless oath;
Yes, we shall go, shall go,
Hand link'd in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both
The last sad road below!
Me nor the fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyges, though in ire

He rise against me, from thy side shall sever;
For in such sort it hath
Pleased the dread Fates, and Justice potent ever,
To interweave our path.
Beneath whatever aspect thou wert born,
Libra, or Scorpion fierce, or Capricorn,

The blustering tyrant of the western deep,
 'This well I know, my friend,
Our stars in wondrous wise one orbit keep,
 And in one radiance blend.
From thee were Saturn's baleful rays afar
Averted by great Jove's refulgent star,

And His hand stay'd Fate's downward-swooping wing,
 When thrice with glad acclaim
The teeming theatre was heard to ring,
 And thine the honour'd name:
So had the falling timber laid me low,
But Pan in mercy warded off the blow,

Pan who keeps watch o'er easy souls like mine.
 Remember, then, to rear
In gratitude to Jove a votive shrine,
 And slaughter many a steer,
Whilst I, as fits, an humbler tribute pay,
And a meek lamb upon his altar lay.

ODE XVIII.

TO A MISER.

Within my dwelling you behold
Nor ivory, nor roof of gold;
There no Hymettian rafters weigh
On columns from far Africa;
Nor Attalus' imperial chair
Have I usurp'd, a spurious heir,
Nor client dames of high degree
Laconian purples spin for me;
But a true heart and genial vein
Of wit are mine, and great men deign
To court my company, though poor.
For nought beyond do I implore
The gods, nor crave my potent friend
A larger bounty to extend,
With what he gave completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest.

Day treads down day, and sinks amain,
And new moons only wax to wane,
Yet you, upon death's very brink,
Of piling marbles only think,
That yet are in the quarry's womb,
And all unmindful of the tomb,
Rear gorgeous mansions everywhere;
Nay, as though earth too bounded were,
With bulwarks huge thrust back the sea,
That chafes and breaks on Baïæ.

What though you move the ancient bound,
That marks your humble neighbour's ground,
And avariciously o'erleap
The limits right should bid you keep?
Where lies your gain, that driven from home
Both wife and husband forth must roam,
Bearing their household gods close press'd
With squalid babes upon their breast?
Still for the man of wealth, 'mid all
His pomp and pride of place, the hall
Of sure-devouring Orcus waits
With its inevitable gates.

Then why this ceaseless vain unrest?
Earth opens her impartial breast
To prince and beggar both; nor might
Gold e'er tempt Hell's grim satellite
To waft astute Prometheus o'er
From yonder ghastly Stygian shore.
Proud Tantalus and all his race
He curbs within that rueful place;
The toilworn wretch, who cries for ease,
Invoked or not, he hears and frees.

ODE XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

Bacchus I 've seen, (no fable is my song!)
Where far among the rocks the hills are rooted,
His strains dictating to a listening throng
Of nymphs, and prick-eared Satyrs cloven-footed!

Evøe! The dread is on my soul even now,
Fill'd with the god my breast is heaving wildly!
Evøe! Oh spare, Lyæus, spare me, thou,
And o'er me wield thine awful thyrsus mildly!

Now may I dare to sing of Bacchants bold,
To sing of wine in fountains redly rushing,
Of milky streams, and honey's liquid gold
From hollow trunks in woods primeval gushing.

Now may I chant her honours, too, thy bride,
Who high among the stars is throned in glory,
The halls of Pentheus shattered in their pride,
And of Lyncurgus the disastrous story.

Thee own as lord great rivers, barbarous seas;
Thou, where afar the mountain peaks are shining,
Flush'd with the grape dost revel, there at ease
Thy Bacchant's locks unharm'd with vipers twining.

Thou, when the banded giants, impious crew!
By mountain piled on mountain-top were scaling
Thy sire's domains, didst hurl back Rhæcus, through
Thy lion's claws, and jawbone fell prevailing.

Though fitter for the dance, and mirth, and jest,
Than for the battle's deadly shock reputed,
Thou didst approve thyself, o'er all the rest
Alike for peace or warfare aptly suited.

Thee, glóriously bedeck'd with horn of gold,
With gently wagging tail soothed Cerberus greeted,
And lick'd thy limbs and feet with tongue threefold,
As from his shady realm thy steps retreated.

ODE XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

On pinion newly plumed and strong
I'll cleave the liquid air
Predestinate, true child of song!
A double form to wear.
Earth shall not keep me from the skies,
I'll pierce the smoke of towns,
And, soaring far aloft, despise
Their envy and their frowns.

Though cradled at a poor man's hearth,
His offspring, I shall not
Go down to mix with common earth
Forgetting and forgot.
No! I, whom thou, Mæcenas dear,
Dost mark with thy esteem,
Shall never pine, a phantom drear,
By sad Coeytus' stream.

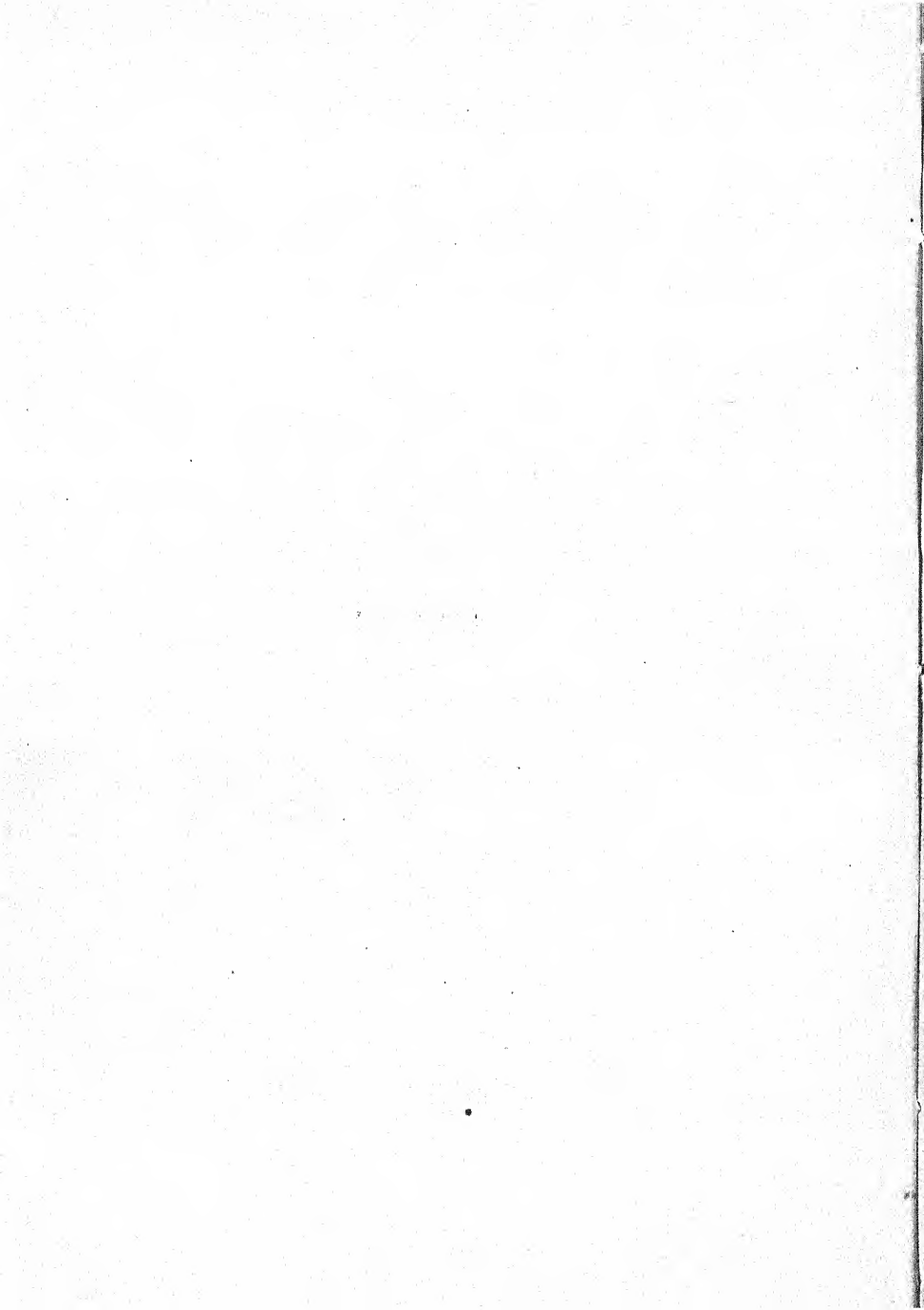
Even now I feel the change begin!
And see, along my thighs
It creeps and creeps, the wrinkling skin,
In sturdy swanlike guise.
My body all above assumes
The bird, and white as snow
Along my shoulders airy plumes
Down to my fingers grow.

Now swiftilier borne on pinions bold.
Than Icarus of yore,
The Bosphorus shall I behold,
And hear its billows roar:
Shall o'er Getulia's whirling sands,
Canorous bird, career,
And view Hyperborean lands
From heaven's own azure clear.

My fame the Colchian, and forlorn
Gelonian yet shall know,
The Dacian, too, who seems to scorn,
But dreads his Marsic foe.
The Spaniard of an after time
My minstrel power shall own,
And I be hail'd a bard sublime
By him that drinks the Rhone.

Then sing no dirge above my bier,
No grief be idly spent!
Dishonour lies in every tear,
Disgrace in each lament.
All clamours loud of woe forbear!
Respect my nobler doom,
And those superfluous honours spare,
Which load a vulgar tomb!

BOOK III.



ODE I.

IN PRAISE OF CONTENTMENT.

Ye rabble rout, avaunt!
Your vulgar din give o'er,
Whilst I, the Muses' own hierophant,
To the pure ears of youths and virgins chant
In strains unheard before!

Great kings, whose frown doth make
Their crouching vassals quake,
Themselves must own
The mastering sway of Jove, imperial god,
Who from the crash of giants overthrown
Triumphant honours took, and by his nod
Shakes all creation's zone.

Whate'er our rank may be,
We all partake one common destiny!
In fair expanse of soil,
Teeming with rich returns of wine and oil,
His neighbour one outvies;
Another claims to rise
To civic dignities,
Because of ancestry, and noble birth,
Or fame, or proved preeminence of worth,

Or troops of clients, clamorous in his cause;
Still Fate doth grimly stand,
And with impartial hand
The lots of lofty and of lowly draws
From that capacious urn,
Whence every name that lives is shaken in its turn.

To him, above whose guilty head,
Suspended by a thread,
The naked sword is hung for evermore,
Not feasts Sicilian shall
With all their cates recal
That zest the simplest fare could once inspire;
Nor song of birds, nor music of the lyre
Shall his lost sleep restore:
But gentle sleep shuns not
The rustic's lowly cot,
Nor mossy bank, o'er-canopied with trees,
Nor Tempe's leafy vale stirr'd by the western breeze.

The man, who lives content with whatsoe'er
Sufficeth for his needs,
The storm-toss'd ocean vexeth not with care,
Nor the fierce tempest which Arcturus breeds,
When in the sky he sets,
Nor that which Hædus, at his rise, begets:
Nor will he grieve, although
His vines be all laid low
Beneath the driving hail,
Nor though, by reason of the drenching rain,
Or heat, that shrivels up his fields like fire,
Or fierce extremities of winter's ire,
Blight shall o'erwhelm his fruit-trees and his grain.
And all his farm's delusive promise fail.

The fish are conscious that a narrower bound
Is drawn the seas around
By masses huge hurl'd down into the deep;
There at the bidding of a lord, for whom
Not all the land he owns is ample room,
Do the contractor and his labourers heap
Vast piles of stone, the ocean back to sweep.
But let him climb in pride,
That lord of halls unblest,
Up to his lordly nest,
Yet ever by his side
Climb Terror and Unrest;
Within the brazen galley's sides
Care, ever wakeful, flits,
And at his back, when forth in state he rides,
Her withering shadow sits.

If thus it fare with all;
If neither marbles from the Phrygian mine
Nor star-bright robes of purple and of pall,
Nor the Falernian vine,
Nor costliest balsams, fetch'd from farthest Ind.
Can soothe the restless mind;
Why should I choose
To rear on high, as modern spendthrifts use,
A lofty hall, might be the home for kings,
With portals vast, for Malice to abuse,
Or Envy make her theme to point a tale;
Or why for wealth, which newborn trouble brings,
Exchange my Sabine vale?

ODE II.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

In war's stern school our youth should be
Steel'd stoutly to endure
The ills, which sharp necessity
Inflicts upon the poor;
To make the Parthians fly in fear
Before the terrors of their spear;

To live alert at danger's call
Encamp'd on heath or down;
Then as they view him from the wall
Of their beleaguerr'd town,
With sighs the warring monarch's dame
And virgin daughter shall exclaim:

"Oh grant, ye Gods, our royal lord,
Unskill'd in war's array,
Provoke not, by his bootless sword,
Yon lion to the fray,
Who rushes with infuriate roar
Through carnage, dropping gouts of gore!"

For our dear native land to die
Is glorious and sweet;
And death the coward slaves that fly
Pursues with steps as fleet,
Nor spares the loins and backs of those
Unwarlike youths, who shun their foes.

Worth, all-indifferent to the spurns
Of vulgar souls profane,
The honours wears, it proudly earns,
Unclouded by a stain;
Nor grasps, nor lays the fasces down,
As fickle mobs may smile or frown.

Worth, which heaven's gate to those unbars,
Who never should have died,
A pathway cleaves among the stars,
To meaner souls denied,
Soaring in scorn far far away
From vulgar crowds and sordid clay.

For faithful silence too there is
A guerdon sure: whoe'er
Has once divulged the mysteries
Of Ceres' shrine, shall ne'er
Partake my roof, nor yet shall he
In the same vessel sail with me.

For oft has Jove, when slighted, swept
Away with sons of shame
The souls which have their whiteness kept,
And punishment, though lame
Of foot, has rarely fail'd to smite
The knave, how swift soe'er his flight.

ODE III.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ROMULUS.

He that is just, and firm of will
Doth not before the fury quake
Of mobs that instigate to ill,
Nor hath the tyrant's menace skill
His fixed resolve to shake;

Nor Auster, at whose wild command
The Adriatic billows dash,
Nor Jove's dread thunder-launching hand,
Yea, if the globe should fall, he'll stand
Serene amidst the crash.

By constancy like this sustain'd,
Pollux of yore, and Hercules
The starry eminences gain'd,
Where Caesar, with lips purple-stain'd,
Quaffs nectar, stretch'd at ease.

Thou, by this power, Sire Bacchus, led,
To bear the yoke thy pards didst school,
Through this same power Quirinus fled,
By Mars' own horses charioted,
The Acherontine pool.

What time the gods to council came,
And Juno spoke with gracious tone,
"That umpire lewd and doom'd to shame,
And his adulterous foreign dame
Troy, Troy have overthrown;

"Troy doom'd to perish in its pride
By chaste Minerva and by me,
Her people, and their guileful guide,
Since false Laomedon denied
The gods their promised fee.

"The Spartan wanton's shameless guest
No longer flaunts in brave array,
Nor screen'd by Hector's valiant breast,
Doth Priam's perjured house arrest
My Argives in the fray.

"Protracted by our feuds no more,
The war is quell'd. So I abate
Mine anger, and to Mars restore
Him, whom the Trojan priestess bore,
The grandchild of my hate.

"Him will I suffer to attain
These realms of light, these blest abodes,
The juice of nectar pure to drain,
And be enroll'd amid the train
Of the peace-breathing gods.

"As long as the broad rolling sea
Shall roar 'twixt Ilium and Rome,
Where'er these wandering exiles be,
There let them rule, be happy, free;
Whilst Priam's, Paris' tomb

"Is trodden o'er by roving kine,
And wild beasts there securely breed,
The Capitol afar may shine,
And Rome, prond Rome her laws assign
Unto the vanquish'd Mede.

"Yes, let her spread her name of fear,
To farthest shores; where central waves
Part Africa from Europe, where
Nile's swelling current half the year
The plains with plenty laves.

"Still let her scorn to search with pain
For gold, the earth hath wisely hid,
Nor strive to wrest with hands profane
To mortal use and mortal gain
What is to man forbid.

"Let earth's remotest regions still
Her conquering arms to glory call,
Where scorching suns the long day fill,
Where mists and snows and tempests chill
Hold reckless bacchanal.

"But let Quirinus' sons beware,
For they are doom'd to sure annoy,
Should they in foolish fondness e'er
Or vaunting pride the homes repair
Of their ancestral Troy.

"In evil hour should Troy once more
Arise, it shall be crush'd anew,
By hosts that o'er it stride in gore,
By me conducted, as of yore,
Jove's spouse and sister too.

"Thrice rear a brazen wall, and though
Apollo's self his aidance lent,
Thrice shall my Argives lay it low,
Thrice shall the captive wife in woe
Her lord and babes lament!"

But whither would'st thou, Muse? Unmeet
For jocund lyre are themes like these.
Shalt thou the talk of gods repeat,
Debasing by thy strains effete
Such lofty mysteries?

ODE IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

Oh queen Calliope, from heaven descend,
And on the fife prolong
Thy descant sweet and stroug,
Or with the lyre, if more it like thee, blend
Thy thrilling voice in song!

Hark! Or is this but frenzy's pleasing dream?
Through groves I seem to stray
Of consecrated bay,
Where voices mingle with the babbling stream,
And whispering breezes play.

When I had stray'd a child on Vultur's steep,
Beyond Apulia's bound,
Which was my native ground,
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath a heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found,

Strown by the storied doves; and wonder fell
On all, their nest who keep
On Acherontia's steep,
Or in Forentum's low rich pastures dwell,
Or Bantine woodlands deep;

That safe from bears and adders in such place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild
And laurel, by the gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.

Yours am I, oh ye Muses, yours, whene'er
The Sabine peaks I scale;
Or cool Præneste's vale,
Or Tibur's slopes, or Baiae's waters fair
With happy heart I hail.

Unto your roundels and your fountains vow'd,
Philippi's rout, the tree
Of doom o'erwhelm'd not me,
Nor Palinurus 'mid the breakers loud
Of the Sicilian sea.

Unshrinkingly, so you be only near,
The Bosphorus I'll brave,
Nor quail, howe'er it rave,
Assyria's burning sands I'll dare, nor fear
In them to find a grave.

Shielded by you, I'll visit Britain's shore
To strangers ruthless ever,
Front the Gelonian quiver,
The Concan, too, who joys in horses' gore,
And Scythia's icy river.

Unto great Cæsar's self ye lend new life
In grot Pierian, when
He has disposed his men
Among the towns, to rest from battle-strife,
And yearns for peace again.

From you flow gentle counsels, and most dear
Such counsels are to you.
We know, how He o'erthrew
By His down-swooping bolts those monsters drear,
The impious Titan crew;

He who doth earth's unmoving mass control,
The tempest-shaken main,
Throng'd towns, the realms of pain
And gloom, and doth with even justice sole
O'er gods and mortals reign.

When he beheld them first, these brothers stark,
Proud in their strength of arm,
Crowding in hideous swarm
To pile up Pelion on Olympus dark,
Jove shudder'd with alarm.

But what could stout Typhœus, Mimas do?
Or what, for all his might,
● Porphyryon's threatening height,
What Prætus, or Enceladus, that threw
Uprooted trees, in fight

Against great Pallas' ringing ægis dash'd,
What could they all essay?
Here, eager for the fray,
Stood Vulcan, there dame Juno unabash'd,
And he who ne'er doth lay

His bow aside, who laves his locks unshorn
In Castaly's pure dew,
Divine Apollo, who
Haunts Lycia's woodland glades, in Delos born,
In Patara worshipp'd too.

Unreasoning strength by its own weight must fall;
To strength with wisdom blent
Force by the gods is lent,
Who hold in scorn that strength, which is on all
That's impious intent.

See hundred-handed Gyges helpless lie,
To make my maxim good,
Orion too, that would
Lay ruffian hands on chaste Diana, by
Her virgin shafts subdued.

Upheaved above the monsters she begot,
Earth wails her children whirl'd
To Orcus' lurid world,
By vengeful bolts, and the swift fire hath not
Pierced Ætna o'er it hurl'd.

Nor does the vulture e'er, sin's warder grim,
Lewd Tityus' liver quit,
But o'er him still doth sit;
Pirithous, too, lies fetter'd, limb to limb
By chains three hundred knit.

ODE V.

THE PRAISE OF VALOUR.

When through the heavens his thunders blare,
We think, that Jove is monarch there,
So now Augustus too shall be
Esteem'd a present deity,
Since Britons he and Persians dread
Hath to his empire subjected.

Has any legionary, who
His falchion under Crassus drew,
A bride barbarian stoop'd to wed,
And life with her ignobly led?
And can there be the man so base
Of Marsian or Apulian race,
(Oh, on the Senate be the blame,
Oh, on our tainted morals shame!)
As with his spouse's sire, his foe,
And in a foeman's camp, to grow
To age beneath some Median King,
The Shields no more remembering,
Nor yet the Roman dress or name,
Nor Vesta's never-dying flame,
Whilst still unscathed stands Jove, and Rome,
His city, and his only home?

Ah well he fear'd such shame for us,
The brave far-seeing Regulus,

When he the vile conditions spurn'd,
That might to precedent be turn'd,
With ruin and disaster fraught
To after times, should they be taught
Another creed than this — "They die
Unwept, who brook captivity!"

"I've seen," he cried, "our standards hung
In Punic fanes, our weapons wrung
From Roman hands without a blow;
Our citizens, I've seen them go,
With arms behind their free backs tied,
Gates I have seen flung open wide,
Ay, Roman troops I've seen, disgraced
To till the plains they had laid waste!

"Will he return more brave and bold,
The soldier you redeem with gold?
You add but loss unto disgrace.
Its native whiteness once efface
With curious dyes; you can no more
That whiteness to the wool restore;
Nor is true valour, once debased,
In souls corrupt to be replaced!

"If from the tangled meshes freed,
The stag will battle, then indeed
May he conspicuous valour show,
Who trusted the perfidious foe, —
He smite upon some future field
The Carthaginian, who could yield
In fear of death his arms to be
Bound up with thongs submissively!
Content to draw his caitiff breath,
Nor feel such life is worse than death!

Oh shame! Oh mighty Carthage, thou
On Rome's fallen glories towerest now!"

From his chaste wife's embrace, they say,
And babes, he tore himself away,
As he had forfeited the right
To clasp them as a freeman might;
Then sternly on the ground he bent
His manly brow; and so he lent
Decision to the senate's voice,
That paused and waver'd in its choice,
And forth the noble exile strode,
Whilst friends in anguish lined the road.

Noble indeed! for, though he knew
What tortures that barbarian crew
Had ripe for him, he waved aside
The kin that did his purpose chide,
The thronging crowds, that strove to stay
His passage, with an air as gay,
As though at close of some decree
Upon a client's lawsuit he
Its dreary coil were leaving there,
To green Venafrum to repair,
Or to Tarentum's breezy shore,
Where Spartans built their town of yore.

ODE VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

Ye Romans, ye, though guiltless shall
Dread expiation make for all

The laws your sires have broke,
Till ye repair with loving pains
The gods' dilapidated fanes,
Their statues grimed with smoke!

Ye rule the world, because that ye
Confess the gods' supremacy,

Hence all your grandeur grows!
The gods, in vengeance for neglect,
Hesperia's wretched land have wreck'd
Beneath unnumbered woes.

Twice have Monæses, and the hordes
Of Pacorus withstood the swords

Of our ill-omen'd host;
No more in meagre torques equipp'd,
But deck'd with spoils from Romans stripp'd,
They of our ruin boast.

Dacian and Ethiop have well nigh
Undone our Rome distracted by

Intestine feud and fray;
This by his fleet inspiring fear,
That by his shafts, which far and near
Spread havoc and dismay.

Our times, in sin prolific, first
The marriage-bed with taint have cursed,
And family and home;
This is the fountain-head of all
The sorrows and the ills that fall
On Romans and on Rome.

The ripening virgin joys to learn
In the Ionic dance to turn
And bend with plastic limb;
Still but a child, with evil gleams
Incestuous love's unhallowed dreams
Before her fancy swim.

Straight, in her husband's wassail hours,
She seeks more youthful paramours,
And little recks, on whom
She may her lawless joys bestow
By stealth, when all the lamps burn low,
And darkness shrouds the room.

Yea, she will on a summons fly,
Nor is her spouse unconscious why,
To some rich broker's arms,
Or some sea-captain's fresh from Spain,
With wealth to buy her shame, and gain
Her mercenary charms.

They did not spring from sires like these,
The noble youth, who dyed the seas
With Carthaginian gore,
Who great Antiochus o'ercame,
And Pyrrhus, and the dreaded name
Of Hannibal of yore;

But they, of rustic warriors wight
The manly offspring, learned to smite
 The soil with Sabine spade,
And faggots they had cut to bear
Home from the forest, whensoever
 An austere mother bade;

What time the sun began to change
The shadows through the mountain range,
 And took the yoke away
From the o'erwearied oxen, and
His parting car proclaim'd at hand
 The kindest hour of day.

How Time doth in its flight debase
Whate'er it finds? Our fathers' race,
 More deeply versed in ill
Than were their sires, hath borne us yet
More wicked, duly to beget
 A race more vicious still.

ODE VII.

TO ASTERIÈ.

Why weep, Asteriè, for the youth,
That soul of constancy and truth,
Whom from Bithynia's shore
Rich with its wares, with gentle wing
The west winds shall in early spring
To thy embrace restore?

Driven by the southern gales, when high
Mad Capra's star ascends the sky,
To Oricum, he keeps
Sad vigils through the freezing nights,
And, thinking of his lost delights
With thee, thy Gyges weeps.

Yet in a thousand artful ways
His hostess' messenger essays
To tempt him, urging how
Chloë — for such her name — is doom'd
By fires like thine to be consumed,
And sigh as deep as thou;

Narrating, how by slanders vile
A woman's falsehood did beguile
The credulous Prætus on,
To hurry with untimely haste
Into the toils of death the chaste,
Too chaste Bellerophon.

Of Peleus then he tells, who thus
Was nigh consign'd to Tartarus,
Because his coldness shamed
Magnessia's queen Hippolytè,
And hints at stories craftily
To sap his virtue framed.

In vain! For he, untouch'd as yet,
Is deafer than the rocks that fret
The Icarian waves; — but thou,
Keep watch upon thy fancy too,
Nor to Enipeus there undue
Attractiveness allow!

Though no one on the Martian Mead
Can turn and wind a mettled steed
So skilfully as he,
Nor any breast the Tuscan tide,
And dash its tawny waves aside
With such celerity.

At nightfall shut your doors, nor then
Look down into the street again,
When quavering fifes complain;
And though he call thee, as he will,
Unjust, unkind, unfeeling, still
Inflexible remain!

ODE VIII.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why a bachelor such as myself should disport
On the Kalends of March, what these garlands import,
What the censer with incense fill'd full, you enquire,
And the green turf, with charcoal laid ready to fire?
If the cause of all these preparations you seek,
You, versed in the lore both of Latin and Greek,
It is this! That I vow'd, when nigh kill'd by the blow
Of yon tree, unto Liber a goat white as snow,
With festival rites; and the circling year now
Has brought round the day, that I offer'd my vow.
'T is a day, which the well-rosin'd cork shall unyoke
Of the jar, that was set to be fined in the smoke,
When Tullius was Consul. In cups without end
Then pledge me, Mæcenas, for safe is thy friend;
Let the dawn find our lamps still ablaze, and afar
From our revel be anger, and clamour and jar!
Your cares for the weal of the city dismiss,
And why should you not, at a season like this?
There is Dacian Cotiso's army is shent,
And the Median by discords intestine is rent;
The vanquish'd Cantabrian yonder in Spain
Submits after long years of strife to our chain,
And the Scythians, unbending their bows in despair,
To fly from the plains they had ravaged prepare.
Then a respite from public anxieties steal,
Feel the easy indifference private men feel,
Snatch gaily the joys which the moment shall bring,
And away every care and perplexity fling.

ODE IX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

HORACE.

Whilst thou wert ever good and kind,
And I, and I alone might lie
Upon thy snowy breast reclined,
Not Persia's king so blest as I.

LYDIA.

Whilst I to thee was all in all,
Nor Chloë might with Lydia vie,
Renown'd in ode or madrigal,
Not Roman Ilia famed as I.

HORACE.

I now am Thracian Chloë's slave,
With hand and voice that charms the air,
For whom ev'n death itself I'd brave,
So fate the darling girl would spare!

LYDIA.

I dote on Calais — and I
Am all his passion, all his care,
For whom a double death I'd die,
So fate the darling boy would spare.

HORACE.

What, if our ancient love return,
And bind us closer in its chain,
If I the fair-hair'd Chloë spurn,
And welcome Lydia's charms again?

LYDIA.

Though lovelier than yon star is he,
Thou fickle as an April sky,
More churlish too than Adria's sea,
With thee I'd live, with thee I'd die!

ODE X.

TO LYCÈ.

Though your drink were the Tanais, chilliest of rivers,
And your lot with some conjugal savage were cast,
You should pity, sweet Lycè, the poor soul that shivers
Out here at your door in the merciless blast.

Only hark how the doorway goes straining and creaking,
And the piercing wind pipes through the trees that surround
The court of your villa, while black frost is streaking
With ice the crisp snow that lies thick on the ground!

In your pride — Venus hates it — no longer envelope ye,
Or haply you'll find yourself laid on the shelf;
You never were made for a prudish Penelope,
'Tis not in the blood of your sires or yourself.

Though nor gifts nor entreaties can win a soft answer,
Nor the violet pale of my love-ravaged cheek,
Though your husband be false with a Greek ballet-dancer,
And you still are true, and forgiving, and meek;

Ladies shouldn't as snakes of the jungle be cruel,
Nor at heart be as tough as the oak's toughest bole;
And I can't stand out here every evening, my jewel,
Singing, drench'd to the skin, nor I won't, on my soul!

ODE XI.

TO LYDÈ.

Oh Hermes, taught by whom Amphion's throat
Charm'd into motion stones and senseless things,
And thou sweet shell, that dost with dulcet note
Make music from thy seven melodious strings,

Thou once nor sweet, nor voluble, but now
In fane, or rich man's feast, a welcome guest,
Give to my song the charmer's might, to bow
Lydè's unyielding ear, and unrelenting breast!

Lydè, who, like a filly full of play,
That frisks and gambols o'er the meadows wide,
And fears e'en to be touch'd, will never stay
To list the burning tale that woos her for a bride.

Thou listening woods canst lead, and tigers fell,
And stay the rapid rivers in their course;
Yea, the grim janitor of ghastly hell
Crouch'd on his post, subdued by thy persuasive force.

Though countless serpents — sentinels full dread —
The ridges of his fateful brows empale,
And, loathly steaming, from his triple head
Swelters black gore, and poisonous blasts exhale.

Ev'n Tityus and Ixion grimly smiled
Through all their anguish, and awhile hung dry
The toiling urn, whilst the sweet strain beguiled
The Danaids, that stood in soothed oblivion by.

In Lydè's ear reverberate their guilt,
And its dread punishment, to draw for ever
A jar of water that is ever spilt,
Through the pierced bottom lost in the sad-flowing river.

Show her the vengeance sure, howe'er delayed,
Which even in Orcus crimes like theirs must feel,
Those impious girls, stain'd with guilt's blackest shade,
Those impious girls, who slew their lords with savage steel!

One only, worthy of the bridal bed,
Of all the train, was to her perjured sire
Magnificently false, and fame shall spread
Her praise through endless time, link'd to the living lyre.

'Rise, rise!' Thus to her youthful mate she spoke,
'Lest thou from hands, whose guilt is little fear'd,
Receive a sleep, that never shall be broke!
Fly from my father false and ruthless sisters weird!

'Who now, like lions ravening o'er their prey,
Butcher their wedded lords, alas, alas!
I strike thee not—I, gentler-soul'd than they,
Nor keep thee prison'd here, but bid thee freely pass.

'My sire may load my arms with cruel chains,
Because in pity I my lord did spare,
Or o'er the seas to far Numidia's plains
May banish me, yet all for thee I'll gladly bear!

'Go! speed thee hence, unfurl thy swelling sail,
While Venus favours, and this midnight gloom!
The gods defend thy steps! And let the tale
Of what I loved and lost be graven upon thy tomb!'

ODE XII.

TO NEOBULE.

Maids ne'er to their heart's love,
Poor souls, may give play,
Nor wash in the wine cup
Their troubles away;
More dead than alive,
They are haunted by fear
To be scourged by the tongue
Of a guardian austere.

Cytherea's wing'd urchin
From thee doth beguile
Thy work-box, and Hebrus
Of Lipara's isle
From thy broidery weans thee,
And all the hard lore,
Which thou, Neobule,
Didst toil at of yore.

A handsome young fellow
Is he, when he laves
His balm-dropping shoulders
In Tiber's dun waves;
Bellerophon's self
Not so well graced a steed,
He is peerless in boxing,
A racehorse in speed;

Expert too in striking
The stag with his spear,
When the herd o'er the champaign
Fly panting in fear;
Nor less ready handed
The boar to surprise,
Where deep in the shade
Of the covert it lies.

ODE XIII.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

Oh fountain of Bandusia,
Sparkling brighter in thy play,
Far than crystal, thou of wine
Worthy art and fragrant twine
Of fairest flowers! Tomorrow thou
A kid shalt have, whose swelling brow,
And horns just budding into life,
Give promise both of love and strife.
Vain promise all! For in the spring
And glory of his wantoning,
His blood shall stain thy waters cool
With many a deep-ensanguined pool.

Thee the fiery star, the hot
Breath of noonday toucheth not.
Thou a grateful cool dost yield
To the flocks that range afield,
And breathest freshness from thy stream
To the labour-wearied team.
Thou, too, shalt be one ere long
Of the fountains famed in song,
When I sing the ilex bending
O'er thy mosses, whence descending
Thy delicious waters bound,
Prattling to the rocks around.

ODE XIV.

TO THE ROMANS.

Cæsar, oh people, who of late,
Like Hercules defying fate,
Was said the laurel to have sought
Which only may by death be bought,
To his home-gods returns again,
Victorious, from the shores of Spain!

To the just gods to pay their rites,
Now let the matron, who delights
In him her peerless lord, repair,
And our great leader's sister fair;
And with them go the mothers chaste,
Their brows with suppliant fillets graced,
Of our fresh maids, and of the brave
Young men, who late have 'scaped the grave!
And oh, ye boys, and new-made brides,
Hush every word that ill betides!

From me this truly festal day
Shall drive each cloud of care away;
Nor shall I draw in fear my breath
For civil broil or bloody death,
While Cæsar sway o'er earth shall bear.
Away, then, boy, bring chaplets fair,
Bring unguents, and with these a jar,
That recollects the Marsian war,
If aught that held the juice of grape
Might roving Spartacus escape!

Neæra, too, that singer rare,
Go, bid her quickly bind her hair,
Her myrrhy hair, in simple knot,
And haste to join me on the spot!
But if her porter say thee nay,
The hateful churl! then come away.
'Time-silvered locks the passions school,
And make the testiest brawler cool;
I had not brook'd his saucy prate,
When young, in Plancus' consulate.

ODE XV.

TO CHLORIS.

Quit, quit, 'tis more than time, thou wife
Of Ibycus the pauper,
Thy horribly abandoned life,
And courses most improper!

Ripe for the grave, 'mongst girls no more
Attempt to sport thy paces,
Nor fling thy hideous shadow o'er
Their pure and starry graces.

What charmingly on Pholoë sits
In Chloris must repel us:
Thy daughter better it befits
To hunt up the young fellows.

Like Mænad, by the timbrel made
Of all restraint oblivious,
She by her love for Nothus sway'd
Like she-goat frisks lascivious.

To spin Luceria's fleeces suits
A crone like thee; no patience
Can brook thy roses, and thy lutes,
And pottle-deep potations.

ODE XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

Well the tower of brass, the massive doors, the watch-dogs'
dismal bay
Had from midnight woovers guarded Danaë, where immured she
lay;
There she might have pined a virgin, prison'd by the timorous
craft
Of her fated sire Acrisius, had not Jove and Venus laugh'd
At his terrors; for no sooner changed the god to gold, than he
Instantly unto the maiden access found secure and free.

Through close lines on lines of sentries gold to cleave its way
delights,
Stronger than the crashing lightning through opposing rocks it
smites;
'Twas through vile desire of lucre, as the storied legends tell,
That the house of Argos' augur whelm'd in death and ruin fell;
'Twas by bribes the Macedonian city's gates could open fling,
'Twas by bribes that he subverted many a dreaded rival king;
Nay there lies such fascination in the gleam of gold to some,
That our bluffest navy-captains to its witchery succumb.

But as wealth into our coffers flows in still increasing store,
So, too, still our care increases, and the hunger still for more,
Therefore, oh Mæcenas, glory of the knights, with righteous
dread,
Have I ever shrunk from lifting too conspicuously my head.

Yes, the more a man, believe me, shall unto himself deny,
So to him shall the Immortals bounteously the more supply.
From the ranks of wealth deserting, I, of all their trappings bare,
To the camp of those who covet nought that pelf can bring
repair,

More illustrious as the master of my poor despisèd hoard,
Than if I should be reputed in my garners to have stored
All the fruits of all the labours of the stout Apulian boor,
Lord belike of wealth unbounded, yet as veriest beggar poor.

In my crystal stream, my woodland, though its acres are but
few,
And the trust that I shall gather home my crops in season due,
Lies a joy, which he may never grasp, who rules in gorgeous
state

Fertile Africa's dominions. Happier, happier far my fate!
Though for me no bees Calabrian store their honey, nor doth
wine

Sicken in the Laestrygonian amphora for me refine;
Though for me no flocks unnumber'd, browsing Gallia's pastures
fair,

Pant beneath their swelling fleeces, I at least am free from care;
Haggard want with direful clamour ravins never at my door,
Nor wouldst thou, if more I wanted, oh my friend, deny me
more.

Appetites subdued will make me richer with my scanty gains,
Than the realms of Alyattes wedded to Mygdonia's plains.
Much will evermore be wanting unto those who much demand;
Blest, whom Jove with what sufficeth dowers, but dowers with
sparing hand.

ODE XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Ælius, sprung from Lamos old,
That mighty king, who first, we're told,
 Ruled fortified Formiæ,
And all the land on either hand,
Where Liris by Marica's strand
 Goes rippling to the sea;

Unless yon old soothsaying crow
Deceive me, from the East shall blow
 Tomorrow such a blast,
As will with leaves the forests strew,
And heaps of useless algæ too
 Upon the sea-beach cast.

Dry faggots, then, house while you may;
Give all your household holiday
 Tomorrow, and with wine
Your spirits cheer, be blithe and bold,
And on a pigling two moons old
 Most delicately dine!

ODE XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

Faunus, lover of the shy
Nymphs who at thy coming fly,
Lightly o'er my borders tread,
And my fields in sunshine spread,
And, departing, leave me none
Of my yearning flock undone!
So each closing year shall see
A kidling sacrificed to thee;
So shall bounteous bowls of wine,
Venus' comrades boon, be thine;
So shall perfumes manifold
Smoke around thine altar old!

When December's Nones come round,
Then the cattle all do bound
O'er the grassy plains in play;
The village, too, makes holiday,
With the steer from labour free'd
Sporting blithely through the mead.
'Mongst the lambs, that fear him not,
Roves the wolf; each sylvan spot
Showers its woodland leaves for thee,
And the delver, mad with glee,
Joys with quick-redoubling feet
The detested ground to beat.

ODE XIX.

TO TELEPHUS.

How long after Inachus, Codrus bore sway there
In Greece, for whose sake he so gallantly fell,
Every scion of Æacus' race, every fray there
Beneath holy Troy's leaguer'd walls you can tell.

But the price one may purchase choice old Chian wine at,
Or who has good baths, that you never have told,
Nor where we shall find pleasant chambers to dine at,
And when be secure from Pelignian cold.

To the new moon a cup, boy, to midnight another,
And quickly, — to augur Muræna a third!
To each bowl give three measures, or nine, — one or t'other
Will do, less or more would be wrong and absurd!

The bard, who is vow'd to the odd-numbered Muses,
For bumpers thrice three in his transport will call;
But the Grace with her loose-kirtled sisters refuses
To grant more than three in her horror of brawl.

For me, I delight to go mad for a season!
Why ceases the shrill Berecynthian flute
To pour its bewailings? And what is the reason,
The lyre and the flageolet yonder hang mute?

I hate niggard hands; then strew freely the roses!
Let envious Lycus there hear the mad din,
And she, our fair neighbour, who with him reposes;
That she with old Lycus should live is a sin.

Thee, Telephus, thee, with thy thickflowing tresses
All radiant as Hesper at fall of the day,
Sweet Rhodè is longing to load with caresses,
Whilst I waste for Glycera slowly away!

ODE XX.

TO PYRRHUS.

What man is he so mad, as dare
From Moorish lioness to tear
Her cubs? My Pyrrhus, dost not see,
How perilous the task must be?
Soon, soon thy heart will fail, and thou
Wilt shun the strife awaits thee now;
When through the youths, that throng to stay
Her course, she fiercely makes her way,
To find Nearchus, peerless youth,
Oh rare the struggle, small the ruth,
Till one or other yields, and he
Her prize, or thine, at last shall be!

Meanwhile, whilst for the frenzied fair
Thou dost thy deadliest shafts prepare,
And she whets her appalling teeth,
The umpire of the fray beneath
His heel, so gossip says, will crush
The palm, and spread, to meet the rush
Of breezes cool, the odorous hair
That clusters round his shoulders fair,
Like Nireus he, or whom of yore
Jove's bird from watery Ida bore!

ODE XXI.

TO A JAR OF WINE.

Oh precious crock, whose summers date,
Like mine, from Manlius' consulate,
I wot not whether in your breast
Lie maudlin wail or merry jest,
Or sudden choler, or the fire
Of tipsy Love's insane desire,
Or fumes of soft caressing sleep,
Or what more potent charms you keep,
But this I know, your ripened power
Befits some choicely festive hour.
A cup peculiarly mellow
Corvinus asks; so come, old fellow,
From your time-honoured bin descend,
And let me gratify my friend!
No churl is he, your charms to slight,
Though most intensely erudite:
And even old Cato's worth, we know,
Took from good wine a nobler glow.

Your magic power of wit can spread
The halo round a dullard's head,
Can make the sage forget his care,
His bosom's inmost thoughts unbare,
And drown his solemn-faced pretence
Beneath your blithesome influence.
Bright hope you bring and vigour back
To minds outworn upon the rack,

And put such courage in the brain,
As makes the poor be men again,
Whom neither tyrants' wrath affrights,
Nor all their bristling satellites.

Bacchus, and Venus, so that she
Bring only frank festivity,
With sister Graces in her train,
Entwining close in lovely chain,
And gladsome tapers' living light,
Shall spread your treasures o'er the night,
Till Phœbus the red East unbars,
And puts to rout the trembling stars.

ODE XXII.

TO DIANA.

Hail, guardian maid
Of mount and forest glade,
Who, thrice invoked, dost bow
Thine ear, and sendest aid
To girls in labour with the womb,
And snatchest them from an untimely tomb,
Goddess three-formèd thou!

I consecrate as thine
This overhanging pine,
My villa's shade;
There, as my years decline,
The blood of boar so young, that he
Dreams only yet of sidelong strokes, by me
Shall joyfully be paid!

ODE XXIII.

TO PHIDYLE.

If thou, at each new moon, thine upturn'd palms,
My rustic Phidyle, to heaven shalt lift,
The Lares soothe with steam of fragrant balms,
A sow, and fruits new-pluck'd, thy simple gift;

Nor venom'd blast shall nip thy fertile vine,
Nor mildew blight thy harvest in the ear;
Nor shall thy flocks, sweet nurslings, peak and pine,
When apple-bearing Autumn chills the year.

The victim mark'd for sacrifice, that feeds
On snow-capp'd Algidus, in leafy lane
Of oak and ilex, or on Alba's meads,
With its rich blood the pontiff's axe may stain;

Thy little gods for humbler tribute call,
Than blood of many victims; twine for them
Of rosemary a simple coronal,
And the lush myrtle's frail and fragrant stem.

The costliest sacrifice that wealth can make
From the incensed Penates less commands
A soft response, than doth the poorest cake,
If on the altar laid with spotless hands.

ODE XXIV.

TO THE COVETOUS.

Though thou, of wealth possess'd
Beyond rich Ind's, or Araby's the blest,
Should'st with thy palace keeps
Fill all the Tuscan and Apulian deeps,
If Fate, that spoiler dread,
Her adamantine bolts drive to the head,
Thou shalt not from despairs
Thy spirit free, nor loose thy head from death's dark snares.

The Scythians of the plains
More happy are, housed in their wandering wains,
More blest the Getan stout,
Who not from acres mark'd and meted out
Reaps his free fruits and grain:
A year, no more, he rests in his domain,
Then, pausing from his toil,
He quits it, and in turn another tills the soil.

The guileless stepdame there
The orphan tends with all a mother's care;
No dowried dame her spouse
O'erbears, or trusts the sleek seducer's vows;
Her dower a blameless life,
True to her lord, she shrinks an unstain'd wife
Even from another's breath;
To fall is there a crime, and there the guerdon death!

Oh, for the man, would stay
Our gory hands, our civil broils allay!
If on his statues he
SIRE OF THE COMMON-WEAL proclaim'd would be,
Let him not fear to rein
Our wild licentiousness, content to gain
From after-times renown,
For ah! while Virtue lives, we hunt her down,
And only learn to prize
Her worth, when she has pass'd for ever from our eyes!

What boots it to lament,
If crime be not cut down by punishment?
What can vain laws avail,
If life in every moral virtue fail?
If nor the clime, that glows
Environ'd round by fervid heats, nor snows
And biting Northern wind,
Which all the earth in icy cerements bind,
The merchant back can keep,
And skilful shipmen flout the horrors of the deep?

Yes! Rather than be poor,
What will not mortals do, what not endure?
Such dread disgrace to shun,
From virtue's toilsome path away we run.
Quick, let us 'mid the roar
Of crowds applauding to the echo pour
Into the Capitol,
Or down into the nearest ocean roll
Our jewels, gems, and gold,
Dire nutriment of ills and miseries untold!

If with sincere intent
We would of our iniquities repent,
Uprooted then must be
The very germs of base cupidity,
And our enervate souls
Be braced by manlier arts for nobler goals!
The boy of noble race
Can now not sit his steed, and dreads the chase,
But wields with mastery nice
The Grecian hoop, or even the law-forbidden dice!

What marvel, if the while
His father, versed in every perjured wile,
For vilest private ends
Defrauds his guests, his partners, and his friends,
His pride, his only care,
To scramble wealth for an unworthy heir!
They grow, his ill-got gains,
But something still he lacks, and something ne'er attains!

ODE XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

Whither, whither, full of thee,
Bacchus, dost thou hurry me?
Say, what groves are these I range,
Whirl'd along by impulse strange,
What the caves, through which I fly?
Tell me, in what grot shall I
Swell illustrious Cæsar's praise,
Striving to the stars to raise
Worth that worthy is to shine
In Jove's council-hall divine?

I a strain sublime shall pour,
Ne'er by mortal sung before.
As the Eviad, from some height,
Sleepless through the livelong night,
With a thrill of wild amaze
Hebrus at his feet surveys,
Thrace, enwrapp'd in snowy sheet,
Rhodope by barbarous feet
Trodden, so where'er I rove
Far from human haunts, the grove,
Rock, and crag, and woodland height
Charm me with a wild delight.

Oh thou, who dost the Naiads, and
The Bacchanalian maids command,
Whose hands uproot, such strength have they,
Ash-trees with storms of ages grey,
No mean, no mortal theme is mine,
Nor less my numbers than divine!
Though perilous, 'tis glorious too,
Oh great Lenæus, to pursue
The god, who round his forehead twines
Leaves gather'd freshly from the vines.

ODE XXVI.

TO VENUS.

Of late I've been leading a life of flirtation,
And trophies have won, that I care not to show;
But wooing and winning are only vexation,
I'm heartily sick of the business. Heigho!

My spurs having earn'd, I'll lay down my armour,
And hang up my lyre, ne'er to touch it again,
On this wall by the left hand of Venus the charmer,
Bright Venus Thalassia, that springs from the main.

Quick, quick! Pile them here, while the fit is upon me,
The torches, the tabors, the arrows, the pike,
And the crowbar, which oft-time an entrance hath won me
To beauty that only to valour would strike.

Oh! Goddess, o'er Cyprus the sunny who reignest,
Fair queen of soft Memphis, oblige me and touch
With your scourge that minx Chlœ—the scornfullest, vainest —
Just so as to frighten, but not hurt her — much!

ODE XXVII.

TO GALATEA, GOING TO SEA.

Let omens dire the bad attend,
Who would upon a journey wend, —
The bitch in whelp, the screeching owl,
The dun she-wolf upon her prowl
Of hunger from Lanuvium's rocks,
And, worse than all, the pregnant fox;
Nor care I if, their course to break,
With sudden spring some nimble snake
Shall cross the road-way like a dart,
And make their carriage horses start!
But I with sage forecasting skill,
For her I love and fear for will
By my strong pray'rs' resistless force
Call from the East the raven hoarse,
Ere, scenting rain at hand, again
It seek its haunts amid the fen.

May'st thou be happy, wheresoe'er
Thou go'st, and me in memory bear,
Fair Galatea! Boding jay
Nor vagrant crow shall bar thy way.
But see, with what a troubled glare
Orion's star is setting there!
Trust me! I've wrestled with the gales
Of Hadria's gulf, could tell thee tales,

Would scare thee, of the mischief too,
Which smooth-lipp'd western winds can do.
Let our foes' wives, and all their kind,
Feel rising Auster's fury blind,
And shudder at black ocean's roar,
What time it smites the trembling shore.
Like thee, Europa her fair side
Did to the treacherous bull confide,
But found her courage fail, when she
Beheld the monsters of the sea;
She who but late through all her hours
Amongst the meads cull'd wilding flowers,
In garlands and festoons to twine
Around the guardian woodnymphs' shrine,
Now nought beneath the louring sky
But stars and billows could desery.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan ground,
For five score cities fair renown'd,
"How, oh my sire!" did she exclaim,
"Have I foregone a daughter's name?
Slave to mad passion, how have I
Broke every holy filial tie?
Whence have I come, and whither flown?
One death is worthless to atone
For guilt like mine, so base, so deep!
Wake I, and have I cause to weep?
Or is my soul yet free from stain,
And these but phantoms of the brain,
Mere incorporeal films of dream,
Which through Sleep's ivory portal stream?

"Oh madness, to have left my home,
To deem it happier, thus to roam

You weary waste of waters blue,
Than gather flowers that freshly grew!
If any to my rage should now
Yield that vile bull, this steel, I vow,
Should hew him down before me here,
And break his horns, though late so dear.
Shameless my father's hearth I fled!
Shameless I shrink from Orcus dread!
Place me, ye gods, in righteous wrath,
Naked upon the lions' path,
Or give me, ere grief's wasting might
The blossoms of my cheeks shall blight,
And sap my blood's warm tide away,
To be the hungry tigers' prey!

"Why, vile Europa, linger? why?
I hear my absent father cry.
Quick, hang thee on yon ash! Thy zone
Will serve thee — *that* is still thine own;
Or if yon cliff delight thee more,
These death-edged rocks, that strew the shore,
Then to the driving tempest give
Thyself, unless thou 'dst rather live
A bonds slave, carding servile wool,
'Neath some barbarian princess' rule,
And brook, though sprung of royal race,
A vulgar concubine's disgrace!"

As thus she pour'd her wail on high,
Venus the while stood laughing by,
And to her side, with bow unstrung,
Her boy, the rosy Cupid, clung.
When she of mirth her fill had ta'en,
"This boiling rage," she cried, "restrain.

Since yon detested bull shall bend
His horns for thee at will to rend.
Know'st not, thou art Jove's honour'd bride?
Then dry thy tears, and own with pride
Thy mighty fortune, mightier fame,
For half the globe shall bear thy name!"

ODE XXVIII.

TO LYDÈ.

What goodlier or fitter plan
Have I for Neptune's festal day?
Then forth the hoarded Cæcuban,
My Lydè, bring without delay,
And for a season, if you can,
Fling wisdom's sober saws away!

You see the waning light decay,
And yet you pause and hesitate, —
As though the day its flight would stay, —
To pluck down from its cellar'd state
The amphora, was stored away
In Bibulus's consulate.

In alternating strains shall we
Sing Neptune, and the deep-green hair
Of Nereids sporting through the sea;
And thou on curvèd lyre with fair
Latona, and the shafts so free
Of Cynthia, shalt enchant the air.

And she, who Cnidos makes her care,
And dwells amidst the Cyclads bright,
And doth to Paphos oft repair
With team of swans for her delight,
Shall have our closing song; and rare
Shall be our hymn in praise of Night.

ODE XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

Scion of Tuscan kings, in store
I've laid a cask of mellow wine,
That never has been broach'd before.
I've roses, too, for wreaths to twine,
And Nubian nut, that for thy hair
An oil shall yield of fragrance rare.

Then linger not, but hither wend!
Nor always from afar survey
Dank Tibur's leafy heights, my friend,
The sloping lawns of Æsula,
And mountain peaks of Circe's son,
The parricidal Telegon.

The plenty quit, that only palls,
And, turning from the cloud-capp'd pile,
That towers above thy palace halls,
Forget to worship for a while
The privileges Rome enjoys,
Her smoke, her splendour, and her noise.

It is the rich who relish best
To dwell at times from state aloof,
And simple suppers, neatly dress'd,
Beneath a poor man's humble roof,
With neither pall nor purple there,
Have smoothed ere now the brow of care.

See, now Andromeda's bright sire
Reveals his erewhile hidden rays,
Now Procyon flames with fiercest fire,
Mad Leo's star is all ablaze,
For the revolving sun has brought
The season round of parching drought.

Now with his spent and languid flocks
The wearied shepherd seeks the shade,
The river cool, the shaggy rocks,
That overhang the tangled glade,
And by the stream no breeze's gush
Disturbs the universal hush.

Thou dost devise with sleepless zeal
What course may best the state beseech,
And, fearful for the City's weal,
Weigh'st anxiously each hostile scheme,
That may be hatching far away
In Scythia, India, or Cathay.

Most wisely Jove in thickest night
The issues of the future veils,
And laughs at the self-torturing wight,
Who with imagined terrors quails.
The present only is thine own,
Then use it well, ere it has flown.

All else which may by time be bred
Is like a river of the plain,
Now gliding gently o'er its bed
Along to the Etruscan main,
Now whirling onwards, fierce and fast,
Uprooted trees, and boulders vast,

And flocks, and houses, all in drear
Confusion toss'd from shore to shore,
While mountains far, and forests near
Reverberate the rising roar,
When lashing rains among the hills
To fury wake the quiet rills.

Lord of himself that man will be,
And happy in his life alway,
Who still at eve can say with free
Contented soul, 'I've lived today!
Let Jove tomorrow, if he will,
With blackest clouds the welkin fill,

Or flood it all with sunlight pure,
Yet from the past he cannot take
Its influence, for that is sure,
Nor can he mar, or bootless make
Whate'er of rapture and delight
The hours have borne us in their flight."

Fortune, who with malicious glee
Her merciless vocation plies,
Benignly smiling now on me,
Now on another, bids him rise,
And in mere wantonness of whim
Her favours shifts from me to him.

I laud her, whilst by me she holds,
But if she spread her pinions swift,
I wrap me in my virtue's folds,
And yielding back her every gift,
Take refuge in the life so free
Of bare but honest poverty.

You will not find me, when the mast
Groans 'neath the stress of southern gales,
To wretched pray'rs rush off, nor cast
Vows to the great gods, lest my bales
From Tyre or Cyprus sink, to be
Fresh booty for the hungry sea.

When others then in wild despair
To save their cumbrous wealth essay,
I to the vessel's skiff repair,
And, whilst the Twin Stars light my way,
Safely the breeze my little craft
Shall o'er the Egean billows waft.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

I've reared a monument, my own,
More durable than brass,
Yea, kingly pyramids of stone
In height it doth surpass.

Rain shall not sap, nor driving blast
Disturb its settled base,
Nor countless ages rolling past
Its symmetry deface.

I shall not wholly die. Some part,
Nor that a little, shall
Escape the dark Destroyer's dart,
And his grim festival.

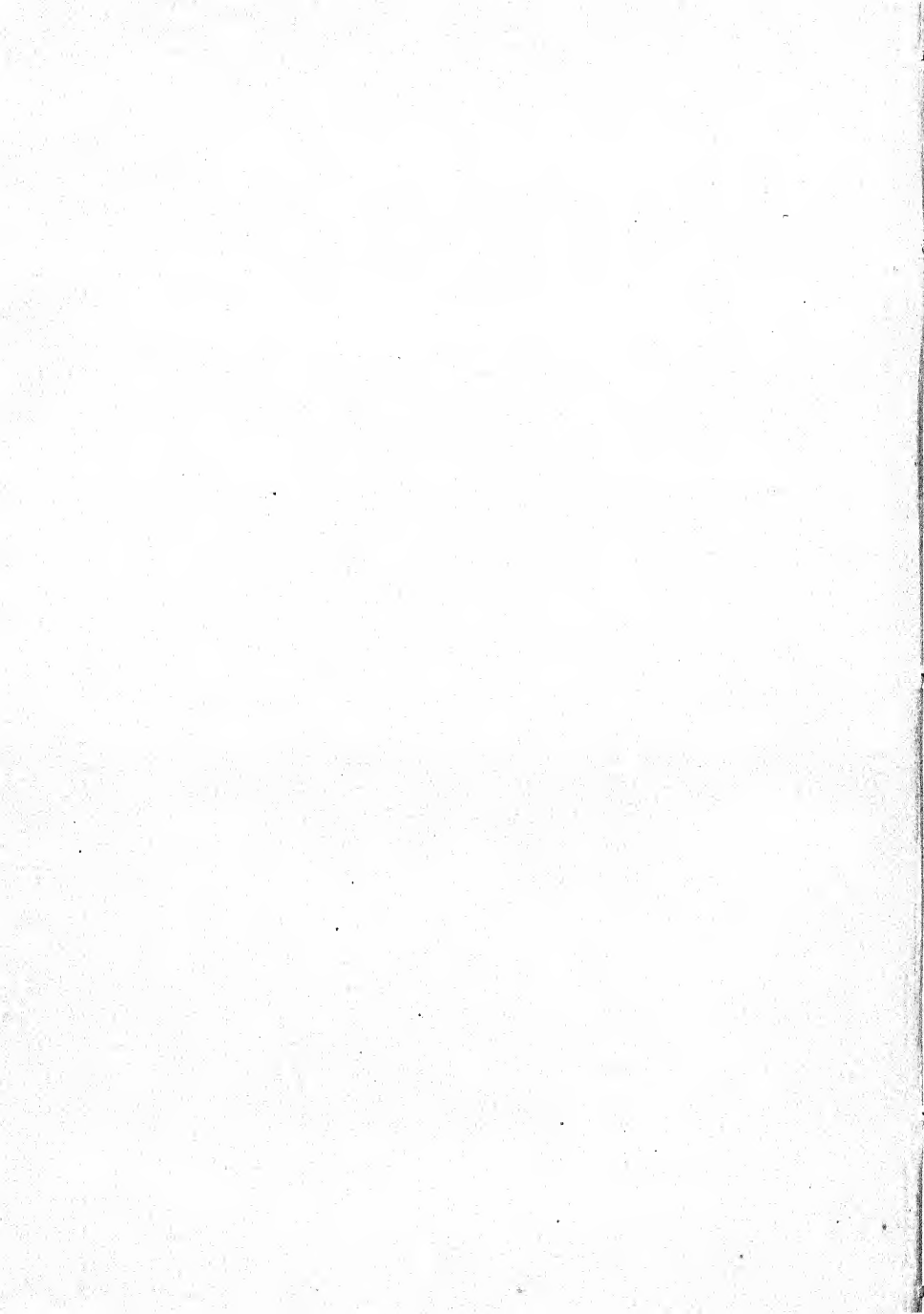
For long as with his Vestals mute
Rome's Pontifex shall climb
The Capitol, my fame shall shoot
Fresh buds through future time.

Where brawls loud Aufidus, and came
Parch'd Daunus erst, a horde
Of rustic boors to sway, my name
Shall be a household word;

As one who rose from mean estate,
The first with poet fire
Æolic song to modulate
To the Italian lyre.

Then grant, Melpomene, thy son
Thy guerdon proud to wear,
And Delphic laurels duly won
Bind thou upon my hair!

BOOK IV.



ODE I.

THE PAINS OF LOVE.

Altered from Ben Jonson.

Venus, dost thou renew a fray
Long intermitted? Spare me, spare, I pray!
I am not such as in the reign
Of the good Cinara I was. Refrain,
Sweet Love's sour mother, him to school,
Whom lustres' ten have hardened to thy rule,
And soft behests; and hie thee where
Youth calls to thee with many a fondling prayer!
More fitly — if thou seek to fire
A bosom apt for love and young desire —
Come, borne by bright-wing'd swans, and thus
Revel in the house of Paulus Maximus;
Since, noble, and of graces choice,
For troubled clients voluble of voice,
And lord of countless arts, afar
Will he advance the banners of thy war.
And when he shall with smiles behold
His native charms eclipse his rival's gold,
He will thyself in marble rear,
Beneath a cedarn roof near Alba's mere.
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ear's sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hautboy, not without the flute.

There twice a-day, in sacred lays,
Shall youths and tender maidens sing thy praise;
And thrice in Salian manner beat
The ground in cadence with their ivory feet.
Me neither damsel now, nor boy
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor glads me now the deep carouse,
Nor with dew-dropping flowers to bind my brows.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these poor cheeks of mine?
Or why, my well-graced words among,
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
I dream, thou cruel one, by night,
I hold thee fast; anon, fled with the light,
Whether in Field of Mars thou be,
Or Tiber's rolling streams, I follow thee.

ODE II.

TO IULUS ANTONIUS.

Iulus, he, who'd rival Pindar's fame,
On waxen wings doth sweep
The Empyræan steep,
To fall like Icarus, and with his name
Endue the glassy deep.

Like to a mountain stream, that roars
From bank to bank along,
When autumn rains are strong,
So deep-mouth'd Pindar lifts his voice, and pours
His fierce tumultuous song.

Worthy Apollo's laurel wreath,
Whether he strike the lyre
To love and young desire,
While bold and lawless numbers grow beneath
His mastering touch of fire;

Or sings of Gods, and monarchs sprung
Of gods, that overthrew,
The Centaurs, hideous crew,
And, fearless of the monster's fiery tongue,
The dread Chimæra slew;

Or those the Eléan palm doth lift
To heaven, for wingèd steed,
Or sturdy arm decreed,
Giving, than hundred statues nobler gift,
The poet's deathless mead;

Or mourns the youth snatch'd from his bride,
Extols his manhood clear,
And to the starry sphere
Exalts his golden virtues, scattering wide
The gloom of Orcus drear.

When the Dircéan Swan doth climb
Into the azure sky,
There poised in ether high,
He courts each gale, and floats on wing sublime,
Soaring with stedfast eye.

I, like the tiny bee, that sips
The fragrant thyme, and strays
Humming through leafy ways,
By Tibur's sedgy banks, with trembling lips
Fashion my toilsome lays.

But thou, when up the sacred steep
Cæsar, with garlands crown'd,
Leads the Sicambrians bound,
With bolder hand the echoing strings shalt sweep,
And bolder measures sound,

Cæsar, than whom a nobler son
The Fates and Heaven's kind powers
Ne'er gave this earth of ours,
Nor e'er will give, though backward time should run
To its first golden hours.

Thou, too, shalt sing the joyful days,
The city's festive throng,
When Cæsar, absent long,
At length returns, — the Forum's silent ways,
Serene from strife and wrong.

Then, though in statelier power it lack,
My voice shall swell the lay,
And sing, 'Oh, glorious day,
Oh day thrice blest, that gives great Cæsar back
'To Rome, from hostile fray!'

'To Triumphe!' thrice the cry;
'To Triumphe!' loud
Shall shout the echoing crowd
The city through, and to the gods on high
Raise incense like a cloud.

Ten bulls shall pay thy sacrifice,
With whom ten kine shall bleed,
I to the fane will lead
A yearling of the herd, of modest size,
From the luxuriant mead,

Horn'd like the moon, when her pale light,
Which three brief days have fed,
She trimmeth, and, dispread
On his broad brows a spot of snowy white,
All else a tawny red.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

The man whom thou, bright Muse of song,
Didst at his birth regard with smiling calm,
Shall win no glory in the Isthmian throng,
From lusty wrestlers bearing off the palm,
Nor ever, reining steed of fire, shall he
In swift Achaian car roll on victoriously.

Nor him shall warfare's stern renown,
Nor baffled menaces of mighty kings,
Bear to the Capitol with laurel crown;
But streams that kiss with gentle murmurings
Rich Tibur's vale, — thick wood, and mossy brake,
Him of the Æolian lyre shall worthy master make.

At Rome, of all earth's cities queen,
Men deign to rank me in the noble press
Of bards beloved of man; and now, I ween,
Doth envy's rancorous tooth assail me less.
Oh thou loved Muse, who temperest the swell
And modulated noise of the sweet golden shell!

Oh thou, who canst at will endow
Mute fish with swanlike voices soft and sweet,
'Tis all thy gift, that, as they pass me now,
Men point me to their fellows on the street,
As lord and chief of Roman minstrelsy;
Yes, that I sing and please, if please, is due to thee.

ODE IV.

THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

Like as the thunder-bearing bird,
 (On whom o'er all the fowls of air
Dominion was by Jove conferr'd,
 Because with loyal care
He bore away to heaven young Ganymede the fair,)

Whom native vigour and the rush
 Of youth have spurr'd to quit the nest,
And skies of blue, in springtide's flush
 Entice aloft to breast
The gales he fear'd before his lordly plumes were drest,

Now swooping, eager for his prey,
 Spreads havoc through the flutter'd fold, —
Straight, fired by love of food and fray,
 In grapple fierce and bold
The struggling dragons rends ev'n in their rocky hold:

Or like the lion's whelp, but now
 Wean'd from his tawny mother's side,
By tender kidding on the brow
 Of some green slope espied,
Whose unflesh'd teeth she knows will in her blood be dyed;

So dread, so terrible in war
 Our noble Drusus shew'd, when through
The Rætian Alpine glens afar
 His conquering eagles flew,
And swiftly the appall'd Vindelici o'erthrew.

Whence came their custom, — in the night
Of farthest time it flourish'd there, —
With Amazonian axe to fight,
To question I forbear;
Nor every thing to know, may any mortal dare;

But this I know; their hosts, that still,
Where'er they came, victorious fought,
In turn by that young hero's skill
Revanquish'd, have been taught
To feel what marvels may of enterprise be wrought

By valiant heart and vigorous head,
In home auspicious train'd to power,
What by the noble spirit fed
In Nero's sons by our
Augustus, who on them a father's care did shower.

'Tis of the brave and good alone
That good and brave men are the seed;
The virtues, which their sires have shewn,
Are found in steer and steed;
Nor do the eagles fierce the gentle ringdove breed.

Yet training quickens power inborn,
And culture nerves the soul for fame;
But he must live a life of scorn,
Who bears a noble name,
Yet blurs it with the soil of infamy and shame.

What thou, Rome, dost the Neros owe,
Let dark Metaurus' river say,
And Asdrubal, thy vanquish'd foe,
And that auspicious day,
Which through the scatter'd gloom broke forth with smiling ray,

When joy again to Latium came,
Nor longer through her towns at ease
The fatal Lybian swept, like flame
Among the forest trees,
Or Eurus' headlong gust across Sicilian seas.

Thenceforth, for with success they toil'd,
Rome's youth in vigour wax'd amain,
And temples ravaged and despoil'd
By Punic hordes profane
Upraised within their shrines beheld their gods again.

Till spoke false Hannibal at length;
"Like stags, of ravening wolves the prey,
Why rush to grapple with their strength,
From whom to steal away
The loftiest triumph is, they leave for us today?

"That race, inflexible as brave,
From Ilium quench'd in flames who bore
Across the wild Etruscan wave
Their babes, their grandsires hoar,
And all their sacred things, to the Ausonian shore,

"Like oak, by sturdy axes lopp'd
Of all its boughs, which once the brakes
Of shaggy Algidus o'ertopp'd,
Its loss its glory makes,
And from the very steel fresh strength and spirit takes.

"Not Hydra, cleft through all its trunk,
With fresher vigour wax'd and spread,
Till even Alcides' spirit shrunk;
Nor yet hath Colchis dread,
Or Echionean Thebes more fatal monster bred.

"In ocean plunge it, and more bright
It rises; scatter it, and lo!
Its unscathed victors it will smite
With direful overthrow,
And Rome's proud dames shall tell of many a routed foe.

"No messengers in boastful pride
Will I to Carthage send again;
Our every hope, it died, it died,
When Asdrubal was slain,
And with his fall our name's all-conquering star did wane.

"No peril, but the Claudian line
Will front and master it, for they
Are shielded by Jove's grace divine,
And counsels sage alway
Their hosts through war's rough paths successfully convey!"

ODE V.

TO AUGUSTUS.

From gods benign descended, thou
Best guardian of the fates of Rome,
Too long already from thy home,
Hast thou, dear chief, been absent now;

Oh then return, the pledge redeem,
Thou gav'st the Senate, and once more
Its light to all the land restore;
For when thy face, like spring-tide's gleam,

Its brightness on the people sheds,
Then glides the day more sweetly by,
A brighter blue pervades the sky,
The sun a richer radiance spreads!

As on her boy the mother calls,
Her boy, whom envious tempests keep
Beyond the vex'd Carpathian deep,
From his dear home, till winter falls,

And still with vow and pray'r she cries,
Still gazes on the winding shore,
So yearns the country evermore
For Cæsar, with fond wistful eyes.

For safe the herds range field and fen,
Fullheaded stand the shocks of grain,
Our sailors sweep the peaceful main,
And man can trust his fellow men.

No more adulterers stain our beds,
Laws, morals both that taint efface,
The husband in the child we trace,
And close on crime sure vengeance treads.

The Parthian, under Cæsar's reign,
Or icy Scythian, who can dread,
Or all the tribes barbarian bred
By Germany, or ruthless Spain?

Now each man, basking on his slopes,
Weds to his widow'd trees the vine,
Then, as he gaily quaffs his wine,
Salutes thee God of all his hopes;

And prayers to thee devoutly sends,
With deep libations; and, as Greece
Ranks Castor and great Hercules,
Thy godship with his Lares blends.

Oh, may'st thou on Hesperia shine,
Her chief, her joy, for many a day!
Thus, dry-lipp'd, thus at morn we pray,
Thus pray at eve, when flush'd with wine!

ODE VI.

IN PRAISE OF APOLLO AND DIANA.

Thou god, who art potent that tongue to chastise,
Which e'er by its vaunts the Immortals defies,
As well the sad offspring of Niobe knew,
And Tityus, profanest of ravishers too,
And Phthian Achilles, who wellnigh o'ercame
Proud Troy, of all warriors the foremost in fame,
Yet ne'er with thyself to be match'd; for though he
Was begotten of Thetis, fair nymph of the sea,
And shook the Dardanian turrets with fear,
As he crash'd through the fray with his terrible spear,
Like a pine, by the biting steel struck and down cast,
Or cypress o'erthrown by the hurricane blast,
Far prostrate he fell, and in Teucrian dust
His locks all dishevell'd ignobly were thrust.
He would not, shut up in the horse, that was feign'd
To be vow'd to the rites of Minerva, have deign'd
In their ill-timed carouse on the Trojans to fall,
When the festival dance gladden'd Priam's high hall;
No! He to the captives remorseless, — oh shame!
In the broad face of day to Greek faggot and flame
Their babes would have flung, yea, as ruthless a doom
Would have wreak'd upon those who still slept in the womb,
If won by sweet Venus' entreaties and thine,
The Sire of the Gods, with a bounty benign,
A City had not to Æneas allow'd,
To stand through the ages triumphant and proud!

Thou, who taught'st keen Thalia the plectrum to guide,
Thou, who lavest thy tresses in Xanthus's tide,
Oh beardless Agyieus, uphold, I implore,
The fame of the Daunian Muse evermore,
For 'twas thou didst inspire me with poesy's flame,
Thou gav'st me the art of the bard, and his name!

Ye virgins, the foremost in rank and in race,
Ye boys, who the fame of your ancestry grace,
Fair wards of the Delian goddess, whose bow
Lays the swift-footed lynx and the antelope low,
To the Lesbian measure keep time with your feet,
And sing in accord with my thumb in its beat;
Hymn the son of Latona in cadence aright,
Hymn duly the still-waxing lamp of the night,
That with plentiful fruitage the season doth cheer,
And speeds the swift months on to girdle the year!

And thou, who art chief of the chorus today,
Soon borne home a bride in thy beauty shalt say,
"When the cyclical year brought its festival days,
My voice led the hymn of thanksgiving and praise,
So sweet, the Immortals to hear it were fain,
And 'twas Horace the poet, who taught me the strain!"

ODE VII.

TO TORQUATUS.

The snows have fled, and to the meadows now
Returns the grass, their foliage to the trees:
Earth dons another garb, and dwindling low
Between their wonted banks the rivers seek the seas.

The Graces with the Nymphs their dances twine,
Unzoned, and heedless of the amorous air;
Read in the shifting year, my friend, a sign,
That change and death attend all human hope and care.

Winter dissolves beneath the breath of Spring, .
Spring yields to Summer, which shall be no more,
When Autumn spreads her fruits thick-clustering,
And then comes Winter back, — bleak, icy-dead, and hoar.

But moons revolve, and all again is bright:
We, when we fall, as fell the good and just
Æneas, wealthy Tullus, Ancus wight,
Are but a nameless shade, and some poor grains of dust.

Who knows, if they who all our Fates control,
Will add a morrow to thy brief today?
Then think of this — What to a friendly soul
Thy hand doth give shall 'scape thine heir's rapacious sway.

When thou, Torquatus, once hast vanish'd hence,
And o'er thee Minos' great decree is writ,
Nor ancestry, nor firelipp'd eloquence,
Nor all thy store of wealth to give thee back were fit.

For even Diana from the Stygian gloom
Her chaste Hippolytus no more may gain,
And dear Pirithous must 'bide his doom,
For Theseus' arm is frail to rend dark Lethe's chain.

ODE VIII.

TO MARCUS CENSORINUS.

Cups on my friends I would freely bestow,
Dear Censorinus, and bronzes most rare,
Tripods carved richly, in Greece long ago
The guerdons of heroes, for them I would spare;

Nor should the worst of my gifts be thine own,
If in my household art's marvels were rife,
Hero or god, wrought by Scopas in stone,
Or by Parrhasius coloured to life.

But unto me no such dainties belong,
Nor of them either hast thou any dearth;
Song is thy joy, I can give thee a song,
Teach, too, the gift's all unmatched worth.

Not marbles graven with glorious scrolls
Penn'd by a nation with gratitude due,
Records, in which our great warriors' souls
Tameless by death ever flourish anew!

Not flying enemies, no, nor with shame
Hannibal's menaces back on him hurl'd,
Not fraudulent Carthage expiring in flame,
Blazon his glory more bright to the world,

His surname from Africa vanquish'd who drew,
Than doth the Calabrian Muse by its lays:
Nor, if no song tell your triumphs, will you
Reap the full guerdon of life-giving praise.

What were great Mavors' and Ilia's son,
Had envious silence his merits suppress'd?
Styx's dark flood had o'er Æacus run,
But song bore him on to the Isles of the Blest.

Dower'd by the Muse with a home in the sky,
Ne'er can he perish, whom she doth approve:
Dauntless Alcides thus revels on high,
Guest at the coveted banquets of Jove.

So the Twin Stars, as through tempests they glow,
Save the spent seaman, when most he despairs;
Bacchus, with vine-leaves fresh garlanded, so
Brings to fair issues his votary's pray'rs.

ODE IX.

TO LOLLIUS.

Never deem, they must perish, the verses, which I,
Who was born where the waters of Aufidus roar,
To the chords of the lyre with a cunning ally
Unknown to the bards of my country before!

Though Mæonian Homer unrivall'd may reign,
Yet are not the Muses Pindaric unknown,
The threats of Alcæus, the Ceian's sad strain,
Nor stately Stesichorus' lordlier tone.

Unforgot is the sportive Anacreon's lay,
Still, still sighs the passion, unquench'd is the fire,
Which the Lesbian maiden in days far away
From her love-laden bosom breathed into the lyre.

Not alone has Lacænian Helena's gaze
Been fix'd by the gloss of a paramour's hair,
By vestments with gold and with jewels ablaze,
By regal array, and a retinue rare;

Nor did Teucer first wield the Cydonian bow,
Nor was Troy by a foe but once harass'd and wrung;
Nor Idomeneus only, or Sthenelus show
Such prowess in war as deserved to be sung;

Nor yet was redoubtable Hector, nor brave
Deiphobus first in the hard-stricken field
By the dint of the strokes, which they took and they gave,
Their babes and the wives of their bosoms to shield.

Many, many have lived, who were valiant in fight,
Before Agamemnon; but all have gone down,
Unwept and unknown, in the darkness of night,
For lack of a poet to hymn their renown.

Hidden worth differs little from sepulchred ease.
But, Lollius, thy fame in my pages shall shine;
I will not let pale-eyed Forgetfulness seize
These manifold noble achievements of thine.

Thou, my friend, hast a soul, by whose keen-sighted range
Events afar off in their issues are seen,
A soul, which maintains itself still through each change
Of good or ill fortune erect and serene.

Of rapine and fraud the avenger austere,
To wealth and its all-snaring blandishments proof,
The Consul art thou not of one single year,
But as oft as a judge, from all baseness aloof,

Thou hast made the expedient give place to the right,
And flung back the bribes of the guilty with scorn,
And on through crowds warring against thee with might
Thy far-flashing arms hast triumphantly borne.

Not him, who of much that men prize is possess'd,
May'st thou fitly call 'blest'; he may claim to enjoy
More fitly, more truly, the title of 'blest',
Who wisely the gifts of the gods can employ; —

Who want, and its hardships, and slights can withstand,
And shrinks from disgrace as more bitter than death;
Not he for the friends whom he loves, or the land
Of his fathers will dread to surrender his breath.

ODE X.

TO A CRUEL BEAUTY.

Ah, cruel, cruel still,
And yet divinely fair,
When Time with fingers chill
Shall thin the wavy hair,
Which now in many a wanton freak
Around thy shoulders flows,
When fades the bloom, which on thy cheek
Now shames the blushing rose;

Ah, then as in thy glass
Thou gazest in dismay,
Thou'lt cry, "Alas! Alas!
Why feel I not today,
As in my maiden bloom, when I
Unmoved heard lovers moan;
Or, now that I would win them, why
Is all my beauty flown?"

ODE XI.

TO PHYLLIS.

I have laid in a cask of Albanian wine,
Which nine mellow summers have ripened and more;
In my garden, dear Phyllis, thy brows to entwine,
Grows the brightest of parsley in plentiful store.
There is ivy to gleam on thy dark glossy hair;
My plate, newly burnish'd, enlivens my rooms;
And the altar, athirst for its victim, is there,
Enwreath'd with chaste vervain, and choicest of blooms.

Every hand in the household is busily toiling,
And hither and thither boys bustle and girls;
Whilst, up from the hearth-fires careering and coiling,
The smoke round the rafter-beams languidly curls.
Let the joys of the revel be parted between us!
'Tis the Ides of young April, the day which divides
The month, dearest Phyllis, of ocean-sprung Venus,
A day to me dearer than any besides.

And well may I prize it, and hail its returning —
My own natal day not more hallowed nor dear —
For Mæcenas, my friend, dates from this happy morning
The life which has swell'd to a lustrous career.
You sigh for young Telephus: better forget him!
His rank is not yours, and the gaudier charms
Of a girl that's both wealthy and wanton benet him,
And hold him the fondest of slaves in her arms.

Remember fond Phaethon's fiery sequel,
And heavenward-aspiring Bellerophon's fate;
And pine not for one who would ne'er be your equal,
But level your hopes to a lowlier mate.
So, come, my own Phyllis, my heart's latest treasure, —
Ah, ne'er for another this bosom shall long, —
And I'll teach, while your loved voice re-echoes the measure,
How to lighten fell care with the cadence of song.

ODE XII.

TO VIRGIL.

Now the soft gales of Thrace, that sing peace to the ocean,
Spring's handmaids, are wafting the barks from the shore,
There is life in the meads, in the groves there is motion,
And snow-swollen torrents are raving no more.

Now buideth her nest, whilst for Itys still sadly
She mourns, the poor bird, who was fated to shame
The line of old Cecrops for ever, by madly
Avenging the brutal barbarian's flame.

On the young grass reclined, near the murmur of fountains,
The shepherds are piping the songs of the plains,
And the god, who loves Arcady's purple-hued mountains,
The God of the Flocks, is entranced by their strains.

And thirst, oh my Virgil, comes in with the season;
But if you'd have wine from the Calian press,
You must lure it from me by some nard, — and with reason, —
Thou favourite bard of our youthful noblesse.

Yes, a small box of nard from the stores of Sulpicius
A cask shall elicit, of potency rare
To endow with fresh hopes, dewy-bright and delicious,
And wash from our hearts every cobweb of care.

If you'd dip in such joys, come — the better, the quicker! —
But remember the fee — for it suits not my ends,
To let you make havoc, scot-free, with my liquor,
As though I were one of your heavy-pursed friends.

To the winds with base lucre and pale melancholy! —
In the flames of the pyre these, alas! will be vain;
Mix your sage ruminations with glimpses of folly, —
'Tis delightful at times to be somewhat insane!

ODE XIII.

TO LYCÈ.

Lycè, the gods have heard my prayer,
The gods have heard your ill-used lover,
Yoh still would be thought both young and fair,
But you've lost your looks, and your hey-day's over:
You may tipsily wanton, and quaver, and trill,
But the love you would waken will slumber on still.

In the dimples of Chia's fair cheek he lies,
Chia that lilts to her lyre so sweetly;
From crabtrees insipid and old he flies,
And you, Lycè, you he forswears completely;
For your teeth don't keep, and your wrinkles are deep,
And your forehead is snow-capp'd, and rugged, and steep.

Not purple of Cos, nor gems star-bright,
Can recall the days that are gone and going;
Oh, where is the bloom and the smile of light,
And the step of grace, self-poised and flowing?
Of her, who my soul of itself bereft,
Who fired all with passion, ah, what is left?

Thou to Cinara next for charm of face,
And love-luring wiles on my heart wert graven;
But Cinara died in her youth's fresh grace,
Whilst thou art like to outlive the raven,
Dying down, a spent torch, into ashes and smoke,
The butt of each roystering youngster's joke!

ODE XIV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

How shall the Fathers, how
Shall the Quiritians, oh Augustus, now,
Intent their honours in no niggard wise
Upon thee to amass,
By storied scroll, or monumental brass
Thy virtues eternise?

Oh thou who art, wherever shines the sun
On lands where man a dwelling-place hath won,
Of princes greatest far,
Thee the Vindelici, who ever spurn'd
Our Latian rule, of late have learn'd
To know supreme in war!

For 'twas with soldiers thou hadst form'd,
That Drusus, greatly resolute,
On many a hard-won field o'erthrew the wild
Genaunians, and the Brenni fleet of foot,
And all their towering strongholds storm'd,
On Alps tremendous piled.

Anon to deadliest fight
The elder Nero press'd,
And, by auspicious omens bless'd,
Scatter'd the giant Rhaetian hordes in flight.
Himself, that glorious day,
The foremost in the fray,

With havoc dire did he
O'erwhelm that banded crowd
Of hearts in stern devotion vow'd
To die or to be free!
Like Auster, lashing into ire
The tameless ocean-waves, when through
The driving rack the Pleiad choir
Flash suddenly in view,
So furiously he dash'd
Upon his serried foes,
And where their balefires thickest rose,
With foaming warsteed crash'd.

As bull-shaped Aufidus, who laves
Apulian Daunus' realm,
Is whirl'd along, when o'er his banks
He eddies and he raves,
Designing to o'erwhelm
The cultured fields with deluge and dismay,
So Claudius swept the iron ranks
Of the barbarian host,
And where from van to rear he clove his way,
Along his track the mangled foemen lay,
Nor did one squadron lost
The lustre dim of that victorious fray.

But thine the legions were, and thine
The counsels, and the auspices divine,
For on the self-same day,
That suppliant Alexandria had flung
Her port and empty palace wide to thee,
Did Fortune, who since then through lustres three
Had to thy banners smiling clung,
Bring our long wars to a triumphant close,

And for thee proudly claim
The honour long desired, the glorious fame
Of countless vanquish'd foes,
And vanquish'd empires bow'd in homage to thy sway!

Thee the Cantabrian, unsubdued till now,
The Mede, the Indian, — thee
The Scythian roaming free,
Unwedded to a home,
With wondering awe obey,
Oh mighty Cæsar, thou
Of Italy and sovereign Rome
The present shield, the guardian, and the stay!
Thee Nile, who hides from mortal eyes
The springs where he doth rise,
Thee Ister, arrowy Tigris thee,
Thee, too, the monster-spawning sea,
Which round far Britain's islands breaks in foam,
Thee Gallia, whom no form of death alarms,
Iberia thee, through all her swarms
Of rugged warriors, hears;
Thee the Sicambrian, who
Delights in carnage, too,
Now laying down his arms,
Submissively reveres!

ODE XV.

TO AUGUSTUS.

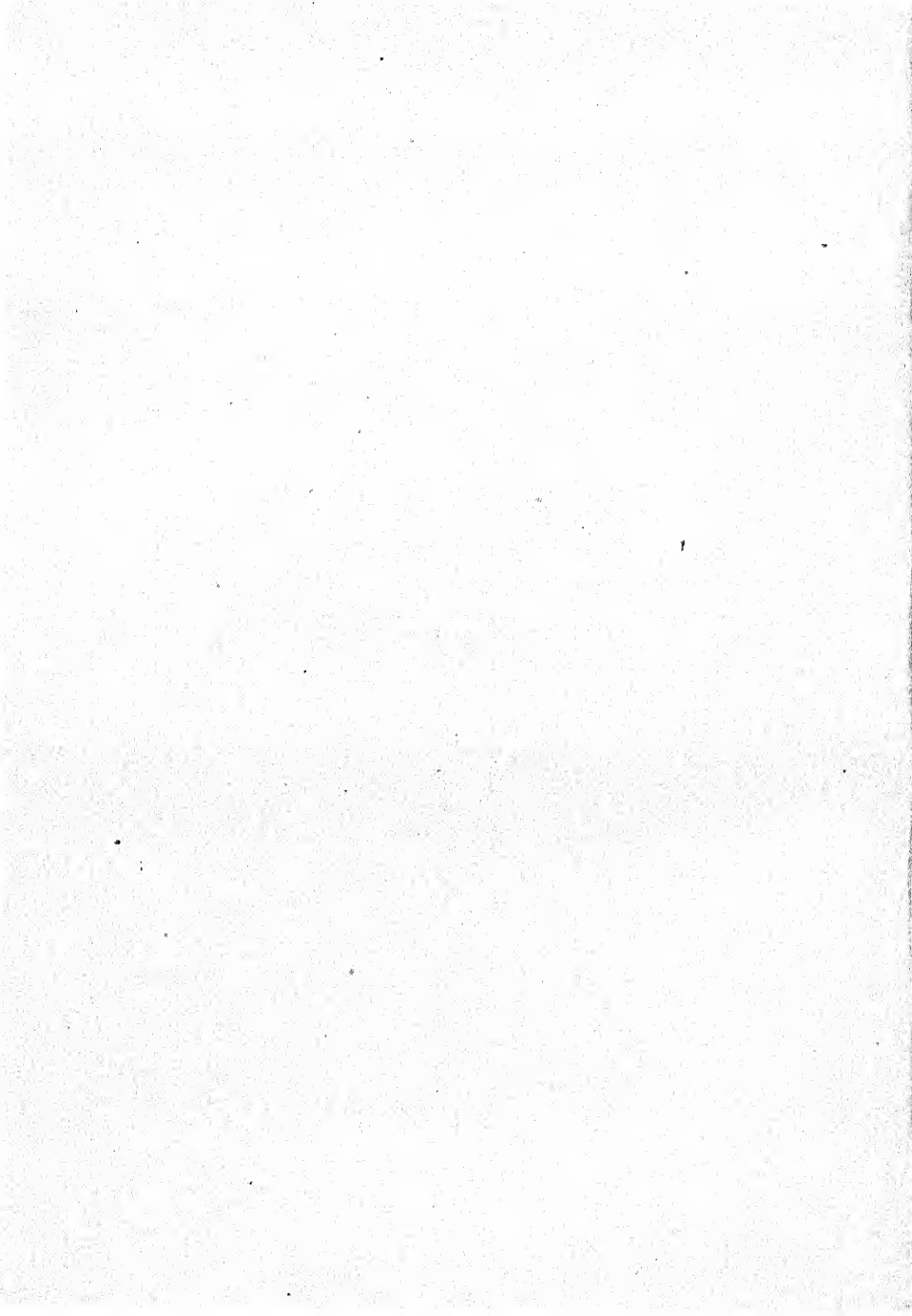
To vanquish'd town and battle fray
I wish'd to dedicate my lay,
When Phœbus smote his lyre, and sang,
And in his strain this warning rang,
'Spread not your tiny sails to sweep
The surges of the Tyrrhene deep!'

Thy era, Cæsar, which doth bless
Our plains anew with fruitfulness,
Back to our native skies hath borne
Our standards from the temples torn
Of haughty Parthia, and once more,
The hurricane of warfare o'er,
Hath closed Quirinian Janus' fane,
On lawless license cast a rein,
And, purging all the land from crime,
Recall'd the arts of olden time;
Those arts, by which the name and power
Of Italy grew hour by hour,
And Rome's renown and grandeur spread
To sunrise from Sol's western bed.

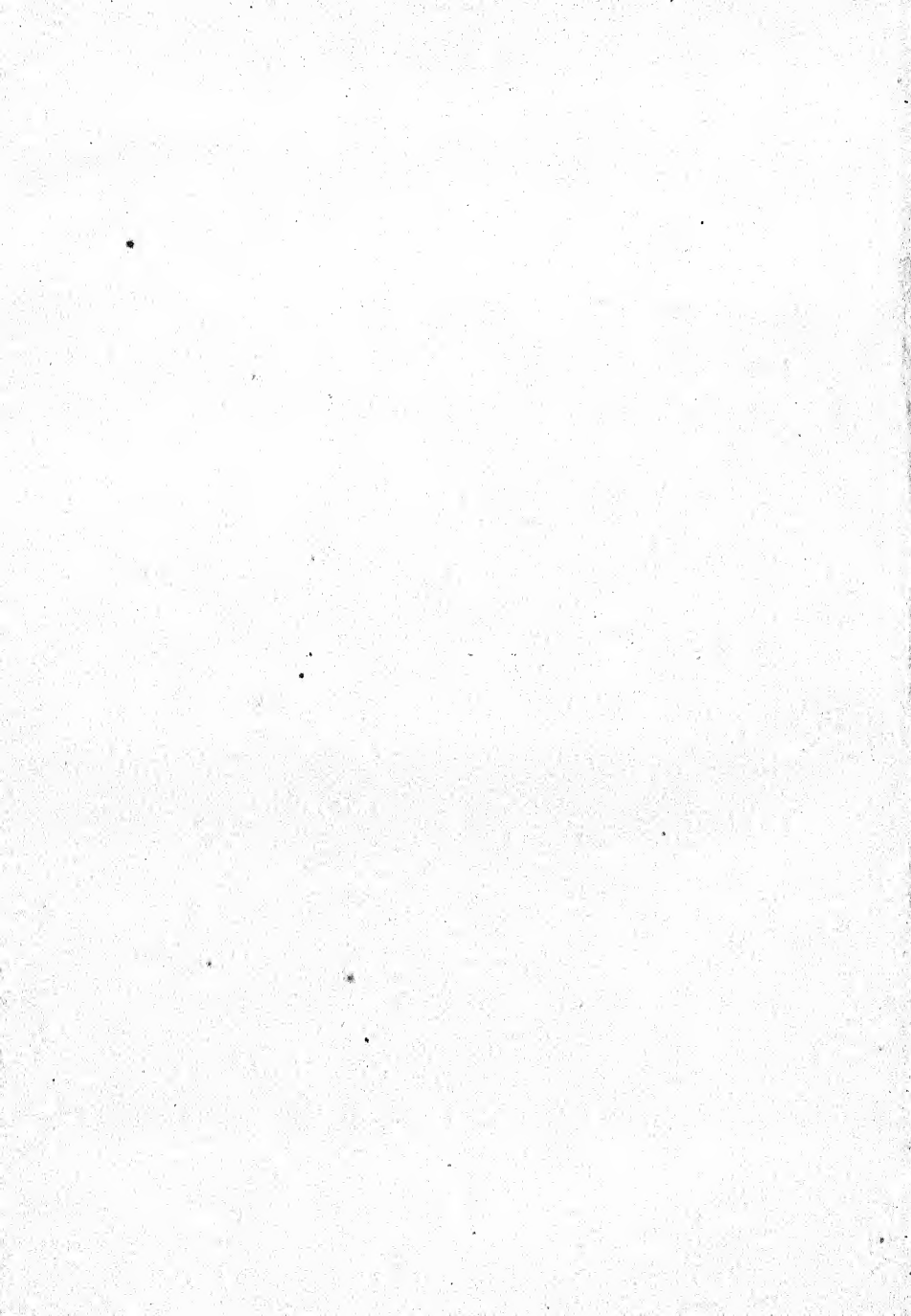
While Cæsar rules, no civil jar,
Nor violence our ease shall mar,
Nor rage, which swords for carnage whets,
And feuds 'twixt hapless towns begets.

The Julian Edicts who shall break?
Not they, who in the Danube slake
Their thirst, nor Serican, nor Gete,
Nor Persian, practised in deceit,
Nor all the ruthless tribes, beside
The Danube's darkly-rolling tide.

And we, on working days and all
Our days of feast and festival,
Shall with our wives and children there,
Approaching first the Gods in pray'r,
Whilst jovial Bacchus' gifts we pour,
Sing, as our fathers sang of yore,
To Lybian flutes, which answer round,
Of chiefs for mighty worth renown'd,
Of Troy, Anchises, and the line
Of Venus evermore benign!



THE EPODES.



EPODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

If thou in thy Liburnians go
Amid the bulwark'd galleys of the foe,
Resolved, my friend Mæcenas, there
All Cæsar's dangers as thine own to share,
What shall we do, whose life is gay
Whilst thou art here, but sad with thee away?
Obedient to thy will, shall we
Seek ease, not sweet, unless 'tis shared by thee?
Or shall we with such spirit share
Thy toils, as men of gallant heart should bear?
Bear them we will; and Alpine peak
Scale by thy side, or Caucasus the bleak;
Or follow thee with dauntless breast
Into the farthest ocean of the West.
And shouldst thou ask, how I could aid
Thy task, unwarlike I, and feebly made?
Near thee my fears, I answer, would
Be less, than did I absent o'er them brood;
As of her young, if they were left,
The bird more dreads by snakes to be bereft,
Than if she brooded on her nest,
Although she could not thus their doom arrest.
Gladly, in hopes your grace to gain,
I'll share in this or any fresh campaign!
Not, trust me, that more oxen may,
Yoked in my ploughshares, turn the yielding clay,

Nor that, to 'scape midsummer's heat,
My herds may to Lucanian pastures sweet
From my Calabrian meadows change;
Nor I erect upon the sunny range
Of Tusculum, by Circe's walls,
A gorgeous villa's far-seen marble halls!
Enough and more thy bounty has
Bestow'd on me; I care not to amass
Wealth either, like old Chremes in the play,
To hide in earth, or fool, like spendthrift heir, away!

EPODE II.

ALPHIUS.

Happy the man, in busy schemes unskill'd,
Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
Tills the few acres, which his father till'd,
Vex'd by no thoughts of usury or gold;

The shrilling clarion ne'er his slumber mars,
Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas;
He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
Nor at a great man's door consents to freeze.

The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife;
And grafting shoots of promise in their stead;

Or in some valley, up among the hills,
Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine;

Or when Autumnus o'er the smiling land
Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
Graff'd on the stem, they 're weighing to the ground;

Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof;
Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
On grassy turf of close elastic woof.

And streams the while glide on with murmurs low,
And birds are singing 'mong the thickets deep,
And fountains babble, sparkling as they flow,
And with their noise invite to gentle sleep.

But when grim winter comes, and o'er his grounds
Scatters its biting snows with angry roar,
He takes the field, and with a cry of hounds
Hunts down into the toils the foaming boar;

Or seeks the thrush, poor starveling, to ensnare,
In filmy net with bait delusive stored,
Entraps the travell'd crane, and timorous hare,
Rare dainties these to glad his frugal board.

Who amid joys like these would not forget
The pangs which love to all its victims bears,
The fever of the brain, the ceaseless fret,
And all the heart's lamentings and despairs?

But if a chaste and blooming wife, beside,
His cheerful home with sweet young blossoms fills,
Like some stout Sabine, or the sunburnt bride
Of the lithe peasant of the Apulian hills,

Who piles the hearth with logs well dried and old
Against the coming of her wearied lord,
And, when at eve the cattle seek the fold,
Drains their full udders of the milky hoard;

And bringing forth from her well-tended store
A jar of wine, the vintage of the year,
Spreads an unpurchased feast, — oh then, not more
Could choicest Lucrine oysters give me cheer,

Or the rich turbot, or the dainty char,
If ever to our bays the winter's blast
Should drive them in its fury from afar;
Nor were to me a welcomer repast

The Afric hen or the Ionic snipe,
Than olives newly gathered from the tree,
That hangs abroad its clusters rich and ripe,
Or sorrel, that doth love the pleasant lea,

Or mallows wholesome for the body's need,
Or lamb foredoom'd upon some festal day
In offering to the guardian gods to bleed,
Or kidling which the wolf hath mark'd for prey.

What joy, amidst such feasts, to see the sheep,
Full of the pasture, hurrying homewards come,
To see the wearied oxen, as they creep,
Dragging the upturn'd ploughshare slowly home!

Or, ranged around the bright and blazing hearth,
To see the hinds, a house's surest wealth,
Beguile the evening with their simple mirth,
And all the cheerfulness of rosy health!

Thus spake the miser Alphius; and, bent
Upon a country life, called in amain
The money he at usury had lent;
But ere the month was out, 'twas lent again.

EPODE III.

TO MÆCENAS.

If his old father's throat any impious sinner
Has cut with unnatural hand to the bone,
Give him garlick, more noxious than hemlock, at dinner;
Ye gods! The strong stomachs that reapers must own!

With what poison is this, that my vitals are heated?
By viper's blood — certes, it cannot be less —
Stew'd into the potherbs, can I have been cheated?
Or Canidia, did she cook the damnable mess?

When Medea was smit by the handsome sea-rover,
Who in beauty outshone all his Argonaut band,
This mixture she took to lard Jason all over,
And so tamed the fire-breathing bulls to his hand.

With this her fell presents she died and infected,
On his innocent leman avenging the slight
Of her terrible beauty, forsaken, neglected,
And then on her ear, dragon-wafted, took flight.

Never star on Apulia, the thirsty and arid,
Exhaled a more baleful or pestilent dew,
And the gift, which invincible Hercules carried,
Burn'd not to his bones more remorselessly through.

Should you e'er long again for such relish as this is,
Devoutly I'll pray, friend Mæcenas, I vow,
With her hand that your mistress arrest all your kisses,
And lie as far off as the couch will allow.

EPODE IV.

TO MENAS.

Such hate as nature meant to be
'Twixt lamb and wolf feel I for thee,
Whose hide by Spanish scourge is tann'd,
And legs still bear the fetter's brand!
Though of your gold you strut so vain,
Wealth cannot change the knave in grain.
How! See you not, when striding down
The Via Sacra in your gown
Good six ells wide, the passers there
Turn on you with indignant stare?
"This wretch," such jibes your ear invade,
"By the triumvir's scourges flay'd,
Till even the crier shirk'd his toil,
Some thousand acres ploughs of soil
Falernian, and with his nags
Wears out the Appian highway's flags;
Nay on the foremost seats, despite
Of Otho, sits and apes the knight.
What boots it to despatch a fleet
So large, so heavy, so complete
Against a gang of rascal knaves,
Thieves, corsairs, buccaniers and slaves,
If villain of such vulgar breed
Is in the foremost rank to lead?"

EPODE V.

THE WITCHES' ORGY.

“What, oh ye gods, who from the sky
Rule earth and human destiny,
What means this coil? And wherefore be
These cruel looks all bent on me?
Thee by thy children I conjure,
If at their birth Lucina pure
Stood by; thee by this vain array
Of purple, thee by Jove I pray,
Who views with anger deeds so foul,
Why thus on me like stepdame scowl,
Or like some wild beast, that doth glare
Upon the hunter from its lair?”

As thus the boy in wild distress,
Bewail'd, of bulla stripp'd and dress, —
So fair, that ruthless breasts of Thrace
Had melted to behold his face, —
Canidia, with dishevell'd hair,
And short crisp vipers coiling there,
Beside a fire of Colchos stands,
And her attendant hags commands,
To feed the flames with figtrees torn
From dead men's sepulchres forlorn,

With dismal cypress, eggs rubb'd o'er
With filthy toads' envenom'd gore,
With screech-owls' plumes, and herbs of bane,
From far Iolchos fetch'd and Spain,
And fleshless bones by beldam witch
Snatch'd from the jaws of famish'd bitch.
And Sagana, the while, with gown
Tuck'd to the knees, stalks up and down,
Sprinkling in room and hall and stair
Her magic hell-drops, with her hair
Bristling on end, like furious boar,
Or some sea-urchin wash'd on shore;
Whilst Veia, by remorse unstay'd,
Groans at her toil, as she with spade
That flags not digs a pit, wherein
The boy imbedded to the chin,
With nothing seen save head and throat,
Like those who in the water float,
Shall dainties see before him set,
A maddening appetite to whet,
Then snatch'd away before his eyes,
Till famish'd in despair he dies;
That when his glazing eye-balls should
Have closed on the untasted food,
His sapless marrow and dry spleen
May drug a philtre-draught obscene.
Nor were these all the hideous crew,
But Ariminian Folia, too,
Who with insatiate lewdness swells,
And drags by her Thessalian spells
The moon and stars down from the sky,
Ease-loving Naples vows, was by;
And every hamlet round about
Declares she was, beyond a doubt.

Now forth the fierce Canidia sprang,
And still she gnaw'd with rotten fang
Her long sharp unpared thumb-nail. What
Then said she? Yea, what said she not?

“Oh Night and Dian, who with true
And friendly eyes my purpose view,
And guardian silence keep, whilst I
My secret orgies safely ply,
Assist me now, now on my foes
With all your wrath celestial close!
Whilst, stretch'd in soothing sleep, amid
Their forests grim the beasts lie hid,
May all Suburra's mongrels bark
At yon old wretch, who through the dark
Doth to his lewd encounters crawl,
And on him draw the jeers of all!
He's with an ointment smear'd, that is
My masterpiece. But what is this?
Why, why should poisons brew'd by me
Less potent than Medea's be,
By which, for love betray'd, beguiled,
On mighty Creon's haughty child
She wreak'd her vengeance sure and swift,
And vanish'd, when the robe, her gift,
In deadliest venom steep'd and dyed,
Swept off in flame the new-made bride?
No herb there is, nor root in spot
However wild, that I have not;
Yet every common harlot's bed
Seems with some rare Nepenthe spread,
For there he lies in swinish drowse,
Of me oblivious, and his vows!

He is, aha! protected well
By some more skilful witch's spell!
But, Varus, thou, (doom'd soon to know
The rack of many a pain and woe!)
By potions never used before
Shalt to my feet be brought once more.
And 'tis no Marsian charm shall be
The spell that brings thee back to me!
A draught I'll brew more strong, more sure,
Thy wandering appetite to cure;
And sooner 'neath the sea the sky
Shall sink, and earth upon them lie,
Than thou not burn with fierce desire
For me, like pitch in sooty fire!"

On this the boy by gentle tones
No more essay'd to move the crones,
But wildly forth with frenzied tongue
These curses Thyestean flung.
„Your sorceries, and spells, and charms
To man may compass deadly harms,
But heaven's great law of Wrong and Right
Will never bend before their might.
My curse shall haunt you, and my hate
No victim's blood shall expiate.
But when at your behests I die,
Like Fury of the Night will I
From Hades come, a phantom sprite, —
Such is the Manes' awful might, —
With crook'd nails your cheeks I'll tear,
And squatting on your bosoms scare
With hideous fears your sleep away!
Then shall the mob, some future day,

Pelt you from street to street with stones,
Till falling dead, ye filthy crones,
The dogs and wolves, and carrion fowl,
That make on Esquiline their prowl,
In banquet horrible and grim
Shall tear your bodies limb from limb.
Nor shall my parents fail to see
That sight, — alas, surviving me!"

EPODE VI.

TO CASSIUS SEVERUS.

Vile cur, why will you late and soon
At honest people fly?
You, you, the veriest poltroon
Whene'er a wolf comes by!

Come on, and if your stomach be
So ravenous for fight,
I'm ready! Try your teeth on me,
You 'll find that I can bite.

For like Molossian mastiff stout,
Or dun Laconian hound,
That keeps sure ward, and sharp look-out
For all the sheepfolds round,

Through drifted snows with ears thrown back
I'm ready, night or day,
To follow fearless on the track
Of every beast of prey.

But you, when you have made the wood
With bark and bellowing shake,
If any thief shall fling you food,
The filthy bribe will take.

Beware, beware! For evermore
I hold such knaves in scorn,
And bear, their wretched sides to gore,
A sharp and ready horn;

Like him whose joys, Lycambes! dash'd,
Defrauding of his bride,
Or him, who with his satire lash'd
Old Bupalus till he died.

What! If a churl shall snap at me,
And pester and annoy,
Shall I sit down contentedly,
And blubber like a boy?

EPODE VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Ah, whither would ye, dyed in guilt, thus headlong rush? Or
why

Grasp your right hands the battle-brands so recently laid by?
Say, can it be, upon the sea, or yet upon the shore,
That we have pour'd too sparingly our dearest Latian gore?
Not that yon envious Carthage her haughty towers should see
To flames devouring yielded up by the sons of Italy;
Or that the Briton, who has ne'er confess'd our prowess, may
Descend all gyved and manacled along the Sacred Way,
But that our Rome, in answer to Parthia's pray'r and moan,
Should by our hands, her children's hands, be crush'd and over-
thrown?

Alas! Alas! More fell is ours than wolves' or lions' rage,
For they at least upon their kind no war unholy wage!
What power impels you? Fury blind, or demon that would wreak
Revenge for your blood-guiltiness and crimes? Make answer!

Speak!

They 're dumb, and with an ashy hue their cheeks and lips
are dyed,

And stricken through with conscious guilt their souls are stu-
pefied!

'Tis even so; relentless fates the sons of Rome pursue,
And his dread crime, in brother's blood who did his hands im-
brue;

For still for vengeance from the ground calls guiltless Remus'
gore,

By his descendants' blood to be atoned for evermore!

EPODE IX.

TO MÆCENAS.

When, blest Mæcenas, shall we twain
 Beneath your stately roof a bowl
Of Cæcuban long-hoarded drain,
 In gladsomeness of soul,
For our great Cæsar's victories,
 Whilst, as our cups are crown'd,
Lyres blend their Doric melodies
 With flutes' Barbaric sound?

As when of late that braggart vain,
 The self-styled 'Son of Neptune' fled,
And far from the Sicilian main
 With blazing ships he sped;
He, who on Rome had vow'd in scorn
 The manacles to bind,
Which he from faithless serfs had torn,
 To kindred baseness kind!

A Roman soldier, (ne'er, oh ne'er,
 Posterity, the shame avow!)
A woman's slave, her arms doth bear,
 And palisadoes now;
To wrinkled eunuchs crooks the knee,
 And now the sun beholds
'Midst warriors' standards flaunting free
 The vile pavilion's folds!

Madden'd to view this sight of shame,
 Two thousand Gauls their horses wheel'd,

And wildly shouting Cæsar's name,
Deserted on the field;
Whilst steering leftwise o'er the sea
The foemen's broken fleet
Into the sheltering haven flee
In pitiful retreat.

Ho, Triumph! Wherefore stay ye here
The unbroke steers, the golden cars?
Ho! Never brought ye back his peer
From the Jugurthine wars!
Nor mightier was the chief revered
Of that old famous time,
Who in the wreck of Carthage rear'd
His cenotaph sublime!

Vanquish'd by land and sea, the foe
His regal robes of purple shifts
For miserable weeds of woe,
And o'er the wild-waves drifts,
Where Crete amid the ocean stands
With cities many a score,
Or where o'er Afric's whirling sands
The Southern tempests roar.

Come, boy, and ampler goblets crown
With Chian or with Lesbian wine,
Or else our qualmish sickness drown
In Cæcuban divine!
Thus let us lull our cares and sighs,
Our fears that will not sleep,
For Cæsar, and his great emprise,
In goblets broad and deep!

EPODE X.

AGAINST MÆVIUS.

Foul fall the day, when from the bay
The vessel puts to sea,
That carries Mævius away,
That wretch unsavoury!

Mind, Auster, with appalling roar
That you her timbers scourge;
Black Eurys, snap each rope and oar
With the o'ertoppling surge!

Rise, Aquilo, as when the far
High mountain-oaks ye rend;
When stern Orion sets, no star
Its friendly lustre lend!

Seethe, ocean, as when Pallas turn'd
Her wrath from blazing Troy
On impious Ajax' bark, and spurn'd
The victors in their joy!

I see them now, your wretched crew,
All toiling might and main,
And you, with blue and deathlike hue,
Imploring Jove in vain!

'Mercy, oh, mercy! Spare me! Pray!
With craven moan ye call,
When founders in the Ionian bay
Your bark before the squall:

But if your corpse a banquet forms
For sea-birds, I'll devote
Unto the Powers that rule the Storms
A lamb and liquorish goat.

EPODE XI.

THE LOVER'S CONFESSION.

Oh, Pettius! no pleasure have I, as of yore,
In scribbling of verse, for I'm smit to the core
By love, cruel love, who delights, false deceiver,
In keeping this poor heart of mine in a fever.
Three winters the woods of their honours have stripp'd,
Since I for Inachia ceased to be hypp'd.
Good heavens! I can feel myself blush to the ears,
When I think how I drew on my folly the sneers
And talk of the town; how, at parties, my stare
Of asinine silence, and languishing air,
The tempest of sighs from the depths of my breast,
All the love-stricken swain to my comrades confess'd.
'No genius,' I groan'd, whilst you kindly condoled,
'If poor, has the ghost of a chance against gold;
But if' — here I grew more confiding and plain,
As the fumes of the wine mounted up to my brain —
'If my manhood shall rally, and fling to the wind
These maudlin regrets which enervate the mind,
But soothe not the wound, then the shame of defeat
From a strife so unequal shall make me retreat.'
Thus, stern as a judge, having valiantly said,
Being urged by yourself to go home to my bed,
I staggered with steps, not so steady as free,
To a door which, alas! shows no favour to me;

And there on that threshold of beauty and scorn,
Heigho! my poor bones lay and ached till the morn.
Now I'm all for Lycisca — more mincing than she
Can no little woman in daintiness be —
A love, neither counsel can cure, nor abuse,
Though I feel, that with me it is playing the deuce,
But which a new fancy for some pretty face,
Or tresses of loose flowing amber, may chase.

EPODE XIII:

TO HIS FRIENDS.

With storm and wrack the sky is black, and sleet and dashing
rain

With all the gather'd streams of heaven are deluging the plain;
Now roars the sea, the forests roar with the shrill north-wind
of Thrace,

Then let us snatch the hour, my friends, the hour that flies
apace,

Whilst yet the bloom is on our cheeks, and rightfully we may
With song and jest and jollity keep wrinkled age at bay!
Bring forth a jar of lordly wine, whose years my own can
mate,

Its ruby juices stain'd the vats in Torquatus' consulate!
No word of any thing that's sad; whate'er may be amiss
The Gods belike will change to some vicissitude of bliss!
With Achæmenian nard bedew our locks, and troubles dire
Subdue to rest in every breast with the Cyllenian lyre!
So to his peerless pupil once the noble Centaur sang;
"Invincible, yet mortal, who from Goddess Thetis sprang,
Thee waits Assaracus's realm, where arrowy Sinois glides,
That realm which chill Seamander's rill with scanty stream
divides,

Whence never more shalt thou return, — the Parcæ so decree,
Nor shall thy blue-eyed mother home e'er carry thee.
Then chase with wine and song divine each grief and trouble
there,

The sweetest surest antidotes of beauty-marring care!"

EPODE XIV.

TO MÆCENAS.

Why to the core of my inmost sense
Doth this soul-palsying torpor creep,
As though I had quaffed to the lees a draught
Charged with the fumes of Lethean sleep?
Oh gentle Mæcenas! you kill me, when
For the poem I've promised so long you dun me;
I have tried to complete it again and again,
But in vain, for the ban of the god is on me.

So Bathyllus of Samos fired, they tell,
The breast of the Teian bard, who often
His passion bewail'd on the hollow shell,
In measures he stay'd not to mould and soften,
You, too, are on fire; but if fair thy flame
As she who caused Ilion its fateful leaguer,
Rejoice in thy lot; I am pining, oh shame!
For Phryné, that profligate little intriguer.

EPODE XV.

TO NÆERA.

'Twas night! — let me recall to thee that night!
The moon, slow-climbing the unclouded sky,
Amid the lesser stars was shining bright,
When in the words I did adjure thee by,
Thou with thy clinging arms, more tightly knit
Around me than the ivy clasps the oak,
Didst breathe a vow — mock the great gods with it —
A vow which, false one, thou hast foully broke;
That while the raven'd wolf should hunt the flocks,
The shipman's foe, Orion, vex the sea,
And Zephyrs lift the unshorn Apollo's locks,
So long wouldst thou be fond, be true to me!

Yet shall thy heart, Næera, bleed for this,
For if in Flaccus aught of man remain,
Give thou another joys that once were his,
Some other maid more true shall soothe his pain;
Nor think again to lure him to thy heart!
The pang once felt, his love is past recall;
And thou, more favour'd youth, whoe'er thou art,
Who revell'st now in triumph o'er his fall,
Though thou be rich in land and golden store,
In lore a sage, with shape framed to beguile,
Thy heart shall ache when, this brief fancy o'er,
She seeks a new love, and I calmly smile.

EPODE XVI.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

Another age in civil wars will soon be spent and worn,
And by her native strength our Rome be wreck'd and overborne,
That Rome, the Marsians could not crush, who border on our
lands,

Nor the shock of threatening Porsena with his Etruscan bands,
Nor Capua's strength that rivall'd ours, nor Spartacus the stern,
Nor the faithless Allobrogian, who still for change doth yearn.
Ay, what Germania's blue-eyed youth quell'd not with ruthless
sword,

Nor Hannibal by our great sires detested and abhorr'd,
We shall destroy with impious hands imbrued in brother's gore,
And wild beasts of the wood shall range our native land once
more.

A foreign foe, alas! shall tread The City's ashes down,
And his horse's ringing hoofs shall smite her places of renown,
And the bones of great Quirinus, now religiously enshrined,
Shall be flung by sacrilegious hands to the sunshine and the wind.
And if ye all from ills so dire ask, how yourselves to free,
Or such at least as would not hold your lives unworthily,
No better counsel can I urge, than that which erst inspired
The stout Phocæans when from their doom'd city they retired,
Their fields, their household gods, their shrines surrendering as
a prey

To the wild boar and the ravening wolf; so we in our dismay,
Where'er our wandering steps may chance to carry us should go,
Or wheresoe'er across the seas the fitful winds may blow.

How think ye then? If better course none offer, why should we
Not seize the happy auspices, and boldly put to sea?

But let us swear this oath; — 'Whene'er, if e'er shall come
the time,

Rocks upwards from the deep shall float, return shall not be
crime;

Nor we be loth to back our sails, the ports of home to seek,
When the waters of the Po shall lave Matinum's rifted peak,
Or skyey Apenninus down into the sea be roll'd,

Or wild unnatural desires such monstrous revel hold,
That in the stag's endearments the tigress shall delight,
And the turtle-dove adulterate with the falcon and the kite,
That unsuspecting herds no more shall tawny lions fear,
And the he-goat, smoothly sleek of skin, through the briny
deep career!"

This having sworn, and what beside may our returning stay,
Straight let us all, this City's doom'd inhabitants, away,
Or those that rise above the herd, the few of nobler soul;
The craven and the hopeless here on their ill-starr'd beds may
loll.

Ye who can feel and act like men, this woman's wail give o'er,
And fly to regions far away beyond the Etruscan shore!

The circling ocean waits us; then away, where nature smiles,
To those fair lands, those blissful lands, the rich and happy Isles!
Where Ceres year by year crowns all the untill'd land with

sheaves,

And the vine with purple clusters droops, unpruned of all her
leaves;

Where the olive buds and burgeons, to its promise ne'er untrue,
And the russet fig adorns the tree, that graffshoot never knew;
Where honey from the hollow oaks doth ooze, and crystal rills
Come dancing down with tinkling feet from the sky-dividing hills;
There to the pails the she-goats come; without a master's word,
And home with udders brimming broad returns the friendly herd;

There round the fold no surly bear its midnight prowl doth make,
Nor teems the rank and heaving soil with the adder and the
snake;

There no contagion smites the flocks, nor blight of any star
With fury of remorseless heat the sweltering herds doth mar.
Nor this the only bliss that waits us there, where drenching rains
By watery Eurus swept along ne'er devastate the plains,
Nor are the swelling seeds burnt up within the thirsty clods,
So kindly blends the seasons there the King of all the Gods.
That shore the Argonautic bark's stout rowers never gain'd,
Nor the wily she of Colchis with step unchaste profaned,
The sails of Sidon's gallies ne'er were wafted to that strand,
Nor ever rested on its slopes Ulysses' toilworn band;
For Jupiter, when he with brass the Golden Age alloy'd,
That blissful region set apart by the good to be enjoy'd;
With brass and then with iron he the ages scar'd, but ye
Good men and true to that bright home arise and follow me!

EPODE XVII.

HORACE'S RECANTATION TO CANIDIA.

Here at thy feet behold me now
Thine all-subduing skill avow,
And beg of thee on suppliant knee,
By realms of dark Persephone,
By Dian's awful might, and by
Thy books of charms which from the sky
Can drag the stars, Canidia,
To put thy magic sleights away,
Reverse thy whirling wheel amain,
And loose the spell that binds my brain!
Even Telephus to pity won
The ocean-cradled Thetis' son,
'Gainst whom his Mysian hosts he led,
And his sharp-pointed arrow sped.
The man-destroying Hector, doom'd
By kites and dogs to be consumed,
Was nathless by the dames of Troy
Embalm'd, when, mourning for his boy,
King Priam left his city's wall,
At stern Achilles' feet to fall.
Ulysses' stalwart rowers, too,
Away their hide of bristles threw
At Circe's word, and donn'd again
The shape, the voice, the soul of men.
Enough of punishment, I'm sure,
Thou hast compell'd me to endure,

Enough and more, thou being dear
To pedlar and to marinere!
My youth has fled, my rosy hue
Turn'd to a wan and livid blue;
Blanch'd by thy mixtures is my hair;
No respite have I from despair.
The days and nights, they wax and wane,
But bring me no release from pain;
Nor can I ease, howe'er I gasp,
The spasm which holds me in its grasp.
So am I vanquish'd, so recant,
Unlucky wretch! my creed, and grant,
That Sabine spells can vex the wit,
And heads by Marsic charms be split.
What wouldst thou more? Oh earth! Oh sea!
Nor even Alcides burned like me,
With Nessus' venom'd gore imbued,
Nor Ætna in its fiercest mood;
For till my flesh, to dust calcined,
Be scatter'd by the scornful wind,
Thou glow'st a very furnace fire,
Distilling Colchian poisons dire!
When will this end? Or what may be
The ransom, that shall set me free?
Speak! Let the fine be what it may,
That fine most rigidly I'll pay.
Demand a hundred steers, with these
Thy wrath I'm ready to appease!
Or wouldst thou rather so desire
The praise of the inventive lyre,
Thou, chaste and good, shalt range afar
The spheres, thyself a golden star!
Castor, with wrath indignant stung,
And Castor's brother, by the tongue,

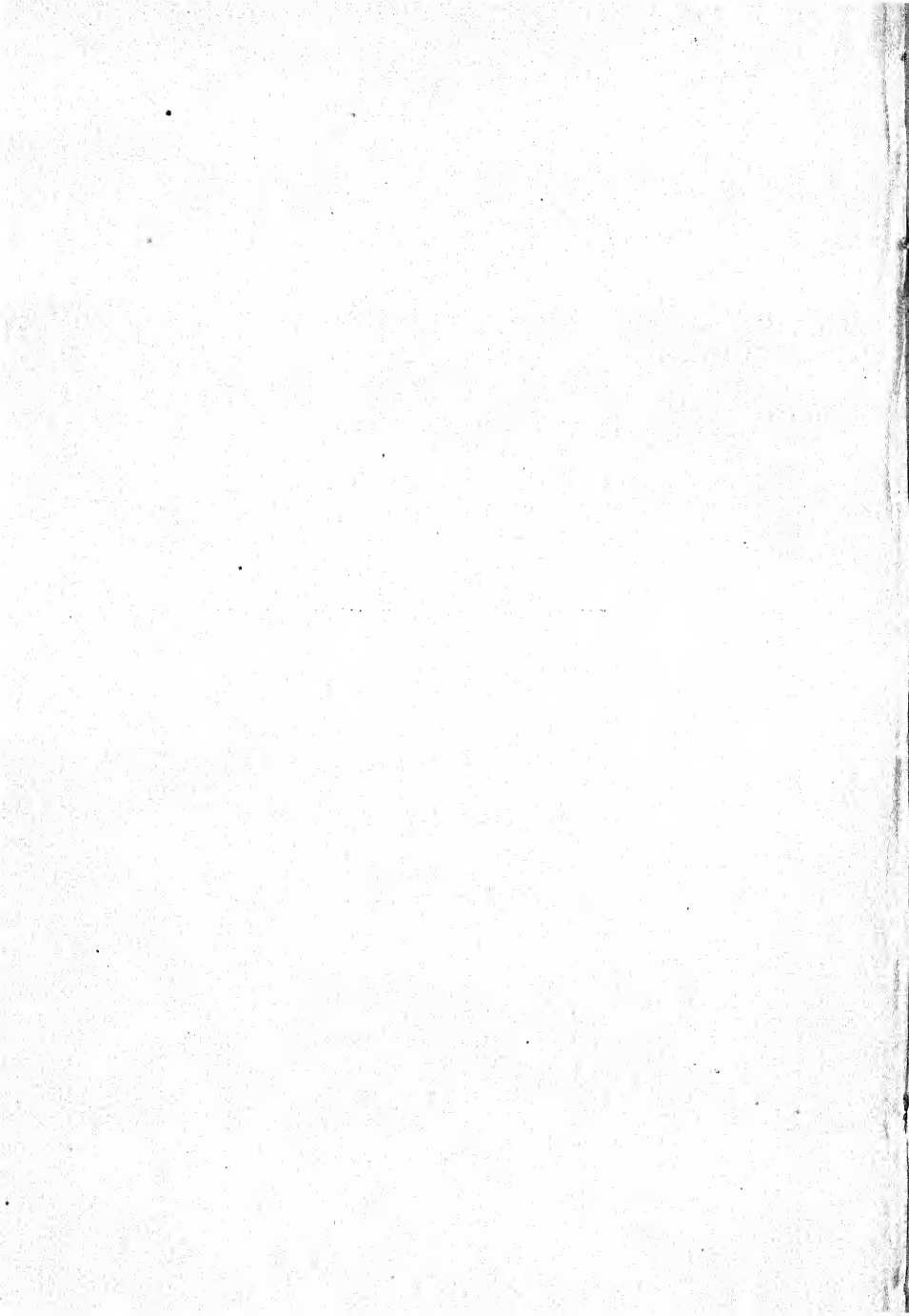
That slander'd Helena the fair,
Yet listen'd to the slanderer's pray'r,
Forgave the bard the savage slight,
Forgave him, and restor'd his sight.
Then drive, for so thou canst, this pain,
This wildering frenzy from my brain!
Oh thou, untainted by the guile
Of parentage depraved and vile,
Thou, who dost ne'er in haglike wont,
Among the tombs of paupers hunt
For ashes newly laid in ground,
Love-charms and philtres to compound,
Thy heart is gentle, pure thy hands;
And there thy Partumeius stands,
Reproof to all, who dare presume
With barrenness to charge thy womb;
For never dame more sprightly rose
Or lustier from childbed throes!

CANIDIA'S REPLY.

Why pour your prayers to heedless ears?
Not rocks, when Winter's blast careers,
Lash'd by the angry surf, are more
Deaf to the seaman dash'd on shore!
What! Think, unpunish'd to deride,
And rudely rend the veil aside,
That shrouds Cotytto's murky rites,
And love's, unfetter'd love's, delights?
And, as though you high-priest might be
Of Esquilinian sorcery,
Branding my name with ill renown,
Make me the talk of all the town?
Where then my gain, that with my gold
I bribed Pelignian beldames old,
Or master'd by their aid the gift
To mingle poisons sure and swift?
You'd have a speedy doom? But no,
It shall be lingering, sharp, and slow.
Your life, ungrateful wretch! shall be
Spun out in pain and misery,
And still new tortures, woes, and pangs
Shall gripe you with relentless fangs!
Yearns Pelops' perjured sire for rest,
Mock'd by the show of meats unblest,
For rest, for rest Prometheus cries,
As to the vulture chain'd he lies,
And Sisyphus his rock essays
Up to the mountain's top to raise;

Still clings the curse, for Jove's decree
Forbids them ever to be free.
So you would from the turret leap,
So in your breast the dagger steep,
So, in disgust with life, would fain
Go hang yourself, -- but all in vain!
Then comes my hour of triumph, then
I'll goad you till you writhe again;
Then shall you curse the evil hour,
You made a mockery of my power!
Think ye, that I who can at will
Move waxen images -- my skill
You, curious fool! know all too well --
That I who can by mutter'd spell
The moon from out the welkin shake,
The dead ev'n from their ashes wake,
And mix the chalice to inspire
With fierce unquenchable desire,
Shall my so-potent art bemoan
As impotent 'gainst thee alone?

THE SECULAR HYMN.



TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

Phœbus, and Dian, forest queen,
Heaven's chiefest light sublime,
Ye, who high-worshipp'd evermore have been,
And shall high-worshipp'd be for evermore,
Fulfil the prayers, which at this sacred time
To you we pour;
This time, when, prompted by the Sybil's lays,
Virgins elect, and spotless youths unite
To the Immortal Gods a hymn to raise
Who in the seven-hill'd City take delight!

Benignant sun, who with thy ear of flame
Bring'st on the day,
And takest it away,
And still art born anew,
Another, yet the same,
In all thy wanderings may'st thou nothing view,
That mightier is than Rome,
The empress of the world, our mother, and our home!

Oh Ilithyia, of our matrons be
The guardian and the stay,
And as thine office is, unto the child
Who in the womb hath reach'd maturity,
Gently unbar the way,
Whether Lucina thou wouldst rather be,
Or Genitalis styled!

Our children, goddess, rear in strength and health,
And with thy blessing crown
The Senate's late decree,
The nuptial law, that of our dearest wealth
The fruitful source shall be, —
A vigorous race, who to posterity
Shall hand our glory, and our honours down!
So, as the circling years, ten-times eleven,
Shall bring once more this season round,
Once more our hymns shall sound,
Once more our solemn festival be given,
Through three glad days, devoted to thy rites,
Three joyous days, and three not less delightful nights!

And you, ye Sister Fates,
Who truly do fulfil
What doom soever, by your breath decreed,
In the long vista of the future waits,
As ye have ever made our fortunes speed,
Be gracious to us still!

And oh! may Earth, which plenteous increase bears
Of fruits, and corn, and wine,
A stately coronal for Ceres twine
Of the wheat's golden shocks,
And healthful waters and salubrious airs
Nourish the yeanning flocks!

Aside thy weapons laid, Apollo, hear
With gracious ear serene
The suppliant youths, who now entreat thy boon!
And thou, of all the constellations queen,
Two-horned Moon,
To the young maids give ear!

If Rome be all thy work, if Trojan bands
Upon the Etruscan shore have won renown,
That chosen remnant, who at thy commands
Forsook their hearths, and homes, and native town;
If all unscathed through Ilion's flames they sped
By sage Æneas led,
And o'er the ocean-waves in safety fled,
Destined from him, though of his home bereft,
A nobler dower to take, than all that they had left!

Ye powers divine,
Unto our docile youth give morals pure!
Ye powers divine,
To placid age give peace,
And to the stock of Romulus ensure
Dominion vast, a never failing line,
And in all noble things still make them to increase!

And oh! may he who now
To you with milk-white steers uplifts his pray'r,
Within whose veins doth flow
Renown'd Anchises' blood, and Venus' ever fair,
Be still in war supreme, yet still the foe
His sword hath humbled spare!

Now, even now the Mede
Our hosts omnipotent by land and sea,
And Alban axes fears; the Scythians, late
So vaunting, and the hordes of Ind await,
On low expectant knee,
What terms soe'er we may be minded to concede.
Now Faith, and Peace, and Honour, and the old
Primeval Shame, and Worth long held in scorn,
To reappear make bold,

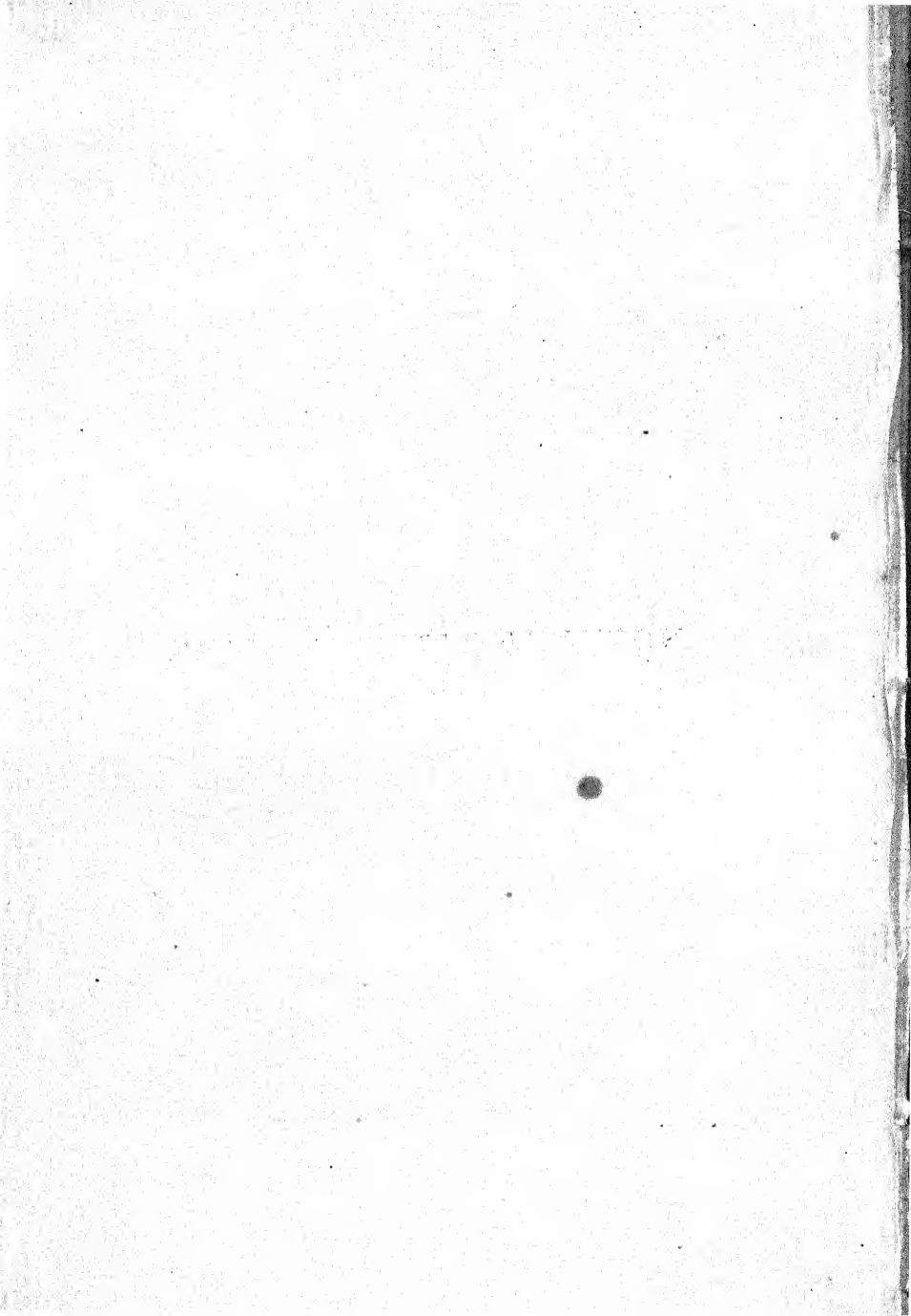
And blissful Plenty, with her teeming horn,
Doth all her smiles unfold.

And oh! may He, the Seer divine,
God of the fulgent bow,
Phœbus, beloved of the Muses nine,
Who for the body rack'd and worn with woe
By arts remedial finds an anodyne,
If he with no unloving eye doth view
The crested heights and halls of Palatine,
On to a lustre new
Prolong the weal of Rome, the blest Estate
Of Latium, and on them, long ages through,
Still growing honours, still new joys accumulate!

And may She, too, who makes her haunt
On Aventine and Algidus away,
May She, Diana, grant
The pray'rs, which duly here
The Fifteen Men upon this festal day
To her devoutly send,
And to the youths' pure adjurations lend
No unpropitious ear!

Now homeward we repair,
Full of the blessed hope, that will not fail,
That Jove and all the Gods have heard our pray'r,
And with approving smiles our homage hail, —
We skill'd in choral harmonies to raise
The hymn to Phœbus and Diana's praise.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTES TO THE LIFE.

Satire 6. B. I. p. VIII. A large portion of this satire, which is addressed to Mæcenas, throws so much light upon the life and character of Horace, that a translation of it from line 45. to the close is subjoined.

Now to myself, the freedman's son, come I,
Whom all the mob of gaping fools decry,
Because, forsooth, I am a freedman's son;
My sin at present is, that I have won
Thy trust, Mæcenas; once in this it lay,
That o'er a Roman legion I bore sway
As Tribune, — surely faults most opposite;
For though, perchance, a man with justice might
Grudge me the tribune's honours, why should he
Be jealous of the favour shewn by thee, —
Thee who, unsway'd by fawning wiles, art known
To choose thy friends for honest worth alone?
Lucky I will not call myself, as though
Thy friendship I to mere good fortune owe.
No chance it was secured me thy regards;
But Virgil first, that best of friends and bards,
And then kind Varius mentioned what I was.
Before you brought, with many a faltering pause,
Dropping some few brief words, (for bashfulness
Robb'd me of utterance,) I did not profess,
That I was sprung of lineage old and great,
Or used to canter round my own estate,

On Satureian barb, but what and who
I am as plainly told. As usual, you
Brief answer make me. I retire, and then,
Some nine months after summoning me again,
You bid me 'mongst your friends assume a place:
And proud I feel, that thus I won thy grace,
Not by an ancestry long known to fame,
But by my life, and heart devoid of blame.

Yet if some trivial faults, and these but few,
My nature, else not much amiss, imbue,
Just as you wish away, yet scarcely blame,
A mole or two upon a comely frame;
If no man may arraign me of the vice
Of lewdness, meanness, nor of avarice;
If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love, (self-praise is venial here,)
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loth to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule, —
Centurions. and the like, — were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter day;
But boldly took me when a boy to Rome,
There to be taught all arts, that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnish'd forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye;
And in a word he kept me chaste, (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss,

Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he, that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector seek
With petty vails my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmur'd. Now I know,
More earnest thanks, and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known;
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung:
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,
Each culling, as his inclination bent,
His parents for himself, with mine content,
I would not choose, whom men endow as great
With the insignia and the seats of state;
And, though I seem'd insane to vulgar eyes,
Thou wouldst perchance esteem me truly wise,
In thus refusing to assume the care
Of irksome state I was unused to bear.

For then a larger income must be made,
Men's favour courted, and their whims obey'd,
Nor could I then indulge a lonely mood,
Away from town, in country solitude,
For the false retinue of pseudo-friends,
That all my movements servilely attends.
More slaves must then be fed, more horses too,
And chariots bought. Now have I nought to do,
If I would even to Tarentum ride,
But mount my bob-tail'd mule, my wallets tied

Across his flanks, which, flapping as we go,
With my ungainly ankles to and fro,
Work his unhappy sides a world of weary woe.
Yet who shall call me mean, as men call thee,
Oh Tillius, when they oft a prætor see
On the Tiburtine Way with five poor knaves,
Half-grown, half-starved, and overweighted slaves,
Bearing, to save your charges when you dine,
A travelling kitchen, and a jar of wine.

Illustrious senator, more happy far,
I live than you, and hosts of others are!
I walk alone, by mine own fancy led,
Enquire the price of potherbs and of bread,
The circus cross to see its tricks and fun,
The forum, too, at times near set of sun;
With other fools there do I stand and gape
Round fortune-tellers' stalls, thence home escape
To a plain meal of pancakes, pulse, and peas;
Three young boy-slaves attend on me with these.
Upon a slab of snow-white marble stand
A goblet, and two beakers; near at hand,
A common ewer, patera, and bowl, —
Campania's potteries produced the whole.
To sleep then I, unharass'd by the fear,
That I tomorrow must betimes appear
At Marsyas' base, who vows he cannot brook
Without a pang the Younger Novius' look.
I keep my couch till ten, then walk a while,
Or having read or writ what may beguile
A quiet after hour, anoint my limbs
With oil, not such as filthy Natta skims;
From lamps defrauded of their unctuous fare.
And when the sunbeams, grown too hot to bear,

Warn me to quit the field, and hand-ball play,
 The bath takes all my weariness away.
 Then having lightly dined, just to appease
 The sense of emptiness, I take mine ease,
 Enjoying all home's simple luxury.
 This is the life of bard unclogg'd, like me,
 By stern ambition's miserable weight.
 So placed, I own with gratitude, my state
 Is sweeter, ay, than though a quaestor's power
 From sire and grandsires' sires had been my dower.

Even in what may be assumed to be his earliest poems, the fire of genuine passion is wanting. p. XX. Horace's exquisite susceptibility to beauty of course subjected him to many transient passions, of which traces are apparent in the poems here more particularly referred to. But even in these it is quite clear that his admiration, though it may preoccupy his thoughts, or even rob him of his sleep, never elevates him out of himself. It suggests no images beyond those of sensual gratification; it involves no sorrow beyond a temporary disappointment soon to be solaced elsewhere. His heart is untouched.

Very different is it with Catullus and other Roman erotic poets. Their mistresses are to them both mistresses and muses, — at once their inspiration and their reward. Loving intensely, and with constancy, their fervour animated and has won immortality for their song. Had they not loved deeply, they would probably never have written. Thus Propertius acknowledges his obligations to his mistress; —

Quæritur unde mihi toties scribuntur amores,

Unde meus veniat mollis in ore liber?

Non mihi Calliope, non hæc mihi cantat Apollo,

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella fuit.

Do you ask, how in hues ever varied and glowing,
Love flashes and gleams in my verses so oft,
Or would you discover what keeps them still flowing
In honey-like cadences warbling and soft?
It is not Calliope kindles my fancies,
It is not Apollo that wakens my lyre,
But my girl, that illumines my brain with her glances,
And hangs on my lips, till she tips them with fire.

Horace has no such acknowledgment to make. Song was not to him the medium in which the throbbing heart of imaginative passion found relief. He was to the last keenly alive to the charms of the sex; but neither in his youth nor riper years were they his inspiration.

The difference between the poetry of passion and fancy can scarcely be better exemplified, than by contrasting his love poems with those of Catullus, of which Lesbia is the theme. Even, if we did not know, that the latter were the records of an actual *liaison*, the unmistakeable sincerity of the emotion which they breathe would place the fact beyond a doubt. Catullus manifestly loved this woman with all his heart. She became false, and even abandoned herself to the lowest licentiousness; but her hold upon his affections, even when esteem was gone, remained the same, and his verses portray with touching force the anguish of the infatuated heart, which clings to a beloved object, of whose worthlessness it is convinced, unable to dethrone it from the supremacy, which yet it reluctantly avows. They reflect the various phases of the lover's feelings with the liveliest truth — his joys, his doubts, his anguish, his self-contempt. Let the reader, for evidence of this, glance with us over the various poems, which have made his Lesbia immortal.

She is introduced to us playing off the engaging but tormenting artifices of the coquettish beauty in the following lines.

Sparrow, my dear lady's joy,
Who with thee delights to toy,
Thee within her breast to fold,
And her fair forefinger hold
Out for thee to bite its tip,
Whilst I sit by with quivering lip,
And she, with playful arts like these,
Affects to keep a bright-eyed ease,
And hide her passion's pleasing pain,
That runs, like fire, through every vein!
With thee, like her, I fain would play,
And chase my bosom's grief away;
And thou shouldst welcome be to me,
As in the legend old, we see,
The magic apple was to her,
Whose icy heart no youth could stir, —
The golden fruit, which loosed the zone,
And bade her Love's dominion own.

But the sparrow dies, and, like a true lover, Catullus thus pens a woful sonnet on the occasion:—

Loves and Graces, mourn with me,
Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow, that was all her bliss;
Than her very eyes more dear, —
For he made her dainty cheer,
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother, — never stray'd
From her lap, but still would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and none but she,
Piped and chirrup'd prettily.
Now he treads that gloomy track,
Whence none ever may come back.

Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,
Orcus' gloomy shades, that e'er
Ye took my bird, that was so fair!
Oh vilely done! Oh, dismal shades!
On you I charge it, that my maid's
Dear little eyes are swollen and red,
With weeping for her darling dead;

Never had lady's pet a cenotaph like this, in which the triviality of the theme is forgotten in the artistic beauty of the work. Such lines could scarcely fail to raise him high in favour with the distracted beauty, to whom he could now address the following pleasant admonition:—

Let us give our little day
All to love, my Lesbia,
Heeding not the precepts sage,
Nor the frowns of crabbed age!
When the sun sets, 'tis to rise
Brighter in the morning skies;
But, when sets our little light,
We must sleep in endless night.
Give me then a thousand kisses,
Add a hundred to my blisses,
Then a thousand more, and then
Add a hundred once again.
Crown me with a thousand more,
Give a hundred as before,
Cease not then, but kiss me still,
Adding hundreds, thousands, till,
Lost in exquisite sensation,
We confound all calculation,
And no envy mar our blisses,
Hearing of such heaps of kisses!

This style of advice has been a mania in the poetical world ever since. Thus our own Carew expands the first part of the theme.

Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let me not lose the present minute;
 For time and age will work that wrack,
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves;
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 Oh then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason;
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauty's flower,
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Herrick again has caught up the latter part of Catullus's strain very happily in the following lines.

Ah, my Anthea, must my heart still break?
 Love makes me write what shame forbids to speak.
 Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a score,
 Then to that twenty add a hundred more—
 A thousand to that hundred—so kiss on
 To make that thousand up a million,
 Treble that million, and when that is done,
 Let's kiss afresh as when we first begun!

But hear Catullus again upon the same ever interesting theme.

Dost thou, Lesbia, bid me say
 How many kisses from thy lip
 I'd take, ere I would turn away,
 And of its sweets no longer sip!

Count the grains of sand are roll'd
 On Cyrene's spicy plain,
 'Twixt the tomb of Battus old,
 And the sweltering Hammon's fane.

Count the silent stars of night,
 That be ever watching, when
 Lovers tasting stolen delight
 Dream not of their silent ken.

When these numbers thou hast told,
 And hast kisses given as many,
 Then, perchance, I may cry Hold!
 And no longer wish for any,

But, my love, there 's no amount
 For my raging thirst too vast,
 Which a curious fool may count,
 Or with tongue malignant blast.*

But the sun does not always shine, even in the heaven of love. Pretty Polly's fancy will "stray to some newer lover." Lesbia has thrown the handkerchief elsewhere. Catullus sees that he has outlived her liking, and thus he remonstrates.

Sigh no more, thou foolish wight!
 Catullus, be a man—and deem
 That, which thou seest hast perish'd quite,
 To be like an evanish'd dream.

Oh, life was once a heaven to thee!
 Her eyes beam'd at thy coming then—
 The maid beloved, as ne'er shall be
 Maiden beloved by thee again.

* The concluding lines of this and the poem last cited from Catullus both refer to the superstition held by many modern nations in common with the old Romans, that whatever could not be count'd was exempt from the influence of magic, and *vice versa*.

Then didst thou freely taste the bliss,
On which impassioned lovers feed;
When she repaid thee kiss for kiss,
Oh, life was then a heaven indeed!

'Tis past! Forget as she forgot!
Lament no more—but let her go!
Tear from thy heart each tender thought,
That round her image there did grow!

Girl, fare thee well! Catullus ne'er
Will sue, where love is met with scorn;
But, false one, thou with none to care
For thee, on thy lone couch shalt mourn!

Think what a waste thy life shall be!
Who'll woo thee now? who praise thy charms?
Who shall be all in all to thee,
Thy heart's love nestling in thy arms?
Who now will give thee kiss for kiss?
Whose lip shalt thou in rapture bite?
And in thy lone hours think of this,
My heart has cast thee from it quite.

Clodia, for such was Lesbia's real name, was a woman, as we learn from Cicero's witty oration in defence of Caelius, who abandoned herself to the whole round of dissipations, which lay open, in a luxurious city like Rome, to a rich and profligate beauty. We know that she numbered in her train of admirers men of the first families in the city; but she seems to have pursued her pleasures with an indiscriminate appetite, which was not scrupulous as to the character or rank of her associates. To this Catullus alludes more than once, and, in particular, in a poem to Caelius, couched in terms of the bitterest disgust. That he was unable, notwithstanding, to maintain the resolution to forget her expressed in the poem just quoted was only to be anticipated. The wanton beauty held him in

her meshes, and he was as ready to be deceived with his eyes open as ever. After some temporary reconciliation he probably wrote these caustic lines.

My mistress says, there's not a man
Of all the many swains she knows,
She'd rather wed than me, not one,
Though Jove himself were to propose.

She says so;—but what woman says
To him who thinks his tale has caught her,
'Tis only fit it should be writ
In air or in the running water.

Such must ever be the Jeremiad of him who fixes his affections on a "weed of glorious feature" like Lesbia. Well for him if he can tear it from his heart! Catullus could not. With all her faults, he loved her as passionately as before; but how changed that love! There is deep pathos in the following:—

You told me,—ah, well I remember the hour!
That still to Catullus thy heart should be true,
That, blest with his heart's love, thy best, brightest dower,
Even Jove at thy feet unregarded might sue.
Then I loved thee, and oh! what a passion was mine!
Undimmed by dishonour, unsullied by shame,
Oh, 'twas pure as a sire round his child might entwine,
To guard its dear head with the sheltering flame.

Now I know thee, how faithless, how worthless thou art!
That the stain of dishonour is dark on thy brow,
And though thou may'st still be the queen of my heart,
How changed the emotions I feel for thee now!
No more the pure being my fancy adored,
With incense sent up from love's hallowing fire,
Thou hast fallen, and my heart, to thy infamy lower'd,
Is cursed with the rage of degrading desire.

In a similar mood must he have written the following couplet:—

I hate and love—wherefore I cannot tell,
But by my tortures know the fact too well.

Once more, however, the temptress threw her fascinations around him. His scorn of her fickleness, and her frailty,—the bitter promptings of his own self-reproach were forgotten, and he wrote thus:

Oh Lesbia, surely no mortal was ever
So fond of a woman as I am of you—
A youth more devoted, more constant was never;—
To me there's enchantment in all that you do.

Yes, love has so wholly confused my ideas
Of right and of wrong, that I'll doat on you still,
As fondly, as blindly, although you may be as
Chaste or as naughty as ever you will!

Every lover recognises the truth of the following lines, which were probably written when Catullus had been alienated from her side by some of their lovers' quarrels.

Lesbia rails at me, they say,
Talks against me all the day.
May I die, but I can tell
By this, that Lesbia loves me well!
Would you know my reason, Sir?
Even so I rail at her.
But may I die, but I can tell
I love my Lesbia but too well?

The symptom is, we believe, infallible. See how it ended with Catullus! One day, as he lay meditating very possibly his fine tale of

Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjuries and unjust flight

the lady walked into his apartment. We leave him to tell the rest.

There's not a joy we have so strong,
As when some wish by chance is granted,
For which, though hugg'd and cherish'd long,
Without a hope we long had panted.

Such was my joy, my glad surprise,
When gloom around my head was closing,
To find thee, with thy ardent eyes,
Once more within my arms reposing.

You came to me—unsought you came—
And brought with you delight the rarest,
When Hope had left Love's drooping flame;
Oh day of days the brightest, fairest!

What living man more blest than I,
So lapp'd and thoroughly wrapp'd in blisses!
All human fancy I defy
To feign a greater joy than this is!

Under such circumstances what could Catullus do? There was a tear glistening in the soft eyes of his mistress, as she begged forgiveness, and promised constancy for the future. Catullus kissed it away, and addressed her thus:—

Oh, my soul's joy, and dost thou wish, as now,
That evermore our love burn strong and clear?
Ye gods, grant she be faithful to her vow,
And that 'tis uttered from a heart sincere!

So may each year that hurries o'er us find,
While others change with life's still changing hue,
The ties that bind us now more firmly twined,
Our hearts as fond, our love as warm and true.

Lesbia's vow was, of course, broken, and the great king of gods and men, who "laughs at lovers' perjuries," was thus passionately invoked by the unfortunate lover in a way that leaves no doubt upon the subject.

If there be joy for him who can retrace
His life, and see some good deeds shining there,
Who never plighted vows, in the dread face
Of heaven, to lure another to his snare;
Then many a joy through many a smiling year
For thee, Catullus, is there yet in store,
Requital of thy truth to one so dear,
So false as she, the maid thou dost adore.

Why longer keep thy heart upon the rack?
Give to thy thoughts a higher, nobler aim!
The gods smile on thy path; then look not back
In tears upon a love that was thy shame.

'Tis hard at once to fling a love away,
That has been cherish'd with the faith of years.
'Tis hard—but 'tis thy duty. Come, what may,
Crush every record of its joys, its fears!

Oh ye great gods, if you can pity feel,
If e'er to dying wretch your aid was given,
See me in agony before you kneel,
To beg this curse may from me far be driven,
That creeps in drowsy horror through each vein,
Leaves me no thought from bitter anguish free.
I do not ask, she may be kind again,
No, nor be chaste, for that may never be!

I ask for peace of mind—a spirit clear
From the dark taint that now upon it rests.
Give then, oh give, ye gods, this boon so dear
To one who ever hath revered thy 'hests!

With this ends what remains to us of the poems relating to
Lesbia,—a fasciculus, which presents in vivid colours that con-
flict of emotions which must ever spring from love wasted upon
profligate inconstancy.

NOTES TO BOOK FIRST OF ODES.

ODE I. p. 3.

Mæcenæ, sprung from monarchs old. C. Cilnius Mæcenæ belonged to the family of the *Cilnii*, descendants of Cilnius of Arretium, one of the Lucumones, or princes of Etruria. It is to this circumstance, that Horace alludes here, and in the Ode 39, B. III, line I. Mæcenæ never accepted any of the high offices of state, preferring to remain a mere knight; a rank of which, to judge by the emphasis with which Horace dwells upon it in more than one poem, he appears to have been proud. In the words of Mr. Newman, he was "the chief commoner of Rome," but "whatever his nominal relation to the state, was more powerful than Senators and Magistrates." (*The Odes of Horace, Translated by F. W. Newman. London 1853. p. 3.*)

Golden Attalus. Attalus III, last king of Pergamum, bequeathed his possessions to the Roman people. *B. C. 133.*

Africus. The W.S.W. wind.

Massic old. The Massic wine, the produce of Mons Massicus, in Campania, like the Falernian, which came from another side of the mountain, was highly esteemed.

ODE II. p. 6.

Rising in ire, to avenge his Ilia's plaint. Ilia, the mother by Mars of Romulus and Remus, was drowned in the Anio, a tributary of the Tiber, to the god of which latter river Horace here assumes her to have been wedded. Her "plaint" is for the death of her descendant, Julius Cæsar.

The Marsian's flashing eye, and fateful port. The Marsi, the most warlike people of Italy, are named here as representative of the Roman soldiery in general.

ODE IV. p. 10.

Our own poet Carew had this Ode and the 7. Ode of the Fourth Book (*ante* p. 181) in his mind, when he wrote the following lines on the Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
 But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
 In triumph to the world, the youthful Spring;
 The vallies, hills, and woods in rich array
 Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.
 Now all things mellow; only my Love doth lour;
 Nor hath our scalding noonday sun the power
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
 Her heart congeal'd, and make her pity cold.
 The ox that lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
 Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season — only she doth tarry,
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

Malherbe in his beautiful poem of condolence to his friend

M. du Perrier on the loss of a daughter, adopts in one stanza the thought and almost the words of Horace. But indeed the whole poem is so thoroughly Horatian in spirit, and expression, that it might almost seem to have flowed from the pen of the Venusian bard. To those who are not already familiar with the poem, the following stanzas of it will be welcome.

Je sais de quels appas son enfance était pleine,

Et n'ai pas entrepris,

Injurieux ami, de soulager ta peine

Avecque son mepris.

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses

Ont le pire destin;

Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,

L'espace d'un matin.

* * *

La mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles;

On a beau la prier;

La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles,

Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,

Est sujet à ses lois;

Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre

N'en défend point nos rois.

De murmurer contre elle et perdre patience

Il est mal à propos;

Vouloir ce que Dieu veut est la seule science,

Qui nous met en repos.

In exquisite finish of expression nothing finer than these lines can be desired, and there runs through them a vein of feeling more delicately tender than is to be found anywhere in Horace. This was probably due to the purer faith of the modern, which insensibly coloured the almost Pagan tone of the poem. Malherbe made Horace his breviary, — with what effect, these lines prove.

ODE IX. p. 17.

Allan Ramsay's paraphrase of this Ode has all the freshness and vigour of Horace, with added touches of his own, not unworthy of the original.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring taps,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fouk wysing ajee
The byas bowls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and rype the ribs,
And beek the house baith butt and ben,
That mutchkin stoup, it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care;
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth o' blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, though we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hail-stanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, Be quiet,
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cower into their caves, and wait
The high command of sov'reign Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless pow'rs.

Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep any skaith.

'Haith! ye 're ill-bred!' she 'll smiling say,
'Ye 'll worry me, ye greedy rook!'
Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Allan Ramsay attempted versions of other Odes, but this was his only success.—

ODE. XIII. p. 24.

Oh, trebly blest, and blest for ever &c. Moore has paraphrased this passage in the favourite lines.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
 When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
 One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
 And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth
 It is this, it is this!

ODE XVI. p. 29.

Dindymene herself &c. Cybele, an Asiatic goddess, called by the Greeks "the mother of the Gods," was called Dindymene from mount Dindymus in Phrygia. She is represented as roaming through the world in a chariot drawn by lions, attended by her priests the Galli and Corybantes. Their orgies were of a peculiarly wild and excited character. The *Atys* of Catullus, one of the most picturesque poems of antiquity, breathes all the frenzy, which was believed to inspire her votaries. The following version gives only a faint idea of this fine poem—the hurried sweep and whirl of the verse, its broken cadences, its wild pathos, and headlong energy.

ATYS.

Swiftly, swiftly, o'er the ocean Atys urged his flying bark,
 Swiftly leapt to land, and plung'd into the Phrygian forest dark,
 Where the mighty goddess dwells, and furious with a dark
 despair
 Snatch'd from the rock a pointed flint, and reft himself of man-
 hood there.

And when he felt his manhood gone, and saw the gore-bedabbled
grass,
Up in his snowy hands he caught the timbrel light, that with
the brass
Of clanging trumpets swells thy rites, great mother Cybele, and
smote
The sounding skin, and thus unto his mates he sang with frenzied
throat.

"Away, away, ye sexless ones, to Cybele's high groves," he said.
"Away, ye truant herd, and hail your mistress, Dindymene dread!
Ye exiles to strange lands, who dared with me the ruthless
ocean's storms,
And, loathing woman and her love, emasculate your lusty forms!

"Rejoice, rejoice, what revelries our mistress has in store for us!
No laggard fears retard ye now! On to the steep of Dindymus!
Hence to her Phrygian shrine with me! On to her Phrygian
forests speed!

Where drums and echoing cymbals crash, and drones the curvèd
Phrygian reed.

"Where raving Mænads wildly toss their ivy-circled brows about,
Where they affright the haunts divine with wailing shrill and
piercing shout,

Where to and fro and up and down, unresting evermore they
stray,

There must we pay our vows, and join the mystic dance —
away, away!"

He ceased, and his companions all with eldritch howl repeat
the strain,

The timbrel light, the cymbal's clash reverberate along the plain;
To Ida's leafy mountain straight along the dusky pines they sped,
With Atys, raging, panting, crazed, careering breathless at
their head.

On, on he flew, the maddening crew whirled after — at the
shrine they stopped;
There, wan and wearied, lifelessly they all upon the threshold
dropped;
All faint and fasting down they sank — a soft repose their
frenzy dims,
And leaden sleep seals up their eyes, and ‘numbs their over-
worn limbs.’

L.

But when the sun had bathed the earth, and sea, and sky with
golden light,
And with his thunder-pacing steeds had chased away the shades
of night,
Sleep, leaving then the fevered brain of Atys calm'd with
downy rest,
Flew to divine Pasithea, and sank upon her gentle breast.

The frenzied dream was past, and when the wretch saw what
it was and where,
Again it tottered to the shore, in agony of fierce despair,
There, gazing on the ocean's wide and waste expanse with
streaming eyes,
With choked and broken voice unto the country of its birth it
cries.

“My country, oh my country, my mother, and my nurse! From
whom
I, like a recreant slave, have fled to Ida's dreary forest-
gloom,
To rocks and snows, and frozen dens, to make with beasts my
savage lair,
Where dost thou lie, thou loved land, my country, oh, my
country, where?

"Oh, let me see thee, whilst my brain is yet awhile from madness free!

Wretch, must I house in these grim woods, far, far from home
unceasingly:

Friends, country, parents, all, all gone!—the throng, the struggle
for the goal,

The wrestler's gripe—oh misery!—weep, weep, for ever weep,
my soul!

"What grace, what beauty, but was mine? Boy, youth, and
man, I was the flower

Of the gymnasium; and the best, that wore the oil, confess'd
my power:

My doors were ever throng'd, and when I left my couch at break
of day,

Fair garlands hung by beauteous hands around them welcomed
me away.

"What am I now? Slave to the gods—crazed votary of horrid
rites—

Maimed, barren, ever doomed to freeze on Ida's green and snow-
girt heights,

'Neath Phrygia's frowning crags, where roam the stag and forest-
ranging boar,

Woe, woe, that e'er I did the deed! that e'er I touched this
fatal shore!"

The wandering winds caught up the words, as from his rosy
lips they fell,

And bore those sounds so strangely wild to where the blest im-
mortals dwell;

They reached the ears of Cybele, who loosed her lions from
the yoke,

And thus to him was on the left in words of kindling ire she spoke:

“Away, away, pursue your prey! Scare, scare him back in wild
affright,
Back to the woods, the wretch that spurns my service, and that
scorns my might,
Lash, lash thy flanks, with furious roar shake terror from thy
shaggy mane,
Away, away!” She ceased, and flung upon his neck the loosen’d rein!

Frantic and fierce, with roar and plunge the monster through
the thicket crash’d,
And on to the surf-beaten shore, where stood the gentle Atys,
dash’d.

The wretch beheld him—wild with fear, into the shaggy forest
fled,
And there in orgies drear a life of ministering bondage led.

Oh goddess ever to be feared, oh goddess great and wonderous,
Oh Cybele divine, that hast thy reign on shady Dindymus,
Oh may thy madness never touch my heart, nor blast my
 trembling brain,
In others let thy visions wild, thy frenzied inspirations reign!

ODE XVII. p. 31.

My own sweet Lucretilis &c. Ustica's low vale. Horace here invites the fair Tyndaris to visit him at his Sabine Villa. Lucretilis and Ustica are hills in its neighbourhood. Mr. Newman, whose tenderness for Horace's morals goes so far as obviously to cost him serious personal uneasiness, thinks them in no danger in this instance. "The whole tone towards Tyndaris," he says, is fatherly, as well as genial." Certainly the paternal character of the relation does not strike the common reader. The lady, it is to be surmised, was no Lucretia; and *solus cum solâ*, says the Canon, *non presumitur orare*; least of all when, as in this

case, the gentleman undertakes to console the lady for the cruel usage of a former admirer. Still there may be comfort for Mr. Newman. Horace invites Tyndaris to visit him; but did she go? As a counterpart to the picture suggested by this Ode of the pleasant woodland festival of the poet and the celebrated singer, where the talk, (Greek, probably) would be polished and witty, and the repast "light and choice, of Attic taste, with wine," let us take the picture of a homelier kind of festival, kindred in character, if not quite so refined, which Virgil has painted in his *Copa*. The one is a cabinet sketch by Watteau, the other a gallery picture dashed in with the broad brush, and vivid colours of Rubens.

THE TAVERN DANCING GIRL.

See the Syrian girl, her tresses with the Greek tiara bound,
Skill'd to strike the castanets, and foot it to their merry sound,
Through the tavern's reeky chamber, with her cheeks all flush'd
with wine,
Strikes the rattling reeds, and dances, whilst around the guests
recline!

"Wherefore thus, footsore and weary, plod through summer's
dust and heat?

Better o'er the wine to linger, laid in yonder cool retreat!
There are casks, and cans, and goblets, — roses, fifes, and
lutes are there, —

Shady walks, where arching branches cool for us the sultry air.
There from some Mœnalian grotto, all unseen, some rustic maid
Pipes her shepherd notes, that babble sweetly through the listen-
ing glade.

There, in cask pitch'd newly over, is a vintage clear and strong;
There, among the trees, a brooklet brawls with murmur hoarse
along;

There be garlands, where the violet mingling with the crocus
blows,

Chaplets of the saffron twining through the blushes of the rose;
 Lilies, too, which Acheloës shall in wicker baskets bring,
 Lilies fresh and sparkling, newly dipp'd within some virgin spring.
 There are little cheeses also, laid between the verdant rushes,
 Yellow plums, the bloom upon them, which they took from Au-
 tumn's blushes,

Chestnuts, apples ripe and rosy, cakes which Ceres might ap-
 plaud;

Here, too, dwelleth gentle Amor; here with Bacchus, jovial god!
 Bloodred mulberries, and clusters of the trailing vine between,
 Rush-bound cucumbers are there, too, with their sides of bloomy
 green.

There, too, stands the cottage-guardian, in his hand a willow-hook,
 But he bears no other weapon; maidens unabash'd may look.
 Come, my Alibida, hither! See, your ass is fairly beat!
 Spare him, as I know you love him. How he's panting with
 the heat!

Now from brake and bush is shrilling the cicada's piercing note;
 E'en the lizard now is hiding in some shady nook remote.

Lay ye down! — to pause were folly — by the glassy fountain's
 brink,

Cool your goblet in the crystal, cool it ever, ere you drink. —
 Come, and let your wearied body 'neath the shady vine repose,
 Come, and bind your languid temples with a chaplet of the rose!
 Come, and ye shall gather kisses from the lips of yon fair girl;
 He, whose forehead ne'er relaxes, ne'er looks sunny, is a churl!
 Why should we reserve these fragrant garlands for the thank-
 less dust?

Would ye that their sweets were gather'd for the monumental
 bust?

Wine there! — Wine and dice! — Tomorrow's fears shall fools
 alone benumb!

By the ear Death pulls me. "Live!" he whispers softly, "Live!
 I come!"

Bachr, in his *History of Roman Literature*, suggests that that this poem was written, not by Virgil, but by the Valgius Rufus, to whom Horace addressed the Ninth Ode of the Second Book. (p. 77. *ante*.)

ODE XX. p. 36.

This Ode is either an invitation to Mæcenas to visit the poet at his farm, (Mæcenas's gift) or, more probably, a note written with the view of preparing the luxurious statesman for the homely fare of the place, on hearing that he intended to pay him a visit. The age of the homegrown wine is marked by a flattering allusion to an incident, which had manifestly gratified Mæcenas greatly, — the applause of the theatre on his first appearance there after recovering from a dangerous illness. Horace makes another reference to the same occurrence (B. II. Ode 17. p. 94 *ante*). The theatre referred to was that built by Pompey, after the Mithridatic war, on the opposite side of the Tiber from Mount Vatican. The wines mentioned in the last stanza were all high-class Italian wines. The Cæcuban was from a district of Latium, near Amyclæ and Fundi. The wines of Cales and Falernum, like the Massic wine, were from Campania. Formiæ, now Mola di Gaeta, in Latium was supposed to be the capital of the Læstrygons. The wines of Campania, according to Pliny, were the finest.

ODE XXII. p. 38.

Of the Aristius Fuscus, to whom this Ode is addressed, nothing is known, except that Horace ranks him (*Satires* I. 10. 1. 83) with his friends Plotius, Varius, Mæcenas, Virgil and others, and addressed to him the following Epistle, the Tenth of the First Book.

To Fuscus, our most city-loving friend,
We, lovers of the country, greeting send—

We, whom in this most diverse views divide,
Though well-nigh twins in everything beside.
True mental brothers we—what one denies
The other questions; and in self-same wise
Are we in fancies one, in tastes, in loves,
As any pair of year-long mated doves.
You keep the nest; I love the country brooks,
The moss-grown rocks, and shady woodland nooks.
And why? Because I live and am a king,
The moment I can far behind me fling
What you extol with rapture to the skies;
And, like the slave that from the temple flies,
Because on sweet-cakes he is daily fed,
So I, a simple soul, lack simple bread,
With honey'd dainties pall'd and surfeited.

If it be proper, as it ever was,
To live in consonance with nature's laws;
Or if we'd seek a spot, whereon to raise
A home to shelter our declining days,
What place so fitting as the country? Where
Comes nipping winter with a kindlier air?
Where find we breezes balmier to cool
The fiery dog-days, when the sun's at full?
Or where is envious care less apt to creep,
And scare the blessings of heart-easing sleep?
Is floor mosaic, gemm'd with malachite,
One half so fragrant or one half so bright
As the sweet herbage? Or the stream town-fed,
That frets to burst its cerements of lead,
More pure than that which shoots and gleams along,
Murmuring its low and lulling undersong?
Nay, nay, your veriest townsman loves to shade
With sylvan green his stately colonnade;

And his is deemed the finest house which yields
The finest prospect of the open fields.
Turn Nature, neck-and-shoulders, out of door,
She'll find her way to where she was before;
And imperceptibly in time subdue
Wealth's sickly fancies, and her tastes untrue.

The man that's wholly skill-less to descry
The common purple from the Tyrian dye,
Will take no surer harm, nor one that more
Strikes to his marrow in its inmost core,
Than he who knows not with instinctive sense
To sever truth from falsehood and pretence.
Whoe'er hath wildly wanted in success,
Him will adversity the more depress.
What's dearly prized we grudgingly forego.
Shun mighty aims; the lowliest roof may know
A life that more of heartfelt comfort brings,
Than kings have tasted, or the friends of kings.

Once on a time a stag, at antlers' point,
Expelled a horse he'd worsted, from the joint
Enjoyment of the pasture both had cropp'd:
Still, when he ventured near it, rudely stopped,
The steed called in man's aid, and took the bit:
Thus backed, he charged the stag, and conquer'd it.
But woe the while! nor rider, bit, nor rein
Could he shake off, and be himself again.
So he, who, fearing poverty, hath sold
His freedom, better than uncounted gold,
Will bear a master and a master's laws,
And be a slave unto the end, because
He will not learn, what fits him most to know,
How far, discreetly used, small means will go.
Whene'er our mind's at war with our estate,
Like an ill shoe, it trips us if too great;

Too small, it pinches. Thou art wisely bent
 To live, Aristius, with thy lot content;
 Nor wilt thou fail to chide in me the itch,
 Should it infect me, to be greatly rich;
 For hoarded wealth is either slave or lord,
 And should itself be pulled, not pull the cord.

These near Vacuna's crumbling fane I've penned,
 Blest, save in this, in lacking thee, my friend.

ODE XXIV. p. 40.

In this Ode Horace condoles with Virgil on the death of their friend Quintilius Varus of Cremona, conjectured to be the same person to whom Ode XVIII. *ante*, is addressed. The pathos of this poem is genuine and profound, all the more so from the cheerless absence of that hope of an after-life of which revelation was so soon to give the assurance. The traces in ancient literature of a belief in a better world beyond the grave are few and vague. It is impossible, however, that the nobler minds of Greece and Rome could have been without strong inward assurances, that their brief and troubled career on earth could not be the "be all and the end all" of their existence. The yearnings of the soul for immortality, and for a higher and happier state of existence, must have been the same with them as with ourselves; and their affections were too intense to allow them to rest contentedly in the conviction, that those whom they had loved and lost in death became thenceforth as though they had never been. How often must the cry have gone up from the Pagan breast, for which our great contemporary poet has found a voice!

Oh God, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us,
 What and where they be!

Indeed, a belief in a life beyond the present, in which the

perplexities of this life shall be resolved, and its inequalities adjusted, underlies the whole Pagan idea of Hades, with its punishments and rewards. — The subject is too wide to be pursued here. But in illustration of what the Pagan heart felt, when driven in its anguish to seek comfort from its instincts, where reason had no consolations to offer, we present translations of two of the most exquisite poems of Catullus. The first is his address to his friend Calvus, on the death of his wife Quinctilia.

Calvus, if those now silent in the tomb
 Can feel the touch of pleasure in our tears,
 For those we loved, that perish'd in their bloom;
 And the departed friends of former years;
 Oh, then, full surely thy Quinctilia's woe,
 For the untimely fate that bade ye part,
 Will fade before the bliss she feels to know,
 How very dear she is unto thy heart!*

The other is his lament over his brother's grave. This
 * brother had died upon the coast of Troy; and Catullus made a pilgrimage to his tomb.

O'er many a sea, o'er many a stranger land,
 I've come, my brother, to thy lonely tomb,
 To pay the last sad tribute to thy doom,
 And by thy silent ashes weeping stand.
 Vainly I call to thee. Who can command
 An answer forth from Orcus' dreary gloom?
 Oh, brother, brother, life lost all its bloom,
 When thou wert snatch'd from me with pitiless hand!
 A day will come, when we shall meet once more!

* In the same spirit is the following passage in the exquisite letter of condolence, in which Ser. Sulpicius remonstrates with Cicero on his excessive grief for the death of his daughter Tullia. 'Quod si qui etiam inferis sensus est, qui illius in te amor fuit, pietasque in omnes suos, hoc certe illa te facere non vult.'

Meanwhile, these gifts, which to the honour'd grave
 Of those they loved in life our sires of yore
 With pious hand and reverential gave,
 Accept! Gifts moisten'd with a brother's tears!
 And now, farewell, and rest thee from all fears!

ODE XXIX. p. 48.

This Ode appears to have been written, when the expedition against the Arabians was first contemplated by Augustus. Vast expectations had been excited of the probable plunder of a people, who were the medium of commerce with the East, and had acquired a reputation for wealth which they did not possess. Iccius, possessed by the prevailing lust for riches, is rallied by Horace on his weakness in abandoning his literary and philosophic pursuits for so ignoble an end. It is probable that Iccius subsequently joined the disastrous expedition under Ælius Gallus in B. C. 24, and thereby impaired, instead of augmenting, his fortune. Several years afterwards we find him acting as the resident agent for Agrippa's great estates in Sicily. Time and experience had obviously not cured him of his yearning for wealth. Though of simple personal tastes he tormented himself with this insatiable passion; and Horace, whose practice lent no ordinary force in this instance to his precepts, rallies him upon his infirmity in the following Epistle, the 12th of the First Book.

Dear Iccius, if you truly can
 Enjoy the fruits Sicilian,
 Which for Agrippa you collect,
 'T were very madness to expect,
 That greater plenty e'er should be
 By kindly Jove bestow'd on thee.
 A truce to your complaints; for poor
 That man is not, who can ensure
 Whate'er for life is needful found.
 Let your digestion be but sound,

Your side unwrung by spasm or stitch,
Your foot unconscious of a twitch,
And could you be more truly blest,
Though of the wealth of kings possess'd?
If midst such choice of dainties rare,
You live on herbs and hermit's fare,
You would live on so, young or old,
Though fortune flooded you with gold;
Because 'tis not in power of pelf
To make you other than yourself,
Or else because you virtue deem
Above all other things supreme.
What wonder then, if, whilst his soul,
Of body heedless, swept the pole,
Democritus allow'd his beeves
Make havoc of his plants and sheaves,
When you midst such contagious itch
Of being and becoming rich,
Pursue your studies' noble bent,
On themes sublime alone intent;
What causes the wild ocean sway,
The seasons what from June to May;
If free the constellations roll,
Or moved by some supreme control;
What makes the moon obscure her light,
What pours her splendour on the night;
Whence concord rises from the jar
Of atoms that discordant are,
Which crazed, — both were so, if you please, —
Sertorius or Empedocles?
But whether to your simple dish
You stick of onions, pulse, or fish,
Pompeius Grosphus welcome make,
And grant him freely, for my sake,

Whate'er he asks you, sure of this,
 'Twill not be anything amiss.
 Friends are most cheaply purchased, when
 We can oblige such worthy men.

And now, then, to apprise you, how
 Stand Roman politics just now!
 Agrippa's prowess has laid low
 The Spaniard; the Armenian foe
 To Claudius Nero's arms has bow'd;
 Phraätes on his knees avow'd,
 That Cæsar's rights and Cæsar's sway
 He will acknowledge and obey;
 And from her full horn Plenty pours
 Her fruits on our Italian shores.

The Pompeius Grosphus here mentioned, a Roman knight, and a man of wealth, was a native of Sicily. Ode XVI. B. I. is addressed to him.

ODE XXXI. p. 51.

This Ode was composed on the occasion of the dedication by Augustus, B. C. 28, of the Temple to Apollo, on Mount Palatine, in which also he deposited his library.

ODE XXXIII. p. 53.

Aulus Albius Tibullus, the elegiac poet, served with Messala in Aquitania. B. C. 28—27. He died young, B. C. 19, about the same time as Virgil. Young and handsome as he must have been, when this Ode was written, he had obviously been cut out of Glycera's favour by some younger rival. Young Telephus had served Horace a similar turn with Lydia (*ante*, Ode 13.); but the poet does not give his friend the benefit of *that* experience, which he probably would have done, had the Ode in question been founded on fact. It seems idle to attempt to

connect the *Glycera* of this Ode with the *Glycera* of Ode 19 of the same Book, or of Ode 19, Book III; or the *Pholoë* here mentioned with the *Pholoë* of Ode 5, B. II, or 15, B. III. These were no doubt merely convenient poetical names. The characters they indicate are typical, and the poet's readers would be at no loss to find frail beauties in abundance with whom to identify them. The kind of consolation suggested in this Ode was not likely to soothe the sentimental Tibullus. "The sight of lovers feedeth those in love," but it is nothing to a lover in despair, that others have survived a similar ordeal. "Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet!"

A very agreeable picture of the friendship between Horace and Tibullus is presented in the following Epistle (4. B. I.) addressed to the latter at his country seat at Pedum, now Zagarola, a small town in the neighbourhood of Præneste, the modern Palestrina.

Albius, kind critic of my Satires, how
 Shall I report of thee as busied now,
 Down there in Pedum at that box of thine?
 Inditing verses, destined to outshine
 Cassius of Parma's in his finest moods?
 Or sauntering silent through the healthful woods,
 In lonely reveries devising what
 May best engage a wise and good man's thought?
 Thou never wert, not art thou, friend, today,
 A mere dull mass of breathing soulless clay.
 The gods have given thee beauty, wealth, and skill
 To use and to enjoy thy gifts at will.
 What more or better for her darling could
 Fond nurse desire, than that, like thee, he should
 Be sage, — with grace whate'er he thinks express, —
 And that to him in all his aims success,
 Renown, and health should bountifully fall,
 A board well served, and bins well stock'd withal?

'Twixt hopes and tremors, fears and frenzies pass'd,
 Regard each day, as though it were thy last.
 So shall chance seasons of delight arise,
 And overtake thee with a sweet surprise.
 Come, visit me! Thou'lt find me plump and fair,
 In high condition, sleek and debonair,—
 Yea, if on me disposed thy wit to try,
 A very hog of Epicurus' sty.

ODE XXXVII. p. 58.

This Ode appears to have been written, soon after the tidings of the death of Cleopatra reached Rome. Modern critics have discovered that she did not die by the poison of asps. What do they not discover? But at all events, it is clear, that the Romans, with Horace at their head, held the common faith, which Shakspeare has firmly established for all true Englishmen. The noble close of this Ode will remind the English reader of the lines, which they may perhaps have suggested, in Mr. Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

I died a queen. The Roman soldier found
 Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
 A name for ever! lying robed and crown'd,
 Worthy a Roman spouse.

The poem alludes both to the battle of Actium B. C. 31, and the battle at Alexandria in the following year, which completed the defeat of Anthony and his royal paramour.

NOTES TO BOOK SECOND OF ODES.

ODE I. p. 63.

Caius Asinius Pollio was in his youth a partizan of C. Julius Cæsar, and accompanied him on his invasion of Italy B. C. 45. He also fought in Africa against king Juba, was engaged in the battle of Pharsalia, and subsequently in a campaign in Africa. In B. C. 44. he held the command of Farther Spain. He joined the triumvirs, and became consul in B. C. 40. In the following year he overcame the Parthini, a people of Dalmatia, and then abandoned political life. He was an early patron of Virgil, who speaks of his tragedies in these high terms.

Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. Ecl. VIII. 10.

As an orator he was distinguished, and not less so as an historian. The events of the period which he had selected were so recent, and the passions of party so fierce, that Horace gracefully warns him of the perils of his task, while complimenting him on the picturesque force with which he is certain to execute it. It is clear, from the terms in which Tacitus (Ann. IV. 34) alludes to his History, that Pollio spoke fearlessly in praise of Cassius, Brutus, and other enemies of Augustus.

Juno and whoso'er &c. Astarte, the queen of heaven, interpreted by the Romans as Juno, the tutelary goddess of Carthage, was worshipp'd by the Phenicians. Dishonoured and driven from Carthage by the successful Romans, the goddess retaliates upon them by the slaughter of Romans in Africa. "The Romans," says Mr. Newman, "who fell with Curio against king Juba

B. C. 49, and afterwards at Thapsus against Caesar, are here said to have been sacrificed by the African deities to the Spirit of Jugurtha."

ODE VI. p. 72.

Titius Septimius, an old companion in arms of Horace, possessed an estate at Tarentum, where the poet visited him after the celebrated journey to Brundisium (B. C. 40.) the details of which form the subject of the Fifth Satire of the First Book, and on other occasions. He was a poet, and imitated Pindar with success. (*See Horace's Epistles*. B. I. 3.) When Tiberius Claudius Nero, the future Emperor, was preparing to set out on his eastern campaign in B. C. 23., Horace wrote recommending his friend Septimius to his notice in the following terms. (*Epistles* I. 9.) This epistle is mentioned as a judicious specimen of what an introduction should be, in a paper in the *Spectator* (No. 493).

Septimius only understands, 't would seem,
How high I stand in, Claudius, your esteem;
For when he begs and prays me day by day,
Before you his good qualities to lay,
As one who not unworthily may find
A place in Nero's household, Nero's mind;
When he supposes, you to me extend
The rights and place of a familiar friend,
Much better than myself he sees and knows,
How far with you my commendation goes.
A thousand arguments at least I've used,
Why from this office I should go excused,
Yet fear'd the while, it might be thought I feign'd
Too low what influence I perchance have gain'd;
Dissembling it as nothing with my friends,
To keep it solely for my private ends.

Escaping thus the heavier disgrace,
I 've stoop'd into the unblushing suitor's place.
But if you deem it worthy some applause,
To doff my bashfulness in friendship's cause,
Then in your suite, I pray, this friend enrol,
And trust him brave, and good, and true of soul.

This letter of introduction, in itself a master-piece of tact, obviously had the desired effect. Septimius was admitted into Claudius Nero's suite, and was serving under him in the East, when Horace wrote the Epistle (B. I. 3.) to Julius Florus, Nero's secretary.

ODE VII. p. 74.

Whom will Venus send to rule our revel? The allusion here is to the practice, taken by the Romans from the Greeks, of appointing a king or dictator of the feast, who prescribed the laws of the feast, which the guests were bound, under penalties, to obey. Sometimes this office was assigned to the master or even the mistress of the house, but commonly it fell to such of the guests as made the highest throw of the dice, which was called *Venus*, the lowest being distinguished as *Canis*. The chairman thus selected settled the number of cups to be drunk. Bumpers were the rule and no heel-taps allowed. He was entitled to call upon any one for a song, or a recitation, and kept the mirth from becoming too fast and furious. Lipsius records fifteen of the ordinary laws upon such occasions. Ten bumpers were the usual allowance, nine in honour of the Muses, and one to Apollo. Every gentleman, who had a mistress was to toast her, when required. There was to be no wrangling or noise,—an injunction apt to be slighted, if we may judge by the frequency with which Horace enforces it. A penalty was frequently attached to requiring a man to name his mistress, which was somewhat serious to those who, like Cassio, had “poor and unhappy brains for drinking.” The challenger was bound

to empty a cup to each letter of the lady's name. Sometimes, when the gallant had reasons for secrecy, he merely announced the number of cups which had to be drunk. From these the company might divine her name, if they could. Thus six cups were drunk for Nævia, seven for Justina, five for Lycas, four for Lydé, three for Ida. (Martial. I, 7. and VIII, 51.) Most of these practices our grandfathers revived with a truly Pagan vigour.

ODE IX. p. 77.

C. Valgius Rufus is one of the circle of valued friends, whom Horace mentions (I. Sat. X. 81). He was an Epic poet and rhetorician of great eminence, of whom Tibullus, or, more probably, some rhetorician of a more recent period, says:

Est tibi qui possit magnis se accingere rebus

Valgius: æterno propior non alter Homero. IV. l. 179.

Remember, friend, that sage old man. Nestor, whose son Antilochus, while defending his father, was slain by Memnon. *The slaughtered Troilus*; slain by Achilles. — He was the brother of Polyxena, Cassandra, &c., daughters of Priam.

ODE XI. p. 81.

And bring to our revel that charming recluse. It may be thought that the "devium scortum" of the original is too much softened down in our version. But Horace obviously means to speak of this young lady playfully and kindly. She was apparently coy and hard to be got hold of, — not ready to answer to every body's call; — and "shy little puss" may be substituted for "charming recluse" by those who adopt this view.

What boy, then, shall best in the brook's deepest pool

Our cups of the fiery Falernian cool?

A cupbearer, who was master of the art of cooling wine to the right point, must always have been in request. The mixing of wine with water, which was the constant practice of the Romans, was also probably reduced to an art, of which their

attendants made a study. Catullus pays a glowing tribute to his cupbearer for his skill in serving wine—thus.

Boy, that pours as none else can,
The bubbling old Falernian,
Fill our goblets—theirs and mine—
With the very mightiest wine.
Posthumia is our queen tonight.
Brimming cups are her delight.
Not the juice that courses through
The vine, and gives the grape its hue,
More native there, than is the bowl
Congenial to her festive soul!

Take the water hence, my boy,
Death to wine, and death to joy!
Deep-brow'd sages, they may quaff it,
We aside shall ever daff it.
God Lyæus, none but he,
In our mantling cups shall be!

ODE XII. p. 82.

Some critics, following Bentley, suppose the Licymnia of this Ode to be Mæcenas's wife Licinia Terentia. A stronger illustration could scarcely be conceived of the extreme lengths into which the mania for identifying Horace's women with real personages has carried scholars. Licymnia was much more probably the "puella" mentioned in the Third Epode. It was quite consistent with Roman manners for a poet to write thus of his friend's mistress; but not so of his wife, even although the tie of marriage, as in Terentia's case, was of the loosest possible kind. Mæcenas was continually putting her away, and, forthwith, unable to forget her fascinations, taking her back again; which gave rise to the saying, recorded by Seneca, that "he had been a thousand times married, and yet never had but

one wife." In the 14th Epode Horace again alludes to Mæcenas's mistress. The Roman gentleman seems to have had as little scruple as a modern Parisian in blazoning his amours to his friends. Nor, if we may draw the natural inference both from these poems of Horace, and the following poem by Catullus, were his poetical friends at all averse to making them the themes of their verse.

Flavius, if you'd have them shine,
 These *sub rosâ* joys of thine,
 With a fashionable grace,
 Above all vulgar commonplace,
 You'd never let Catullus doubt
 The kind of sport you are about.
 If now the girl were handsome! But
 I fear me she's a sorry slut—
 A common thing, and this is why
 You keep your secret all so sly.
 Nay, never look so modest! Own
 Your evenings are not spent alone.
 You chaste as Dian! Oh, no, no!
 Why keep you, then, your chamber so?
 And whence this rich distill'd perfume
 Of roses, filling all the room?
 And, as I live, a tiny pair
 Of slippers underneath the chair!
 All these too plainly tell the tale,
 E'en though your cheeks were not so pale:
 And so you'd best confess outright;
 Be she a beauty, or a fright,
 I care not! Only let me know it,
 I'm ready to become her poet,
 And deify, with verses rare,
 You and your little love affair!

This reminds one of the famous screen scene in *The School for*

Scandal, with the little French milliner, and Sir Peter Teazle's "I'll swear I saw a petticoat! sly rogue, sly rogue!"

ODE XIII. p. 84.

Although the tone of this Ode is half-sportive, the incident it records appears to have impressed Horace deeply. He alludes to it again on two several occasions (B. II. Ode 17. and B. III. Ode 4.) in the most serious terms, and a third time, in B. III. Ode 8, we find him celebrating the anniversary of his escape on the Kalends of March by the sacrifice of a snowwhite goat to Bacchus.

ODE XVIII. p. 95.

Nor Attalus' imperial chair have I usurp'd &c. The poet is here supposed to allude to Aristonicus, the illegitimate son of Attalus, who usurped the kingdom, which had been bequeathed by Attalus to the Romans, but was expelled by them under Perpenna B. C. 129. *Laconian purples.* Wools dyed with the murex, which produced the celebrated purple, and was found, among other places, at Tænaron in Laconia.

ODE XIX. p. 97.

Now may I chant her honours, too, thy bride &c. The allusion is to Ariadne, and the golden crown given to her by Bacchus, and which, after her death, was translated to the skies, where it is represented by the nine stars forming the Corona Borealis. — *The Halls of Pentheus shattered in their pride.* Pentheus, king of Thebes, having opposed the Bacchanalian orgies, was torn in pieces by the Bacchanalian women. — *And of Lycurgus the disastrous story.* The story of Lycurgus of Thrace is variously told. He drove the Mænads across Nysa, for which he was

blinded by Jupiter (*Iliad* VI. 130) or, according to Sophocles (*Antigone* 955), shut up in a cave. According to later legends, he was driven mad by Bacchus, because of his having cut down the vines, and in his frenzy killed his son Dryas, and mutilated himself. The allusion in the last verse of the Ode is to the descent of Bacchus into Tartarus, from which he brought up his mother Semele and led her to Olympus, where she took her place under the name of Thyone.

NOTES TO BOOK THIRD OF ODES.

ODE I. p. 103.

The Pindaric Verse, introduced by Cowley, and carried by Dryden to perfection, has been adopted in translating this Ode, the 14th Ode of the Fourth Book, and the Secular Hymn, as the only measure in which the requisite freedom of movement could be attained for grappling with the originals. This verse, whilst in some respects it tempts to amplification, is favourable to closeness in others, inasmuch as the translator is not tied down as in our ordinary stanza to a regularly recurring rhyme. Dryden with his usual mastery of critical exposition has said all that can be said of this noble form of verse. "For variety, or rather where the majesty of thought requires it, the numbers may be stretched to the English Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of six. But the ear must preside, and direct the judgement to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this the harmony of Pindaric verse can never be complete; *the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows, without leaping from one extreme into another.* It must be done like the shadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour."

ODE V. p. 116.

Has any legionary, who His falchion under Crassus drew &c. The defeat of the Romans under Crassus (B. C. 53) by the Parthians, was one of the most signal disgraces ever sustained by the Roman arms. Their standards fell into the hands of the enemy,

and many of the Roman prisoners had accepted their fate, married Parthian women, and become the subjects of a Parthian king. This, as the Ode intimates, was felt to be a blot upon the national honour. At the time this Ode was written Augustus was no doubt projecting a campaign to recover the standards, and retrieve the defeat, which, despite the lapse of thirty years, still rankled with peculiar bitterness in the Roman mind. This object was subsequently achieved by treaty, (B. C. 23) when Augustus seized the opportunity of an embassy from Phraates to Rome, to treat for the surrender of his son, then a hostage in the hands of Augustus, to stipulate for the delivery of the captured standards and the surviving prisoners: Many of the latter killed themselves, rather than return, probably either from grief at the disruption of the ties they had formed, or in apprehension of being dealt with by Augustus as deserters.

ODE VII. p. 122.

To Asterië. Whether this lady was the mistress or wife of Gyges is not very clear. The fact, that Enipeus was in the habit of serenading under her windows, rather points to the former conclusion. These serenades, practised by the Greeks, and by them called *paraclausithyra*, were a common resource of the Roman gallants. A specimen of one occurs in Ode X of this Book.—In this respect manners had undergone little change in Italy, when, almost in the words of Horace, Shylock laid this injunction upon Jessica:

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casement then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street.

Bithynia, the modern Anatolia, to which Gyges had gone, was the emporium of the commerce of Asia Minor and all the rich Greek colonies on the shores of the Black Sea. He has been

compelled to put in at Oricum, (the modern Erikho) in Epirus, to wait for the finer weather of spring. Asterie, Horace seems to surmise, has begun to indicate, that she is not altogether inconsolable.

ODE X. p. 127.

To Lycè. This lady has been assumed to be one of Horace's many mistresses, upon what appear to be very insufficient grounds. The poem is more like a *jeu d'esprit*, than a serious appeal—a mere quiz upon the serenades of forlorn lovers. How like is the picture it presents to that in Lydia Languish's confession to her friend Julia! "How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts one used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! *How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!* There would he kneel to me in the snow, and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! And while the freezing blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love!" But there was no drop of "the blood of the Absolutes" in the veins of the little bard of Venusia.

ODE XIII. p. 133.

To the Bandusian Fountain. The situation of the fountain ennobled in this Ode is still disputed. Lombardi, Fea, Walckenaer, and the Dean of St. Paul's assert, that it was at Palazzo, six miles from Venusia. Others maintain that it was in the Valley of Licenza near the 'Sabine Farm,' but differ as to the identification of the particular spring. In defence of the former theory it is alleged, that the village of Palazzo was anciently called 'Bandusium,' and that, in some documents found in a neigh-

bouring monastery, and dated A. D. 1103. mention is made of the "Fons Bandusinus apud Venusiam." Admitting the existence and genuineness of the document,—a large admission, when we call to mind the countless forgeries of Italian antiquaries—what is there to prove, that this was not a fancy name given to the fountain in question in honour of Horace's Ode? It was just what the monks would do, especially Venusian monks, proud of their countryman Horace, and anxious that their spring should become one "*nobilium fontium*." Again, no other Ode of the 3d Book was written (so far as we can judge) earlier than 725 A. U. C. and it is quite certain that Horace's connection with Venusia and its neighbourhood was broken off by the confiscation of his paternal farm in 712, when he returned to Rome '*inops patrum et laris et fundi*.' There is no hint given of any restoration of the property, or of his ever having returned to live at Venusia; on the contrary, we know that after this period he lived chiefly at Rome, passing the *villegiatura* at his Sabine farm or at Tivoli. In his occasional visits to Tarentum he probably passed near, or even through, Venusia, but he nowhere speaks of it, except with reference to the incidents of his childhood and boyhood. It is clear, however, that the Fons Bandusie was a favourite haunt of his, near the pastures where his sheep and goats were feeding, and the furrows which his oxen were ploughing. I regard it therefore, as almost certain that the fountain was on his Sabine Farm. That this farm was in the Valley of Licenza is undoubted, and the remains of a Roman Villa at the head of the valley very probably mark the site of that which belonged to Horace. Perhaps the most elaborate, as well as most recent account of the site is that given by Mr. Dennis in a letter printed by Dean Milman in his Edition of Horace. (London. Murray 1849.) I have gone carefully over the same ground, and can confirm the accuracy of Mr. Dennis's general description. I differ from him, however, in one or two points, especially as to the situation of the foun-

tain of Bandusia. This he identifies with a spring in the rugged bed of a stream, dry in summer, which comes down from Lucretilis. In search of the spot, I was conducted (on the 23d of September 1858) by a peasant to what he affirmed to be generally known by the name of the 'Fonte Blandusi' on the left bank of the above mentioned torrent, where a little runlet of water trickled out from a grassy bank overhung with a wild fig-tree. Finding that this by no means corresponded with Mr. Dennis's description, I expressed my doubts, when my guide at once admitted that, though travellers were usually content with *that* 'Fonte Blandusi,' yet that 'il vero fonte' was half a mile further up. Accordingly, clambering up a very rugged path, we came at last to the 'exquisitely Arcadian' spot described by Mr. Dennis, but, alas! *the fountain was dry!* And this after our rough scramble of two miles from the villa. Surely this cannot be the

Tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,

which the poet wished for, and got.

There is, however, within a few hundred yards of the villa, a most abundant spring, 'rivo dare nomen idoneus,' called 'Fonte della Corte,' which I suppose to be the same as that which was called in Eustace's time Fonte Bello. Near it are the ruins of a house called 'la Corte,' the owners of which, in the 17th century probably, by building a wall some distance below where the spring, clear and cold, *ut nec Frigidior Thracæ nec purior ambiat Hebrus*, bursts out from the steep hill side have made an artificial cascade. The ground about is now cultivated, but I see no reason why the fountain in its natural state may not have corresponded exactly with the description of the poet, and leaped from rock to rock beneath overshadowing holm-oaks. A little further down towards Rocca Giovine are some fields called 'gli Oraziani' (probably a modern fancy name,) where is another fountain, but too scanty to dispute the title of Fons Bandusiarum with the Fonte della Corte.

Let me add, that my guide said, that the Fonte della Corte was also called 'Fonte Blandusi.' In fact, they are quite ready to give the name to whichever fountain the traveller pleases!

For the above note, as for many most valuable suggestions during the passage of these sheets through the press, I am indebted to my friend the Rev. W. G. Clark, Public Orator in the University of Cambridge.

ODE XIV. p. 134.

To the Romans. This Ode was written apparently in anticipation of the return of Augustus to Rome, at the conclusion of his victorious campaign in Spain B. C. 25. Livia Drusilla, his wife, and Octavia his sister, the widow of Marc Antony, are summoned to lead the procession to the temples for a public thanksgiving; while the poet resolves to make merry over wine, which, if we are to construe literally the allusion to the Marsic war in B. C. 91—98, was at least sixty four years old. This wine was old even at the time of the insurrection, B. C. 73—72, of gladiators and slaves under Spartacus, whose marauding clutch Horace intimates it could scarcely have escaped. It is contended that the *Næra* of this Ode is the *Næra* of the 15th Epode, with whom Horace there remonstrates for her infidelity, and that the concluding lines indicate that in the days of Plancus's consulate, (B. C. 42) when Horace's was twenty four, he would have knocked down that lady's porter, if he had given him a surly answer. That he would "in his hot youth" have handled roughly the concierge of that *Næra*, or any other lady of her profession, is most probable. But the *Næra* of the 15th Epode was by this time seventeen years older at least; and there was no such dearth of younger beauties of her class as to compel us to conclude, that she and she only could be the *Næra* here referred to.

ODE XVI. p. 137.

Argos' augur. Amphiaraus. For his story see Smith's Dic. of Greek and Roman Biography V. I p. 148. — '*Twas by bribes the Macedonian &c.* It was a boast of Philip of Macedon, that he could take any fortress into which an ass could mount laden with gold. — *Our bluffest navy captains.* It is generally considered, that a sarcasm is here directed against Menas, the freedman of Pompey the Great, and the Admiral of Sextus Pompeius, who alternately betrayed both parties, and was ultimately made *Tribunus Militum* by Augustus for his traitorous services. See Epode IV., where he is mercilessly scourged. — *The realms of Alyattes wedded to Mygdonia's plains.* Lydia. Alyattes was the father of Cræsus proverbial for his wealth, and by Mygdonia's plains Horace understands Phrygia.

The sentiment of the concluding part of this Ode has been embodied with truly Horatian spirit in the following beautiful song in the old play of *The Patient Grissell* by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton.

SWEET CONTENT.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet in thy mind perplexed?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see, how fools are vexed,

To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?

Oh, sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

Oh, punishment!

Then he, that patiently wants burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

Oh, sweet content!

ODE XVII. p. 138.

To Ælius Lamia. This is the same Lucius Ælius Lamia, to whom the Ode I. 26 is addressed. This family claimed for their ancestor Lamus, king of the Læstrygones, who as said by tradition to have founded Formiæ. The ode reads like a little friendly note, sent to Lamia by the poet on the eve of some family holiday.

ODE XXI. p. 144.

To a jar of wine. This joyous panegyric of the virtues of wine will hold its own against anything which has been written on the subject. Horace's views were akin to those of The Preacher—"Give him strong drink who is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his poverty no more." Burns in his own vigorous way echos unconsciously the very words of Horace!

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin',
 Though life's a gift no worth receivin',
 When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and grievin';
 But, oiled by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill srieivin'
 Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited lair,
 Thou cheers the heart o' drooping care,
 Thou strings the nerves o' labour sair
 At 's weary toil;
 Thou even brightens dark despair
 Wi' gloomy smile.

ODE XXVII. p. 154.

To Galatea. The lady, to whom this beautiful Ode is addressed appears to have been some Roman matron of Horace's acquaintance, about to visit Greece. The allusions to the evil omens

remind us, with what tenacity superstition clings to the human mind; when we see that neither revelation nor science have yet extinguished the belief in many of those to which Horace refers. The transition to the story of Europa is abrupt according to our notions; but a reference to this triumphant beauty's troubles and glory was an implicit compliment to the beauty and attractions of Galatea.

*Place me, ye gods, in righteous wrath,
Naked upon the lions' path &c. p. 156.*

This appeal seems to have been a kind of "common form" in Roman poetry. One of the most noticeable instances in which it occurs is in what Mr. Tennyson calls "that Latin song I learned at school," in which Love is made to "Sneeze out a full God-bless you right and left,"—Catullus's

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

Septimius, holding on his breast
Acme, thus the maid addressed:—

"Acme, if I love thee not
Dearly as my dearest thought,
Nor will love thee, love thee still
With a love years shall not chill,
May I, sweet, on Lybia's sand,
Or in India's burning land,
*In my solitary path
Meet the tawny lion's wrath!"*

As thus he spoke, Love, who was near,
Listening with attentive ear,
Heard him his devotion plight,
And sneezed propitious on the right.

Then Acme, with a gentle grace
Bending back her rosy face,
Kissed the eyes of that sweet boy,
That swam beneath her lips with joy.

"Septimius, my life," she cries,
 "Thine is the only heart I prize;
 And this, and this, my witness be,
 That thou art all in all to me!
 For fondly as thy heart may beat,
 In mine there glows a fiercer heat,
 And mightier is the flame that reigns
 Through all your own fond Acme's veins."

As thus she spoke, Love, who was near,
 Listening with attentive ear,
 And heard her thus her passion plight,
 Sneezed propitious on the right.

With such fair omens blest, the twain
 Love, and are fondly loved again.
 Septimius prizes Acme's smiles
 Above the East, or Britain's Isles;
 By faithful Acme is her lord
 With all her early love adored.
 Were ever pair so blest as these
 By Venus' brightest auspices!

ODE XXIX. p. 159.

This Ode will probably always be read in English in Dryden's noble version, which, as a whole, is certainly finer than the original. The following passage, of which a faint suggestion only is to be found in Horace, is highly characteristic of the genius of Dryden, and his peculiar mastery of the great rhetorical resources of our language.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He, who can call today his own;
 He, who, secure within, can say,
 Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and unconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away;
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd;
Content with poverty my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

Nor always from afar survey &c. From Mæcenas's palace on the Esquiline hill, he could command a view of Tibur, the modern Tivoli, Æsula, (the site of which is unknown, but which probably lay between Præneste and Tibur,) and Tusculum, built on a hill above the modern Frascati, and said to have been founded by Telegonus, son of Circe by Ulysses, whom he slew in ignorance of the fact of his paternity. The "Circean walls of Tusculum" are again referred to in the First Epode.

NOTES TO BOOK FOURTH OF ODES.

ODE I. p. 167.

The pains of Love. This Ode has been for the most part so admirably rendered by Ben Jonson, that only such alterations have been made upon his version as were necessary to bring it into harmony with the modern diction of the other translations.

ODE III. p. 172.

Julius Scaliger said of this Ode, and the Amœbean Ode, (Book III. 9) that he would rather have written them than be king of Arragon.

The following version by Bishop Atterbury holds a high place among Horatian translations.

He on whose natal hour the queen
Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen
First in the famed Olympian race.
He shall not, after toils of war,
And taming haughty monarchs' pride,
With laurell'd brows conspicuous far
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.
But him the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of the Æolian song.
The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,
Have placed me in the poets' quire,
And envy now, or dead, or dumb,
Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
Who mak'st the funny race, though mule,
The cygnet's dying accent raise,
Thy gift it is, that all with ease
Me prince of Roman lyrists own;
That, while I live, my numbers please,
If pleasing, is thy gift alone.

ODE V. p. 173.

The Praises of Drusus. Drusus was the son of Tiberius Claudius Nero and his wife Livia, and was born three months after Livia, who had been divorced by Nero, had been married to Augustus. His elder brother Tiberius, by the same father, was adopted by Augustus, but Drusus was not, as though with the view of giving the lie to the current scandal, that an intimacy had subsisted between Livia and Augustus before her divorce from Claudius Nero. Of the two Drusus was, however, most in favour with Augustus. He possessed, according to Velleius Paterculus (II. 97), every natural endowment, carried by culture to perfection. He was only twenty three years old, when he achieved the great victory celebrated in this Ode. The Vindelici, who occupied that part of modern Bavaria which lies between the Tyrol and the Lech and its tributaries, had formed an alliance with the Rheti, a race of wild mountaineers, who occupied the Tyrol, the Vorarlberg and the Grisons. They were in the habit of making descents upon the plains of northern Italy, for purposes of plunder and destruction. Drusus forced his way through the passes of the Tyrolese Alps and defeated them; while this brother Tiberius, crossing the Lake of Constance, made a diversion, which enabled Drusus to complete their overthrow. All the young men of the enemy, who were not slain, were carried prisoners to Rome, only such of the population

being left behind as were necessary for the tillage of the soil. The victory was complete and conclusive. Augustus is said to have prescribed the theme of this Ode to the poet, who executed his task with consummate skill. Through both their parents, Tiberius and Drusus were descended from both the consuls Livius and Nero, who defeated Hasdrubal at the Metaurus, B. C. 207,—a circumstance which the poet has turned to excellent advantage.

ODE V. p. 177.

The husband in the child we trace. This evidence of the chastity of the mother is greatly insisted on in Greek and Roman poetry. The following amusing anecdote is told by Macrobius. A provincial, who had gone to Rome on business, drew crowds after him by his great resemblance to Augustus. The emperor, hearing of this, had him sent for, and struck by the likeness, asked him, "Young man, was your mother ever in Rome?" "Never," replied the provincial, "but my father often was."

ODE XII. p. 190.

Now buildeth her nest &c. Proene, daughter of Pandion son of Cecrops, and wife of Tereus, king of Thrace, killed her son Itys, and served his heart up to his father, in revenge for the brutal lust and cruelty of Tereus, who had ravished her sister Philomela and then cut out her tongue. 'The sad bird' is Proene, who was transformed into a swallow.

And thirst, oh my Virgil &c. This invitation of the poet Virgil to dinner, was written probably soon after Horace's return from Greece to Rome, and when Virgil, already backed by powerful friends, was much better off than himself. Choice perfumes were as indispensable to a Roman's enjoyment of a feast as choice wines. They were costly, and Horace requires Virgil to contribute this part of the essentials of their carouse. Ca-

tullus, in much the same strain, invites his friend Fabullus to dinner, promising to find the perfume, on condition that Fabullus brings with him all the other requisites, — thus :

You dine with me, dear Argentine,

On Friday next, at half-past two;

And I can promise that you'll dine

As well as man need wish to do;

If you bring with you, when you come,

A dinner of the very best,

And lots of wine, and mirth, and some

Fair girl, to give the whole a zest.

'Tis if you bring these — mark me now!

That you're to have the best of dinners,

For your Catullus' purse, I vow,

Has nothing in't but long-legged spinners.

But if you don't, you'll have to fast

On simple welcome and thin air;

And, as a sauce to our repast,

I'll treat you to a perfume rare; —

A perfume so divine, 'tis odds,

When you have smelt its fragrance, whether

You won't devoutly pray the gods,

To make you straight all nose together.

ODE XIII. p. 192.

To Lycè. This Ode and the 25th Ode of the First Book present a very ugly aspect of Horace's character. Lycè, like the Lydia of that Ode, was obviously an old mistress, and the taunts levelled at her are heartless in the extreme. No better proof could be afforded, if, indeed, any were wanted, of the purely sensuous feeling, which had governed all Horace's amours, and of his inability to comprehend that worship of the heart, which consecrates through all the ravages of time, or even the degradation of vice a woman who has once been loved.

Only a pagan, it is often said, could feel or write, as Horace does in this Ode. One would fain think so, were the proofs to the contrary not too numerous. Men will certainly not dare now-a-days openly to avow such sentiments; that is something gained. But not very long since we could have almost matched Horace even here. Thus a great wit and fine gentleman of the last century, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his published poems treats a former mistress, the celebrated Mrs. Margaret Woffington, (who, however, did not like Lyce outlive her fascinations,) with a rude insolence which makes one wish she had played Sir Harry Wildair off the stage as well as upon it, and caned him roundly. While sighing at her feet he writes of her thus—(Works. London 1822. Vol. II. p. 4.)

'Tis not her form alone I prize,
Which every fool, that has his eyes,
As well as I can see;
To say she's fair is but to say,
When the sun shines at noon 'tis day,
Which none need learn of me.
But I'm in love with Peggy's mind,
Where every virtue is combined,
That can adorn the fair.

She discards him, no doubt with good reason, and then addressing to her by name an adaptation of Horace's Ode to Barine (Vol. II. 8.), he assails his former paragon in this unmanly strain:

By tricks and cheats and lies you live,
By breach of word and honour thrive,
Like my good Lord of Bath.

Those who are curious to see with what coarse raillery a gentleman of the last century could insult a brilliant beauty, who had condescended to grant him her favours, may consult the remainder of the poem.

NOTES TO THE EPODES.

Epode I. p. 201.

The occasion of this Ode is uncertain. It has been customary to refer it to the campaign which ended in the battle of Actium, B. C. 31. But this seems unlikely, as Mæcenas was not there. Mr. Thomas Dyer, whose view is adopted by Mr. J. W. Newman, with greater probability refers it to the Sicilian war, in which Mæcenas took part. B. C. 36. The Liburnians referred to in the first line were vessels of a light draught, convenient for an officer in command, as being more easily moved from point to point. This epode was probably written not long after Horace had been presented with the Sabine villa, which he may be presumed to contrast in the concluding lines with the sumptuous villas in the more fashionable district of Tusculum.

Epode V. p. 208.

This remarkable poem throws vivid light upon the practices and belief of the Romans in the matter of witchcraft; nearly all of which survived in modern Europe till a comparatively recent date. Canidia, anxious to reclaim the vagrant affections of her lover Varus, murders a young boy by a frightful process of slow torture, in order to concoct from his liver and spleen a philtre of irresistible power. The place, the time, the actors are brought before us with great dramatic force. Cani-

dia's burst of wonder and rage, on finding that the spells she deemed all-powerful have been neutralised by some sorceress of skill superior to her own, gives great reality to the scene; and the curses of the dying boy, launched with tragic vigour, and closing with a touch of beautiful pathos, make one regret, that we have no more pieces by Horace in a similar vein. The speculations as to who and what Canidia was, in which scholars have indulged, point to no satisfactory conclusion. That she was a real personage, and most obnoxious to the poet is certain from the peculiar venom with which he denounces her not only here, but in the Satire I. 8., as well as from the sarcastic Recantation and Reply, which form the 17th Epode.

Young children supplied a favourite condiment to the witches of modern Europe, as well as to those of Horace's days. From them, according to Baptista Porta, was procured an ointment, which, rubbed into the skin, enabled the "filthy hags", the Canidias and Saganas of a more recent period, to mount in imagination into the air, and to enjoy amorous dalliance with their paramours. Thus in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* we find the following recipe for this precious embrocation cited from that great Neapolitan authority. „R. the fat of young children, and seethe it with water in a brazen vessell, reserving the thickest of that which remaineth boiled in the bottom, which they lay up and keep, until occasion serveth to use it. They put hereunto *Eleoselinum, Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot.*” “They stamp all these together; and then they rub all parts of their bodies exceedingly, till they look red and be very hot, so as the pores may be opened, and their flesh soluble and loose.” “By this means in a moonlight night they seem to be carried in the air, to feasting, singing, dancing, kissing, culling, and other acts of venery, with such youths as they love and desire most.” *Reginald Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft* p. 184. ed. 1584. The sacrifice of infancy has always been thought welcome to the devil. Shakespeare's witches make the hell broth of their cauldron “thick

and slab" by adding the

Finger of birth strangled babe

Ditch-delivered by a drab;

And ingredients of a similar kind figure in most of the plays of the Elizabethan period, where witches and their orgies are introduced. See, for example, *The Witch* by Thomas Middleton, in Mr. Dyce's edition of that dramatist. Vol. III. p. 259 *et seq.*—In Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, one of the Hags thus reports her achievements. (Gifford's Ed. Vol. VII. p. 130.)

I had a dagger: what did I with that?

Kill'd an infant to have his fat.

Jonson, as might be expected, has borrowed largely from Horace in this *Masque*, in which he has skilfully brought together all the floating superstitious, ancient and modern, as to witches and their arts.

Epode VI. p. 214.

Like him, whose joys Lycambes dash'd &c. The poets who thus made Furies of their Muses were Archilochus and Hipponax. Lycambes had promised his daughter Neobule to Archilochus, and afterwards broke his promise. The ferocity of the poet's satire drove him to commit suicide. So, too, Bupalus a sculptor of Chios, who had caricatured Hipponax, adopted the same effectual means of escaping the sting of the satirist's verses.

Epode IX. p. 216,

This Ode appears to have been written on the arrival in Rome of tidings of the battle of Actium. The "self-styled Nepotinus" was Sextus Pompeius, who was defeated in B. C. 36. by Agrippa off Mylæ, and again off Naulochus, in the Sicilian Sea. He had taken into his service all the slaves who fled to him. The "woman's slave" of the third verse is of course Marc Antony.

Epode XVI. p. 225.

To the Roman People. This poem was probably written, shortly before the peace of Brundisium B. C. 40. was concluded between Antony and Octavius, and when the dangers threatening Rome from civil dissensions were of the most alarming kind.

The story of the Phocæans here referred to is told by Herodotus (Clio 165). Their city having been attacked by Harpagus, one of the generals of Cyrus, B. C. 534., "the Phocæans launched their fifty-oared galleys, and, having put their wives, children, and goods on board, together with the images from their temples, and other offerings, except works of brass or stone, or pictures, set sail for Chios;" and the Persians took possession of Phocæa, abandoned by all its inhabitants. They subsequently returned and put to the sword the Persian garrison which had been left by Harpagus in the city. "Afterwards, when this was accomplished, they pronounced terrible imprecations on any who should desert the fleet; besides this, they sunk a mass of red-hot iron, and swore 'that they would never return to Phocæa, till this burning mass should appear again.'"

The idea of the Happy Isles was a familiar one with the Greek poets. — They became in time confounded with the Elysian fields, in which the spirits of the departed good and great enjoyed perpetual rest. In this character Ulysses mentions them in Mr. Tennyson's noble monologue:

It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down,
It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

These islands were supposed to lie in the far West, and were probably the poetical amplification of some voyagers' account of the Canaries or of Madeira. There has always been a region beyond the boundaries of civilization to which the poet's fancy has turned for ideal happiness and peace. The difference

between ancient and modern is, that material comforts, as in this Epode, enter largely into the romantic dream of the former, while independence, beauty, and grandeur are the chief elements in the picture of the latter.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadth of Tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from
the crag.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

Epode XVII. p. 228.

Reverse thy whirling wheel amain. A wheel appears to have been turned by the witches and sorcerers of Greece and Rome in their incantations, under the belief, that its revolutions drew after them the soul of the person intended to be spellbound. It is to a wheel of this kind, that the girl in Theocritus, Idyll II., throughout her conjuration of the wandering affections of her lover, keeps up an appeal.

Ἔγχε, ἔλκε τὸ τῆνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Turn, wheel, turn my beloved from his paramour back to my dwelling!

The Lynx, torquilla, the wryneck, which was used by witches in compounding their love-potions, was fastened upon the wheel; and so in time the wheel itself came to be called, as in the above passage, Lynx.

The days and nights, they wax and wane,

But bring me no release from pain; &c. p. 229.

So the witch in Macbeth threatens the Master of the Tiger.

I will drain him dry as hay.
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

The tongue,

That slander'd Helena the fair. p. 230.

Stesichorus who was blinded by the DioscURI, for lampooning their sister, wrote a recantation, whereupon they restored his sight.

Think ye, that I who can at will

Move waxen images — p. 232.

That is, give life and feeling to images of wax made to represent any one whom she wished to enchant. Thus the girl in the Second Idyll of Theocritus already referred to, (v. 28)

ὥς τοῦτον τὸν χηρὸν ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τακῶ,

ὥς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος ἀντίνα Δέλφης.

As this image of wax I melt here by aidance demonic,
 Myndian Delphis shall so melt with love's passion anon.

Virgil uses the same image in the Eighth Eclogue (l. 80.)

Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,

Uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.

As hardens with the selfsame fire this clay,
 That melts the while this mould of wax away,
 So, so may Daphnis melt with love for me,
 So with hard heart all other wooers see!

And Hypsipyle says of Medea (Ovid. Heroid. VI. 91):—

Devovet absentes simulacraque cerea figit,

Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

The absent she binds with her spells, and figures of wax she
 devises,

And in their agonised spleen fine-pointed needles she thrusts.

In these passages we are again reminded of the practices of modern sorcery. The familiar instance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster, who was accused along with Hume, Margery Jourdain, and others, of attempting by means of an image of this kind to compass the death of Henry VI, will occur to every one. The older dramatists are full of allusions to the practice. Thus, in Middleton's *Witch*.

HECATE. What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

DUCHESS. A sudden and a subtle.

HECATE. Then I've fitted you.

His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

These images are also referred to by Horace in the Eighth Satire of the First Book, of which, as completing the series of poems, in which Canidia is mentioned, a translation is subjoined.

Erewhile I was a figtree stock,
A senseless good-for-nothing block,
When, sorely puzzled which to shape,
A common joint-stool or Priape,
The carpenter his fiat pass'd,
Deciding for the god at last.
So god I am, to fowl and thief
A source of dread beyond belief.
Thieves at my right hand, and the stake
Which from my groin flames menace, quake,
Whilst the reeds waving from my crown
Scare the intrusive birds of town
From these new gardens quite away,
Where, at no very distant day,
From vilest cribs were corpses brought
In miserable shells to rot.
For 'twas the common burial-ground
Of all the poor for miles around;

Buffoon Pantolabus lay here,
With spend-thrift Nomentanus near;
It stretch'd a thousand feet in span,
A hundred back in depth it ran, —
A pillar mark'd its bounds, and there
Might no man claim the soil as heir.

Now it is possible to dwell
On Esquiline, and yet be well,
To saunter there and take your ease
On trim and sunny terraces,
And this where late the ground was white,
With dead men's bones, disgusting sight!
But not the thieves and beasts of prey,
Who prowl about the spot alway,
When darkness falls, have caused to me
Such trouble and anxiety,
As those vile hags, who vex the souls
Of men by spells, and poison-bowls.
Do what I will, they haunt the place,
And ever, when her buxom face
The wandering moon unveils, these crones
Come here to gather herbs and bones.
Here have I seen, with streaming hair,
Canidia stalk, her feet all bare,
Her inky cloak tuck'd up, and howl
With Sagana, that beldam foul.
The deadly pallor of their face
With fear and horror fill'd the place.
Up with their nails the earth they threw,
Then limb-meal tore a coal-black ewe,
And pour'd its blood into the hole,
So to evoke the shade and soul
Of dead men, and from these to wring
Responses to their questioning.

Two effigies they had,—of wool
Was one, and one of wax: to rule
The other and with pangs subdue,
The woollen larger of the two;
The waxen cower'd, like one that stands
Beseeching in the hangman's hands.
On Hecate one, Tisiphone
The other calls; and you might see
Serpents and hell-hounds thread the dark,
Whilst, these vile orgies not to mark,
The moon, all bloody-red of hue,
Behind the massive tombs withdrew.

* * *

Why should I more? Why tell, how each
Pale ghost with wild and woful screech
To gibbering Sagana answer makes;
How grizzled wolves and mottled snakes
Slunk to their holes; and how the fire,
Fed by the wax, flamed high and higher;
Or what my vengeance for the woe,
I had been doom'd to undergo
By these two Furies, with their shrieks,
Their spells and other ghastly freaks?

* * *

Back to the city scamper'd they;
Canidia's teeth dropp'd by the way,
And Sagana's high wig; and you
With laughter long and loud might view
Their herbs, and charmed adders, wound
In mystic coils, bestrew the ground.

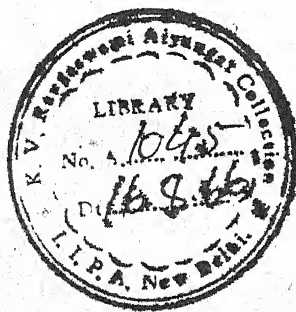
NOTE TO THE SECULAR HYMN.

For a full account of the Secular Games, see the article '*Ludi Seculares*' in Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*.

Augustus, resolved to mark conspicuously the close of the first ten years for which the imperial power had been placed in his hands, and the distinguished success which had attended his administration and his arms, appointed a great Festival, based upon the model of the ancient *Ludi Tarentini* or *Taurii*. These had been held in seasons of public calamity or peril, to propitiate the infernal deities *Dis* and *Proserpina*, who were, however, dropped out of view on the present occasion, and the festival held in honour of *Apollo*, (the patron god of Augustus,) and *Diana*. It was desirable to have this festival regarded, not as something new and special, but merely as the observance of a periodic solemnity. The *Quindecemvirs*, therefore, were directed to consult the *Sibylline Books*, and they reported, that the cyclical period for its celebration had now revolved (B. C. 17.) *Ateius Capito*, the celebrated jurist, was appointed to arrange the ceremonies, and *Horace* was requested to prepare an Ode. The festival was celebrated with great splendour. It occupied three days and nights. The Ode was sung at the second hour of the night at the most solemn part of the festival, when the emperor, attended by the *Fifteen Men*, who presided over religious affairs, was offering sacrifice in person on the banks of the *Tiber*. The chorus consisted of twenty seven boys and the same number of girls of noble birth, whose parents were yet living (*patrimi* and *matrimi*). See Ode IV. 6. *supra*, which is

generally regarded as one of the Hymns sung at an earlier part of the Festival.

Diana is celebrated under the three names of Ilithyia, (*The Bringer to Light*) the Greek name for Here and Artemis, — Lucina, also applied indiscriminately to Juno and Diana, and bearing the same signification, — and Genitalis, (*The Begetter*), supposed to be a version of the Greek *Γενετῆρῖς*, which was applied to Aphrodite as well as to Artemis. —



Translated by Theodore Martin.

CORREGGIO:

A TRAGEDY. BY OEHLenschlaeger.

3s.

KING RENE'S DAUGHTER:

A DANISH LYRICAL DRAMA. BY HENRIK HERTZ.

2s. 6d.

ALADDIN;

Or, The Wonderful Lamp.

A DRAMATIC POEM IN TWO PARTS. BY ADAM OEHLenschlaeger.

5s.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.